

The

NEW MOVIE

MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER
1930

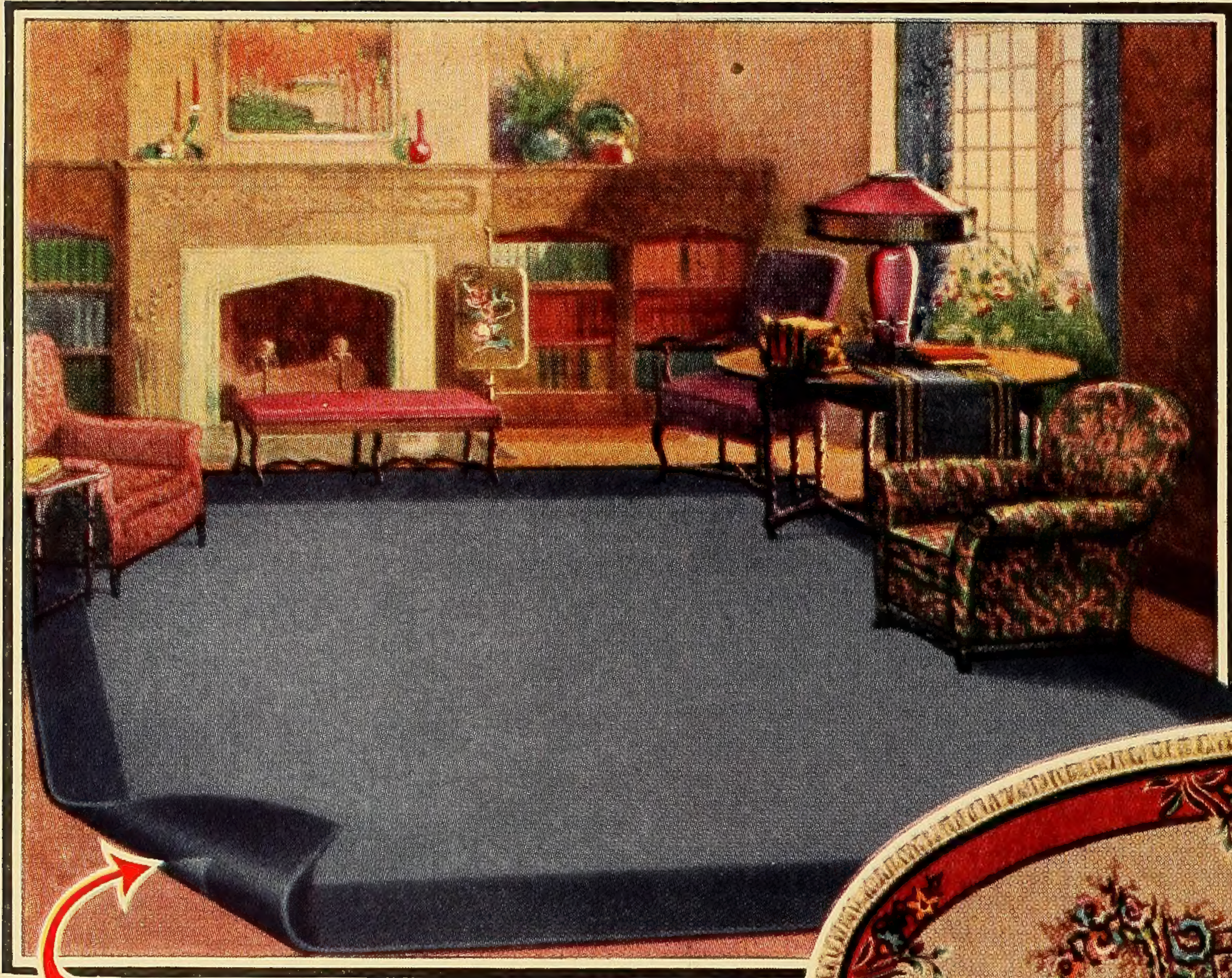
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VARIETIES

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THE TALKING-SINGING SCREEN

The New Movie Magazine

ON SALE THE 15TH OF EACH MONTH IN WOOLWORTH STORES

One of the Tower Group of Magazines

Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

Vol. II, No. 3

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September, 1930

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Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor

Dick Hyland—Western Editorial Representative

Published monthly by Tower Magazines, Incorporated. Office of publication at 184-10 Jamaica Ave., Jamaica, N. Y. Executive and editorial offices: 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Home office: 22 North Franklin Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Hugh Weir, Editorial Director; Catherine McNelis, President; Theodore Alexander, Treasurer; Marie L. Featherstone, Secretary. Vol. 2, Number 3, September, 1930, printed in the U. S. A. Price in the United States \$1.20 a year, 10c a copy. Price in Canada \$1.80 a year, 15c a copy. Copyright 1930 (trademark registered), by Tower Magazines, Incorporated, in the United States and Canada. Entered at the Post Office at Jamaica, N. Y., as second-class matter under the Act of March 3, 1879. Nothing that appears in THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without permission. The publisher accepts no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

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WOOLWORTH STORES

Portrait of a Lady (*not quite*)

THERE is sweetness, delicacy, and breeding in this face. And rightly so, for hers is a family of splendid traditions.

Its men were always men of courage and gallantry. Old New Orleans and Louisville, Virginia and Kentucky, knew them well and honored them. Their names are written brilliantly in the history of their times. Its women were always fair, always aristocratic—ladies every one. In the winsome, lavender-and-old-lace annals of the South, their romances and their lives form a lovely chapter.

Surely if any young woman inherited the right to be called a lady, it was Lila . . . the sixth Lila . . . with her breeding and her charm silhouetted against the rudeness that is 1930.

And yet . . . and yet—her friends avoided her, and behind her back people whispered the damning truth. Too bad

she couldn't have overheard. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently, it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—but it ought to be the first.

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infections. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. Night and morning. And between times before meeting others.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide* which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Carry it when you travel. Take it with you on your vacation. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

*Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. (Fastest time science has accurately recorded.)

10¢ size Listerine on sale at all Woolworth stores

MUSIC of the Sound Screen

The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

SWING HIGH," "The King of Jazz," "The Big Pond" and "Way Out West"

are the motion pictures getting the biggest play from the manufacturers of phonograph records this month.

"With My Guitar and You," the song hit of Pathé's "Swing High," leads the month in number of renditions. One of the best versions was made for Victor by Don Azpiazu and his Havana Casino Orchestra. On the reverse side of this excellent rendition is the fox trot, "Be Careful with Those Eyes."

Another excellent adaptation of "With My Guitar and You" was made by the tenor, Lewis James, for Victor. On the other side of this sure-to-be-popular record is the song hit of Metro-Goldwyn's "Way Out West," called "Singing a Song to the Stars."

Columbia has an appealing version of "With My Guitar and You," played by Ben Selvin and his orchestra. This record also carries the popular number, "Around the Corner."

ONE of the best of the new records was made for Victor by Nat Shilkret and the Victor Orchestra. This presents fine dance versions of presentations of "Ragamuffin Romeo," from "The King of Jazz," and "Singing a Song to the Stars," from "Way Out West."

If you like the boop-a-doop girl, Helen Kane, you will want her newest record, presenting the two best numbers from her latest Paramount film, "Dangerous Nan McGrew." These offer the song of that title and "I Love You."

Two new Rudy Vallée records for Victor offer Rudy's radio hit song, "Kitty from Kansas City," and "If I Had a Girl Like You." The other new Vallée record presents the blue fox trot, "How Come You Do Me Like You Do?" and the popular waltz, "Old New England Moon." None of these is a talking screen number.

THERE is a new Ethel Walters record just issued by Columbia. This presents "My Kind of Man," from Metro-Goldwyn's "The Florodora Girl," and "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me," from Paramount's "The Big Pond."

Columbia has a new Paul Whiteman record which carries "Sittin' on a Rainbow," from Columbia's new film, "Call of the West," and the current hit,

RECOMMENDED RECORDS

"With My Guitar and You"

Havana Casino Orchestra (Victor)

"Mia Cara"

Leo Reisman Orchestra (Victor)

"Dangerous Nan McGrew"

Helen Kane (Victor)

"Old New England Moon."

For Columbia, too, Eddie Walters sings "Girl Trouble," from Metro-Goldwyn's "Children of Pleasure," and "A Bench in the Park," from Universal's "King of Jazz." This is an attractive novelty song record.

The High Hatters, conducted by Leonard Joy, have two lively new Victor records. One introduces

"You for Me," from Tiffany's "Sunny Skies," and "If You're Not Kissing Me," from Metro-Goldwyn's "Good News." The other offers "My Future Just Passed," Buddy Rogers' song hit from Paramount's "Safety in Numbers." The reverse of this record presents the fox trot, "Get Happy," played by Nat Shilkret and his orchestra.

I'M in the Market for You," the song hit of Fox's "High Society Blues," has been highly popular with record makers. Johnny Marvin, the comedian, offers a new and attractive version. On the opposite side of this record is the current sentimental hit, "Dancing with Tears in My Eyes."

You will like Leo Reisman's playing of "Mia Cara," from Paramount's "The Big Parade." The reverse of this Victor record carries "Rollin' Down the River."

Columbia has a new record by Lee Morse and her Blue Grass Boys. This introduces "Seems to Me," from Paramount's "Queen High," and "Swingin' in a Hammock."

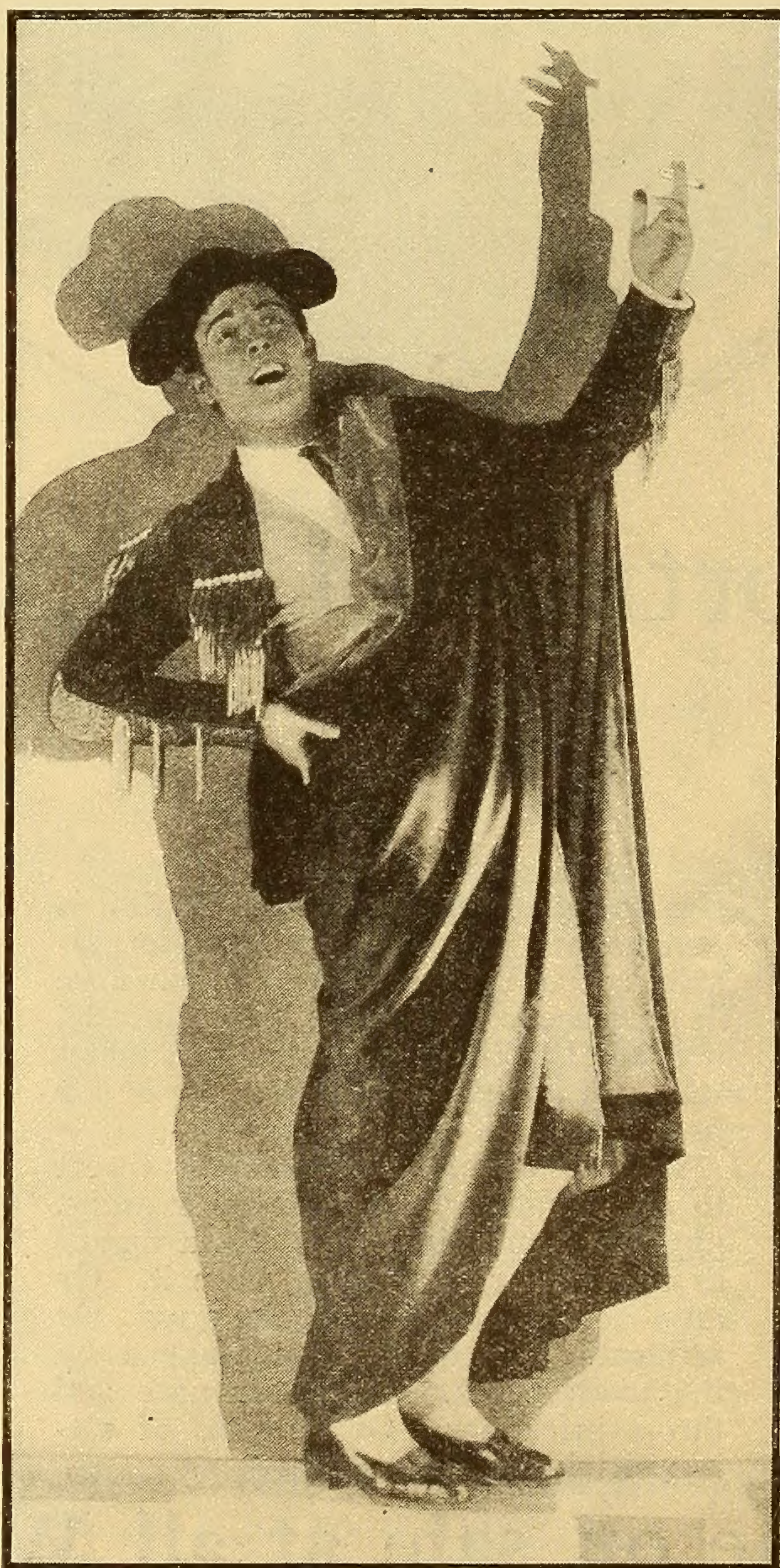
Some of the best Columbia records present the Ipana Troubadours. Their newest record offers "Sing," or "A Happy Little Thing," from Metro-Goldwyn's "Forward March," along with the fox trot, "Promises."

NEW MOVIE has received so many inquiries about movie stars who have made records that answer is made here: Maurice Chevalier, John Boles, Jeanette MacDonald, Dennis King, Lawrence Tibbett and, of course, John McCormack are obtainable in Victor records.

Buddy Rogers has made records for Columbia.

Drop around to the nearest music store and look them over.

Two of the numbers of "In Gay Madrid," Ramon Novarro's latest starring vehicle, are highly popular with the record makers. These are "Into My Heart" and "Santiago."





ALL RIGHT, I'LL TAKE THIS WASHER. SEND IT AT ONCE PLEASE

NOW BE SURE TO USE THE SOAP I TOLD YOU ABOUT MRS. ALLEN



NEXT WASHDAY

MY WASHER IS THE SAME AS YOURS, MRS. ALLEN. IT'S GREAT BUT I DON'T GET MY WASH AS WHITE AS YOU DO

JUST TRY RINSO. THE WASHER-SALESMAN SAID IT IS THE BEST SOAP, AND IT IS!



LATER

THESE SHIRTS LOOK GREAT DEAR. JUST LIKE NEW!

THAT'S BECAUSE THEY WERE WASHED WITH RINSO. MRS. ALLEN TOLD ME ABOUT IT

AND

The makers of these
38 leading washers
recommend Rinso

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| A B C | Dexter | Prima |
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| Automatic | Faultless | Safety |
| Barton | Gainaday | Sunnysuds |
| Bee-vac | Haag | Triplex |
| Big 3 Speed Queen | Horton | Universal |
| Blackstone 22 | Laundryette | Voss |
| Boss | Laundry Queen | Washrite |
| Coffield | Meadows | Whirldry |
| Conlon | Select-a-Speed | 1900 Whirlpool |
| Crystal | Meadow Lark | Woodrow |
| Decker | One Minute | Zenith |

In tubs, too—saves scrubbing

Rinso is all you need in tub or washer—no bar soaps, chips, powders, softeners. A little gives a lot of rich, lasting suds—even in hardest water.

How these soapy suds loosen dirt! Clothes soak gleaming white, without scrubbing or boiling. It's great for dishes, too. Get the BIG package.

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.

SAFE for your finest
cottons and linens

Millions use Rinso
for whiter washes
in tub or machine

Rinso
The Granulated
soap

2 SIZES most women buy
the large package

Millions use Rinso
for dishes, floors
and all cleaning

WHERE to WRITE the MOVIE STARS

When you want to write the stars or players, address your communications to the studios as indicated. If you are writing for a photograph, be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps or silver.

If you send silver, wrap the coin carefully.

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Renee Adoree
George K. Arthur
Nils Asther
Lionel Barrymore
Lionel Belmore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
John Mack Brown
Lon Chaney
Joan Crawford
Karl Dane
Marion Davies
Duncan Sisters
Marie Dressler
Josephine Dunn
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Gavin Gordon
Raymond Hackett
William Haines
Leila Hyams

Dorothy Janis
Dorothy Jordan
Kay Johnson
Buster Keaton
Charles King
Gwen Lee
Barbara Leonard
Bessie Love
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Lucille Powers
Aileen Pringle
Dorothy Sebastian
Norma Shearer
Lewis Stone
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres

At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
William Austin
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Virginia Bruce
Jack Buchanan
Nancy Carroll
Lane Chandler
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
June Collyer
Chester Conklin
Jackie Coogan
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Marlene Dietrich
Kay Francis
Harry Green
Mitzi Green
James Hall

Neil Hamilton
O. P. Heggie
Doris Hill
Phillips Holmes
Jack Luden
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Fredric March
Rosita Moreno
David Newell
Barry Norton
Jack Oakie
Warner Oland
Guy Oliver
Zelma O'Neal
Eugene Pallette
Joan Peers
William Powell
Charles Rogers
Lillian Roth
Regis Toomey
Florence Vidor
Fay Wray

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lewis Ayres
John Boles
Ethlyn Claire
Kathryn Crawford
Reginald Denny
Jack Dougherty
Lorayne DuVal
Hoot Gibson
Dorothy Gulliver
Otis Harlan
Raymond Keane
Merna Kennedy
Barbara Kent

Beth Laemmlé
Arthur Lake
Laura La Plante
George Lewis
Jeanette Loff
Ken Maynard
Mary Nolan
Mary Philbin
Eddie Phillips
Joseph Schildkraut
Glenn Tryon
Barbara Worth

Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Vilma Banky
Walter Byron

Ronald Colman
Lily Damita

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Alberston
Luana Alcaniz
Mary Astor
Ben Bard
Warner Baxter
Marjorie Beebe
Rex Bell
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Dorothy Burgess
Sue Carol
Sammy Cohen
Marguerite Churchill
Joyce Compton
Fifi Dorsay
Louise Dresser
Charles Eaton
Charles Farrell
Earle Foxe
John Garrick

Janet Gaynor
Ivan Linow
Edmund Lowe
Claire Luce
Sharon Lynn
Kenneth MacKenna
Farrell MacDonald
Mona Maris
Victor McLaglen
Lois Moran
Charles Morton
Paul Muni
George O'Brien
Maureen O'Sullivan
Paul Page
David Rollins
Milton Sills
Arthur Stone
Nick Stuart
Marjorie White

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Armida
John Barrymore
Betty Bronson
Joe Brown
William Collier, Jr.
Dolores Costello
Claudia Dell
Louise Fazenda
Lila Lee

Winnie Lightner
Lotti Loder
Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
May McAvoy
Edna Murphy
Marion Nixon
Lois Wilson
Grant Withers

Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
William Boyd
James Gleason

Ann Harding
Eddie Quillan
Fred Scott
Helen Twelvetrees.

First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess
Bernice Claire
Doris Dawson
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Alexander Gray
Corinne Griffith
Lloyd Hughes

Doris Kenyon
Dorothy Mackaill
Colleen Moore
Jack Mulhall
Vivienne Segal
Thelma Todd
Loretta Young

United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado
Fannie Brice
Dolores del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Al Jolson

Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Lupe Velez

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Evelyn Brent
William Collier, Jr.
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt

Margaret Livingston
Jacqueline Logan
Shirley Mason
Dorothy Revier
Alice White

RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Buzz Barton
Sally Blane
Olive Borden
Betty Compson
Bebe Daniels

Frankie Darro
Richard Dix
Bob Steele
Tom Tyler

At Last The Great Broadway Hit Comes To The Talking Screen



with
Bessie LOVE
Mary LAWLOR
Stanley SMITH

Cliff
EDWARDS
Lola LANE
Gus SHY



A greater, more complete, more realistic production of this sensational musical comedy than was possible on the stage. "GOOD NEWS" brings you the soul of college life—its swift rhythm, its pulsing youth, its songs, its pep, its loves, its laughter—crowded into one never-to-be-forgotten picture. A cocktail of hilarious, riotous entertainment!

What a cast! Bessie Love, of "BROADWAY MELODY" fame; Gus Shy, who starred in the Schwab & Mandel Broadway presentation;

beautiful Mary Lawlor, also one of the original cast; Cliff Edwards with his magic ukulele; Stanley Smith, Lola Lane, Dorothy McNulty and a campus-full of cute co-eds and capering collegiates. Marvelous music by De Sylva, Brown & Henderson. "The Best Things in Life are Free", "The Varsity Drag" and others. Mirth! Melody! Speed! That's "GOOD NEWS"!

Scenario by Frances Marion—Dialogue by Joe Farnham
Directed by Edgar J. MacGregor and Nick Grinde

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



YN-MAYER

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Passionate Love and
Rollicking Comedy . . . A
stirring romance glorified
by the golden voice of the
world's greatest tenor . . .

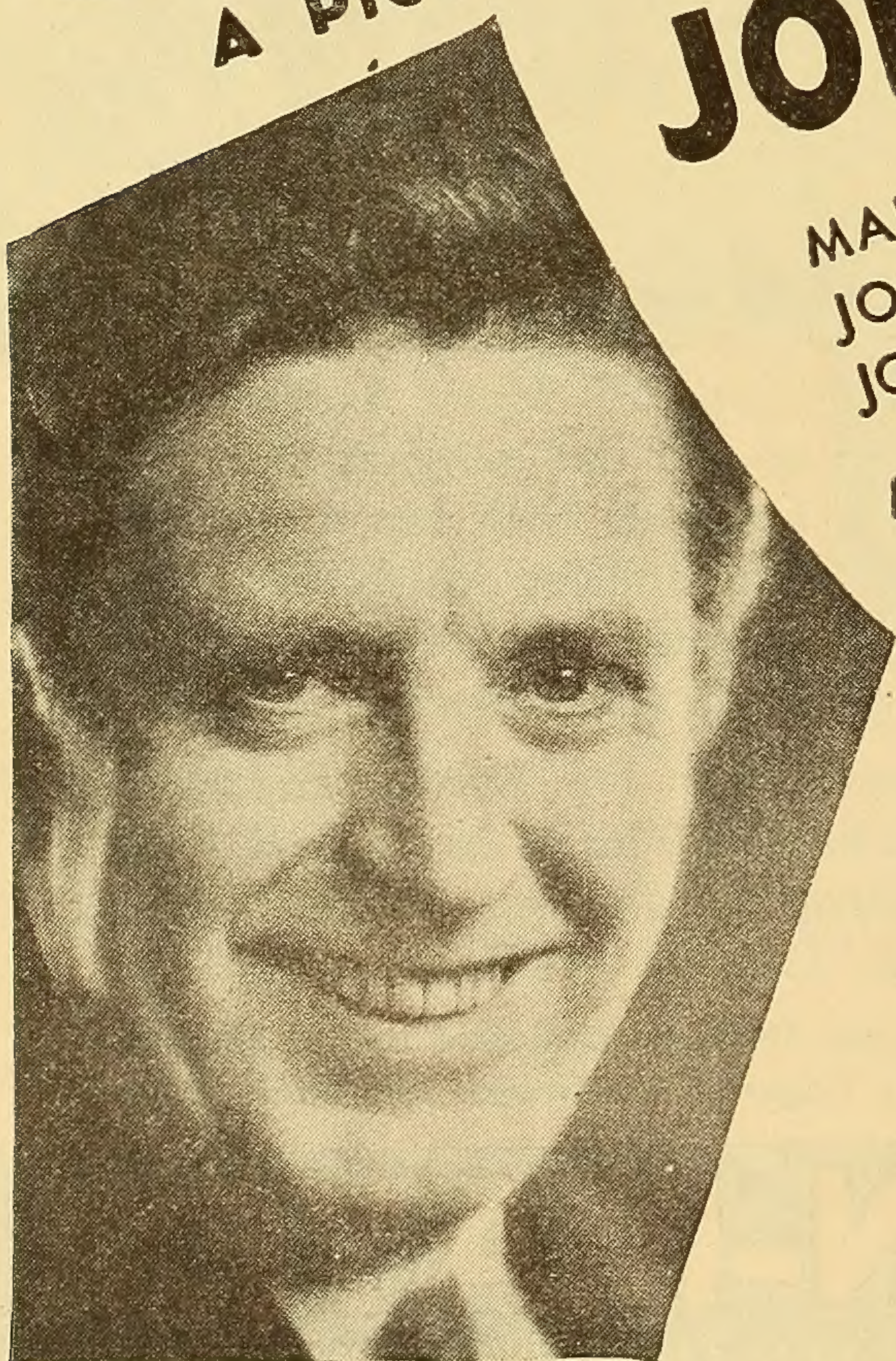
SONG O' MY HEART

A PICTURE THAT WILL BRING HAPPINESS TO MILLIONS

with
JOHN MCCORMACK

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN • ALICE JOYCE
JOHN GARRICK • J. FARRELL MACDONALD
JOSEPH KERRIGAN • TOMMY CLIFFORD

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE



FOX



Photograph by Hurrell

LEILA HYAMS

Gallery
of
Famous
Film Folk

The New Movie Magazine



NANCY CARROLL



WALTER PIDGEON

Photograph by Elmer Fryer



JEANETTE MAC DONALD



NEIL HAMILTON

Photograph by Elmer Fryer



Photograph by Richee

KAY FRANCIS



CLIVE BROOK

Photograph by Richee



JACKIE COOGAN

The New Movie Magazine

VOL. II

SEPTEMBER, 1930

No. 3



Gossip of the Studios

PRE-NUPTIAL affairs and wedding festivities have dominated Hollywood society for the past few months. Entertaining for Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon just before their wedding kept every-

one busy and immediately after that began a round of showers and parties for Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson.

The party that will be long remembered by everyone was the "bachelor dinner" given for Bebe by Mae Sunday, one of her bridesmaids and her closest friends. On the same evening that Wallace Davis and a group gave the traditional men's dinner for Ben Lyon, all the girls gathered at Mae Sunday's house and enjoyed a cat party for Bebe.



Sally Eilers: She's Hollywood's newest bride, having married Hoot Gibson. She gave him a star sapphire as wedding gift.

The house was gorgeous with masses of pink gladiolas and dahlias, with a full-length spray of pink roses on the table for the bridal party. About fifty girls attended and gave Bebe a very gay evening, including a lot of amusing gifts and some literary efforts supposed to be helpful to a young bride.

The hostess, Mae Sunday, wore black lace, and the guest of honor was in trailing all-over lace of beige color. Among the guests were Norma Talmadge, in black chiffon; Constance Talmadge, wearing yellow; Mrs. Peg Talmadge and Natalie Talmadge Keaton. Lila Lee was there, also in black. Betty Compson drove down from "The Spoilers" location. Mrs. George Fitzmaurice wore the most beautiful print chiffon, pale yellow and gray in color. Louella Parsons was attired in black lace. Sally Eilers came in a soft pink print chiffon. Others present were; Carmel Myers, Olive Tell, Mrs. Hugh Murray and her daughter Anita, Eileen Percy, Mrs. William K. Howard, Vivienne Segal, Carmen Pantages, and Colleen Moore.

* * *

During the evening Miss Daniels presented each of her bridesmaids with a large doll, dressed exactly as the bridesmaids themselves were to be dressed at the wedding.



IN honor of Sally Eilers, whose wedding to Hoot Gibson took place June 27, Carmen Pantages, who acted as maid of honor, gave a miscellaneous shower and supper party at the Assistance League Tea Room.

The room was charmingly decorated, and about thirty girls attended. Among them Marian Nixon, Jeanette Loff, Bebe Daniels, Mae Sunday, Mrs. Reginald Denny, Mrs. Morton Downey (Barbara Bennett), Eileen Percy, Marie Prevost and Mrs. Phyllis Daniels.

Another party honoring Sally was given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mack in their beautiful new home in the California foothills. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton, William S. Hart, Buster Collier, Marie Prevost, and of course Edward Pearson Gibson (better known as Hoot). By the way, nobody in Hollywood ever knew Hoot's real name until the wedding invitations were issued.

Buster Collier gave Hoot his bachelor dinner, in the big banquet room of the Roosevelt Hotel. Buster was best man. William Collier, Sr., one of the most famous wits of Broadway, served as toastmaster. Fifty of Hoot's best friends gathered to celebrate his last evening as a bachelor. The gathering presented Hoot with a big silver elephant's foot, which held cocktail glasses and shaker also in silver.

Beside Buster and Hoot, those who gathered about the banquet board were William Boyd, "Skeets" Gallagher, Lew Cody, Jack Pickford, Norman Kerry, James Kirkwood, Dick Hyland, Buster Keaton, Ben Lyon, Dr. Harry Martin, Louis Wolheim, Monte Blue, Mervyn LeRoy, Roscoe Arbuckle, William Haines, James Shields, Lloyd Pantages, Wesley Ruggles and others.

* * *

Before Hoot's place was a large woolly sheep—the prize insult to a cowman. Mr. Collier read telegrams from a number of celebrities and everyone got a chance to make a speech—or, at least, to attempt one.



Charles Farrell: They're having trouble finding him a new co-star. Meanwhile, he is a Malibu Beach newcomer.

All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



Renee Adoree: Slowly recovering from her long illness, is back home again.

SALLY EILERS gave Hoot Gibson a perfect star sapphire ring for a wedding present. Hoot wears it on the little finger of his right hand.

* * *

SALLY certainly had some tough luck with her bridesmaids. Having selected Carmen Pantages as maid of honor, and Mae Sunday, Marie Prevost, Jeanette Loff and Marian Nixon as attendants, she thought she was all set. A week before the wedding, when the gowns

were all completed, Jeanette Loff was taken ill and rushed to the hospital for an operation.

Sally asked Mrs. Reginald Denny to take her place. Mrs. Denny said she would. Three days before the wedding, Mrs. Denny also had appendicitis and was operated on within two hours. Much as everyone loves Sally no one wanted to be the third, so she decided to have only three bridesmaids.

Then Marie Prevost got a positive order to work that night at San Pedro. Marie begged but they were adamant. Finally Al Christie agreed to wait until eleven o'clock. So Buster Collier arranged a motorcycle escort for Marie from Hoot's ranch at Saugus. Miss Prevost traveled some sixty miles to San Pedro and got there by eleven o'clock.

* * *

MR. AND MRS. BEN LYON have returned from their honeymoon and settled in Ben's apartment, until they can build a new home on a beautiful site Ben owns in the Hollywood foothills. Mrs. Lyon (who is Bebe Daniels) is doing her own housekeeping. She even went out the other day and bought all her own groceries. The only thing she forgot to get was a can opener. Maybe someone will give her one as a belated wedding present.

The wedding gifts these two popular stars received would equal those presented to royalty on similar occasions. Marion Davies sent the bride a diamond necklace, from which hung a watch set in an enormous, carved Indian emerald. A dozen solid gold coffee spoons, which looked as though they might have been carved by Cellini, were sent by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tierney. (Mr. Tierney wrote the music of "Rio Rita.") Mr. and Mrs. Townsend Netcher (Constance Talmadge) presented the newlyweds with a carved crystal bottle, centuries old, and of wonderful workmanship. A banquet cloth of priceless Italian lace from Venice was the gift of Norma Talmadge. The aero squadron to which Ben Lyon belongs sent a

beautiful and unique gift—an aeroplane propeller, into which a wonderful clock had been set. Full sets of wonderful silver for every occasion, a carved jewel box, with interior compartments in silver, an exquisite dinner service of Royal Crown Derby, were also included in the gifts.

* * *

ALICE WHITE is making a picture for Columbia. It seems that First National didn't renew her contract. The talkies haven't been kind to Alice. It takes too long to shoot talkie scenes with her. And First National was having trouble finding vehicles which will allow Alice to wear teddies.

* * *

THERE are 150,000 things you cannot do in Hollywood. Among them: Aliens cannot use for any purpose city park golf or tennis courts without permits. Which makes it tough on people like Ramon Novarro, Greta Garbo, Maurice Chevalier, and a flock of others. But can you see a cop walking up to Garbo and saying "You are a bad girl; you can't play here," if she should happen to tread on a city tennis court?

* * *

In the movie, "Jenny Lind," Grace Moore sings in English, French, Spanish, Italian and German.

* * *

CLAUDETTE COLBERT isn't going to be gone six months on her ocean trip, after all. The studio has insisted that she return to play with George Bancroft. Miss Colbert ought to be very popular as soon as the fans get to know her. She's beautiful and a real trouper.

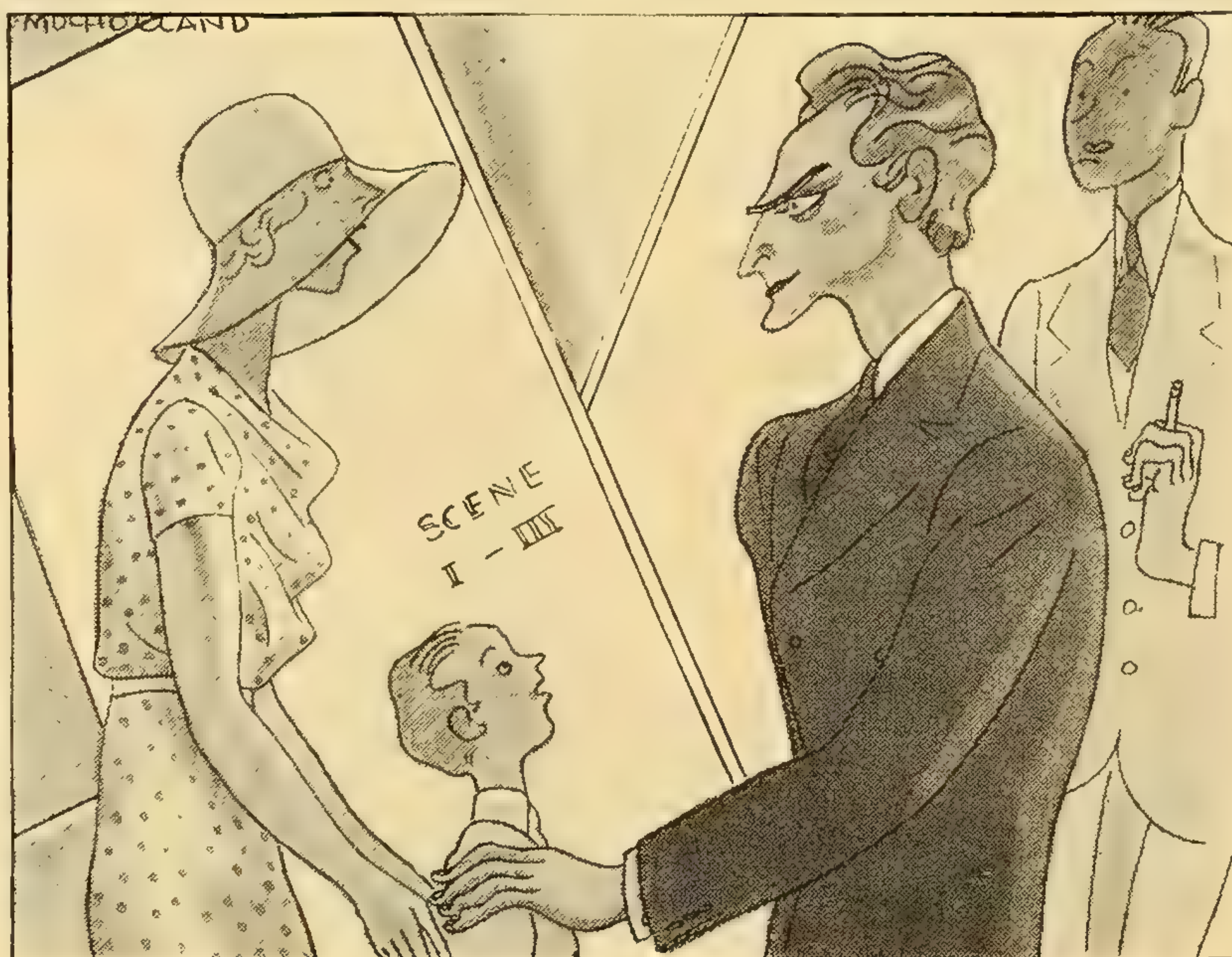
* * *

CLARA BOW'S next picture will have its locale in a college town and the heroes will be football players. The script, written by an Eastern college man, named the two leading players as Red Grange and Dick Hyland. They'll change those, however. At that, Red might be very good in the part—though as named he was the heavy. And NEW MOVIE might loan Dick Hyland for the film.

* * *

Since she started fifteen years ago as a thirteen-year-old girl, Bebe Daniels has made 288 pictures. When she was with Harold Lloyd they used to grind out one short comedy a week.

* * *



THE Fox forces are spending twenty-five million dollars enlarging and improving their studio at Fox Hills, near Culver City, and are going to shoot all their pictures there as soon as they can move in. Their Hollywood studio will be given over entirely to laboratory work. The Fox 1930 program is a notable one.

Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

The best matinee idol story ever told is now going the rounds in Hollywood.

A pretty young matron, name unknown, went into Jim's Beauty Parlor. She was extremely fussy about the way her hair was to be done. Just this way and that way. She had a facial and a manicure. The girl who attended her was much impressed. She said, "Well, you surely must have a big date tonight, the way you're getting yourself all fixed up." The pretty matron smiled happily and said, "Yes, I'm going to see Chevalier's new picture."

EDDIE LOWE has been up at Pebble Beach on location for a month. His wife, Lilyan Tashman, was working so hard that she had to stay home. But she drove up to make the return journey with him.

IT'S a wonderful sight to watch George O'Brien and his father on the beach at Malibu. Dan O'Brien, for many years chief of police of San Francisco, is just as husky as his son and can still keep up with him at swimming, hiking, tennis and even take a part in the basketball games on George's tennis court. They do a little boxing together, too, and if it ever got serious George would have his hands full.

AS soon as the final version of "Madame Du Barry" is ready, Norma Talmadge is leaving for Europe. She will spend the summer at Antibes and other places in France, visiting her friend, Mrs. Ben Troop (Rube de Remer). Mrs. Leslie Carter, who made "Du Barry" famous on the stage some years ago, has been on the set with Norma during the entire filming of this picture.

She has coached Norma in speaking the lines just as Laura Hope Crewes coaches Gloria Swanson.

Vic McLaglen proclaims he is getting kinda tired of being tied up with that "Sez you, sez me" business. Every time he opens his mouth some original wit cracks at him "sez you," and then gets peeved if Vic does not come back with "Yeah, sez me."

GLORIA SWANSON was seen playing on the beach at Malibu with her little daughter and her stalwart little son. All of them tanned copper brown.

Miss Swanson declares emphatically that there isn't the slightest chance of a divorce between herself and the Marquis de la Falaise. They will soon be together in New York. Gloria is looking unusually beautiful these days.

KING VIDOR and Eleanor Boardman have a new baby daughter. The youngster hasn't been named yet. This is the second child in King Vidor's family. The stork seems to be busy around Hollywood these days. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery

expect a visit shortly, as do Mr. and Mrs. "Skeets" Gallagher. And report from New York says that the former Florence Vidor, now Mrs. Jascha Heifetz, will soon become a mother.

First National is spending three and one-half million dollars enlarging its studios.

MR S. PATRICK CAMPBELL, one

of the most famous stage actresses, is now in Hollywood and is fast becoming the idol of the younger set. They gather around and listen by the hour to her tales of the great days in London and her memories of Oscar Wilde, Sarah Bernhardt, George Bernard Shaw, and all the great figures of the reign of Edward VII. Saw Lilyan Tashman, Colleen Moore, and a group of girls sitting at her feet one Sunday—and it takes something to do that in Hollywood.

EVELYN BRENT has gone to Alaska to play in "The Silver Horde," which George Archainbaud is directing. Louis Wolheim has gone along. That's a break—to be sent to Alaska for a month in the summer.

The first part Loretta Young ever played was with Colleen Moore in "Naughty But Nice."

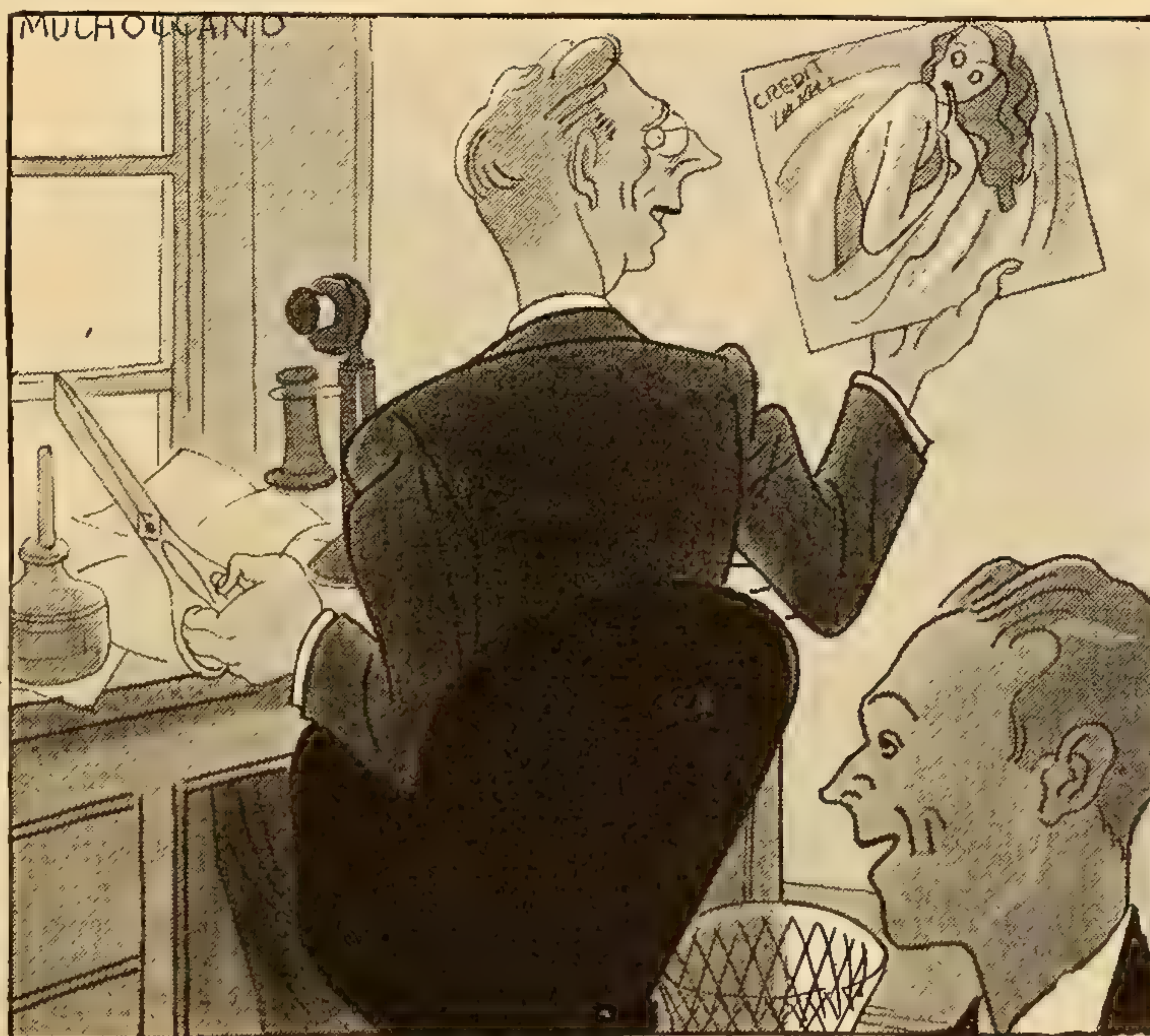
DO you remember "Our Girls" club, which ten years ago was formed in Hollywood? Many of the younger film stars belonged to it, and Mary Pickford was honorary president. The membership included Mildred Davis, Colleen Moore, Lois Wilson, Carmel Myers, Helen Ferguson, May McAvoy, Billie Love, Lillian Rich, and Julianne Johnstone and Carmelita Geraghty.

They met for a reunion the other night at Carmel Myers' new home. Ten years ago none of them was married and they were just beginning to be known on the screen. Much has happened since those days and they had great fun reminiscing. Mary Pickford presided.

DOLORES DEL RIO is vacationing before starting "The Dove." She's been down the California coast at Ensenada, getting a lot of sunshine. Miss Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons, head of the art department at M.-G.-M. and one of Hollywood's most popular bachelors, are being seen about together. Miss Del Rio has been interviewed for the next NEW MOVIE.



Norma Talmadge: Plans to spend her vacation at Antibes after completing "Du Barry."



The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the



Jeanette Loff: Sudden serious illness prevented her from being one of Sally Eilers' bridesmaids.

as he got off the boat, and there was no escape.

HAROLD LLOYD says that the first people outside the studio who will see his latest picture, "Feet First," will be 450 lepers on the island of Molokai in the Hawaiian Islands. He was deeply touched by what he learned about the poor, isolated unfortunates who are merely waiting to die—and must not leave their quarantined isle.

Incidentally 30,000 people gave Harold the biggest reception ever tendered anyone in Honolulu. This mob of fans met him

rymore. The role of the mother, a very important one, will go either to Mrs. Fiske or Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

* * *

Walter Pidgeon used to be a stock broker in Boston but went broke. He took to singing on the stage to recoup. Now he is in Hollywood and has forgotten all about stocks.

* * *

VIVIENNE SEGAL gave a lovely baby shower the other night for Mrs. "Skeets" Gallagher. The table had stork decorations and the ice cream was made in tiny cradles with a real little doll in the middle. The girls who came and showered Pauline Gallagher with the daintiest gifts for the coming heir or heiress were Mrs. Bert Wheeler, Kathryn Crawford, Bebe Daniels, Kathleen Martin, Alan Dwan, Carmen Pantages, Sally Eilers, Marie Prevost, Mae Sunday, Mrs. Robert Woolsey, Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, Mrs. Ben Lyon, Sr., and Mrs. George Butler Griffen, Bebe's grandmother, who, as usual, was the life of the party. Mrs. Rosenthal and Mrs. Meyers, Ben Lyon's sisters, who came on for the wedding, were also present.

* * *

PHYLLIS HAVER, who is now married to a young New Yorker, Billy Seaman, and has retired from the screen, made a recent visit to Hollywood and was entertained by her many friends. She says she is growing to love New York but still loves Hollywood best, and there isn't any chance that she will return to the screen.

* * *

THE family of Ann Harding has owned a plantation in Virginia (near Norton) for five generations. No tobacco was raised on that plantation because the Vermillions (Ann's people) always believed tobacco "not nice" for women and therefore refrained from planting any, even though they are in the heart of the tobacco country.

Ann's mother, now in charge of the property, has finally decided that smoking for women is all right and is going to plant good old "terbaccy." Which, incidentally, will about treble the income of the plantation.

* * *

RAMON NOVARRO has just returned from a sojourn in East Lansing, Michigan, where he went to take some lessons from Louis Graveur, famous singing teacher.

* * *

Vivienne Segal claims the prize telegram of the month. It came from New York during one of the recent stock declines.

"Your broker wants ten thousand dollars more margin. What do you suggest? Love. Mother." it read.

"Suggest anything they will let you use for ten thousand dollars. Love. Vivienne." Vivienne wired back.

* * *

RENEE ADOREE has returned to her Hollywood home, after several months in a sanitarium. She is much better.

* * *

INA CLAIRE is to play the leading role in Paramount's production of "The Royal Family" on the screen. It's a great part and will give Ina a real chance—her first—on the screen. The part is supposed to have been suggested by the life of Ethel Bar-



\$70,069,945 was the assessed valuation of real and personal property in Hollywood in 1920. Today it is \$365,088,990, a gain of over EIGHTY THOUSAND dollars a DAY.

* * *

LOUIS BROMFIELD, the novelist, came to Hollywood to write an original story for Ronald Colman. After two months in the film capital he has departed for Paris to write the story. He says it's too difficult to work in the confusion and excitement of Hollywood. When he's finished the story he's going to bring it back to Sam Goldwyn.

* * *

BESSIE LOVE is fully recovered from a recent illness. Back at the studio, Bessie, who is now Mrs. William Hawks, apparently is finding married life entirely to her taste. She and her husband appear to be very happy and devoted.

* * *

WARNER BROTHERS were shooting a picture which required the hero to wear several important British war medals. A meek and lowly prop-

film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

erty man on the set offered to lend the hero his, and the astonished director saw produced: the French Croix de Guerre, the British Military Medal for bravery, the 1914 Mons Medal, the British War Medal with the "mentioned in dispatches" leaf; and the Allies Medal.

Jock More, the owner of these trinkets, was a sergeant in the Highland Light Infantry (a kilt-wearing regiment) and saw four years of the rough stuff in France.

And the director of the picture is Michael Curtiz, who was an officer in the Austrian Army.

* * *

There are 22,700 movie theaters with a total seating capacity of about 11,000,000 in the United States.

* * *

TOM MIX'S daughter, Ruth, who has been living with her mother, Tom's ex-wife, ran away and married an actor, Douglas Gilmore, in Yuma, Arizona.

* * *

Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink was paid \$6,000 for one week's singing at the Roxy Theatre in New York. During the week she celebrated her seventy-first birthday.

* * *

SANFORD RICH, first mayor of Hollywood (1903) died June 10 in Hollywood. He was eighty-nine years old. He first came to Los Angeles in 1859 but returned to the Middle West and then came to Los Angeles for keeps in 1900. Mr. Rich is described in Herb Howe's Outline of Hollywood History, published elsewhere in this issue.

* * *

SINCE peace terms have not been adjusted with Janet Gaynor, the Fox studios are having quite a time in finding someone who can take Janet's place in the Farrell-Gaynor team. They have considered Rose Hobart, of the New York stage, as well as Maureen O'Sullivan, Joyce Compton and Mona Maris. But wise old Hollywood wags its head and winks. There is only one Gaynor and she fits with Charlie Farrell as no one else will.

* * *

CHARLIE FARRELL is the latest addition to the Malibu Beach colony. He's bought a lot almost next door to George O'Brien. Expects to build immediately.

The romance of Charlie and Virginia Valli is blooming again. In fact, Charlie sort of intimated that there might be real news before many months have passed. They are always together. Another couple whose engagement is likely to be announced shortly is Carey Wilson, one of the leading scenario writers, and Carmelita Geraghty.



WILTON LACKAYE, famous New York stage actor, is in Hollywood on a visit and says he has no intention of going into the movies. Which makes him a rare bird indeed.

* * *

Slow motion pictures are being used by the French army to teach recruits exactly how to drill and perform their manual of arms.

* * *

MANY letters pile in to prove that the fans haven't forgotten William Farnum in "The Spoilers." Right now, Bill is playing with Norma Talmadge in "Du Barry."

"The Spoilers'" location up near Oxnard, about seventy miles north of Hollywood, is the scene of much activity. And they do say that all hasn't been so peaceful. Lot of stars up there together—Gary Cooper, William Boyd, James Kirkwood, Kay Johnson and Betty Compson. They've built a whole Alaskan village there.

* * *

Fifi Dorsay's real name is Yvonne Lussier. She was born in Montreal.

* * *

MARILYN MILLER works three hours a day at her dancing with Theodore Kosloff, the great Russian dancer. After her next picture, Miss Miller will return to New York for a stage production in the Fall. Did you know that Marilyn is the highest priced musical comedy star ever to play on Broadway?

* * *

THERE are two big parts opposite women stars—really co-starring parts—for which Douglas Fairbanks is in great demand. Both the girls and the producers think no one could do these parts as well as Doug. One is with Bebe Daniels in Irving Berlin's "Reaching for the Moon." The other is the role opposite Dolores Del Rio in "The Dove."

Since these are both great stories and big productions, and since the parts are so good, Mr. Fairbanks may consider them. If he refuses, it is probable that Walter Huston will be with Miss Del Rio and Jack Whiting will get the coveted part with Miss Daniels. Mr.

(Continued on page 96)



Evelyn Brent: In Alaska for a month playing the heroine of "The Silver Horde."

HOME TOWN Stories



Freeman Fisher Gosden, of Richmond, Va., known to fame as Amos.



THIS Y'ERE'S AMOS

By

F. J. McDermott

of The Richmond Times Dispatch
of Richmond, Va.

ster given more to pleasure than business. But much has been said and written about Freeman Fisher Gosden since he and Charles J. Correll, (Andy), attained national fame. First, let's talk about "Snowball," and then about his influence on Gosden's career.

"Snowball" is the prototype of "Amos." He is the inspiration of many episodes of "Amos 'n' Andy" and is none other than "Sylvester," the lovable lad in some of their sketches. "Snowball" is Garrett Brown in everyday life. His life is an every-day affair and his hours are long. But the long hours are of his choosing. He is without a radio of his own and, come what may, his employers are unable to get him to go home until the daily broadcast of Amos 'n' Andy is finished.

Garrett is living again his early life in the Gosden home. "Curley" Gosden was the youngest of four children. Up to ten years of age he was just the average boy; perhaps a bit too retiring and maybe just a wee bit "goody-good." A sister (Continued on page 106)

TELEPHONE service in Richmond is at a standstill for fifteen minutes every day, except Sunday. For a time attendance at supper meetings of the Rotary, Civitan, Kiwanis, Monarch, First and other civic clubs dwindled to such an extent that business could not be transacted. Church socials had to be set at a later hour. Golf courses, tennis clubs, and the like even now are almost deserted long before darkness would put an end to play.

The telephone service gets no better, despite the best efforts of the company officials. The few persons who do try to make a call almost invariably are told: "Party doesn't answer." The civic clubs, however, have remedied their troubles. Radio receiving sets have been installed in all club rooms. This was necessary because, during the months of Daylight Saving Time, Amos 'n' Andy broadcast earlier in New York. Every citizen of Richmond, old and young, sick and well, men and women, rich and poor, white and black, insist on being within hearing of a loud-speaker. And they will not be interrupted.

Amos 'n' Andy are on the air. Amos is a Richmond boy, and many of his listeners are persons who "knew him when—" He is best remembered as "Curley," a light-haired young-

Andy is holding forth on a new efficiency idea while Amos listens with some doubt. Note Andy's business charts on the wall. The taxi stands outside. The 'phone may ring at any moment—and the voice may be that of Madam Queen, Ruby Taylor or the Kingfish. Or it may be Pat Pending. If so, Andy had better check and double check.



of AMOS 'n' ANDY

THIS AM ANDREW BROWN, PRESIDENT OF THE
FRESH AIR TAXICAB COMPANY OF AMERICA, INCORPOLATED.

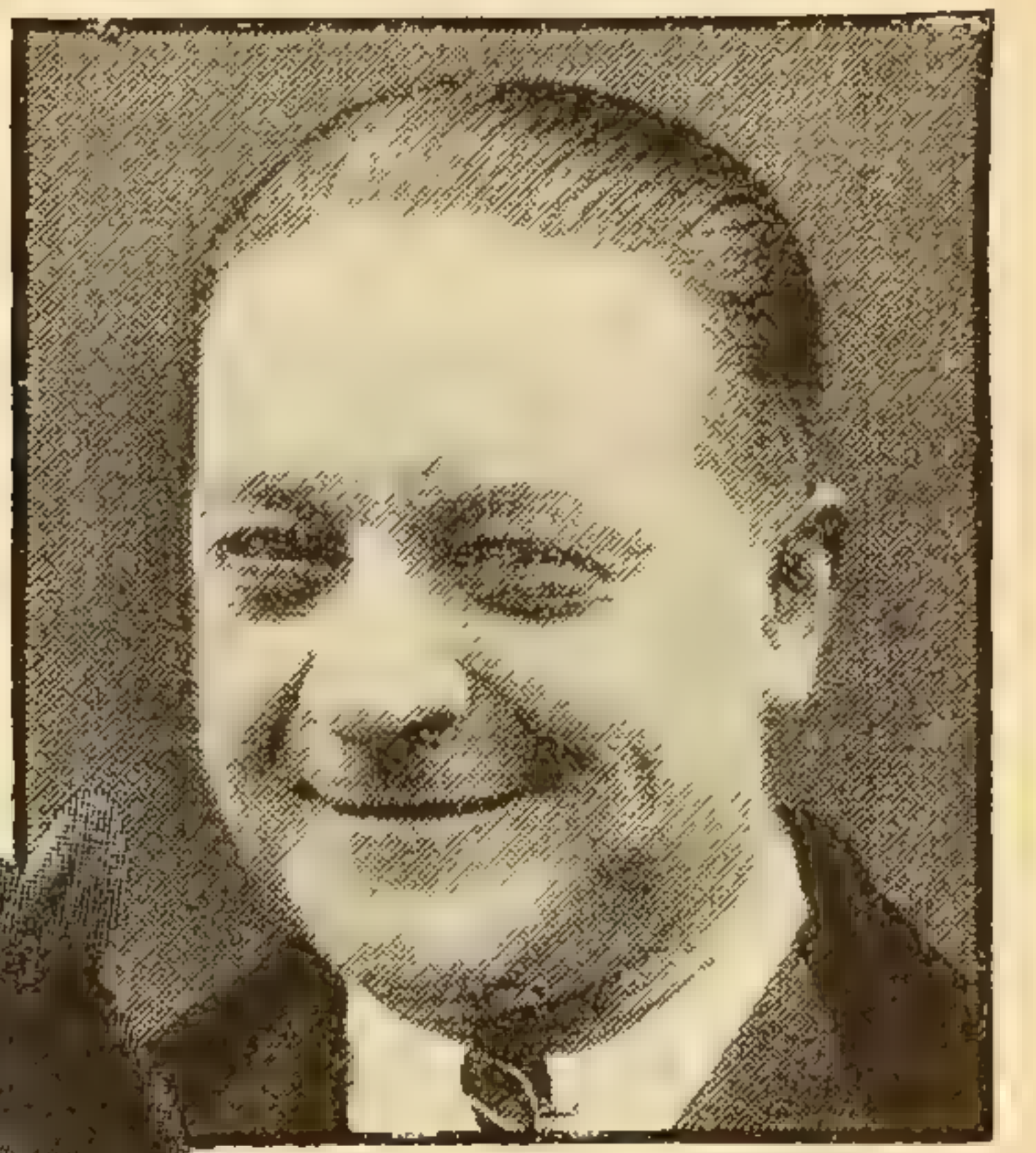
By

Robert R. Goldenstein
of The Peoria, Ill., Journal Transcript

MOST great men can point with pride to the fact that they began their careers as newspaper carriers, but Charles J. Correll, better known perhaps as Andy of Amos 'n' Andy to hundreds of thousands of radio listeners, can go them even one better.

Yes, he was a carrier boy, but in addition he was an usher in a theater house and amateur actor at the same time. He hiked over his route in the morning, took part in plays along with his school duties and worked as an usher in a theater at night. While no accurate accounting of his spare time can be had, it is definitely known that he did not study the intricacies of the taxicab business. The horse drawn vehicle was the mode of travel during his youth.

On February 3, 1891, Charles got the jump on two brothers and a sister and was the first child born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Correll. A punster, music lover and born genius at wisecracking, his ability at drama blossomed forth at an early age. A short while



Charles J. Correll,
of Peoria, Ill.,
known to the
world as Andy.



after he graduated from rompers and babyhood to knee trousers and boyhood, he was given his first chance in a play at the Greely School, which he attended.

The play had to do with fairies and ogres and wasn't exactly to Correll's liking but he gave them what he had and "wowed" them. He was made and from then on was given minors and leads in school productions.

While Charles labored over his route with a paper sack, picking up spending and saving money, a proud family was racking its brain over the choice of a career. The senior Correll, a brick mason contractor, held that his son should be allowed to choose his own vocation but agreed with Mrs. Correll that he should study the piano.

Charles loved music. The family selected Joseph Hornbacher, piano instructor of classical music, to bring talent to the surface, but all did not fare so well.

As soon as Charles learned properly to glide his fingers over the keyboard, his creative talent asserted itself. The music that bounded from the soundboard was the type that did not have the approval of the instructor.

Lively melodies are usually associated in the same category with clever jokes and pranks and Charles could give them either. His boyhood friends recall countless incidents in their early lives when they were innocent victims of a Correll prank. From his grade school days, until he became associated with the Joe Bren Production Company of Chicago, his friends remember him for his unusually keen sense of humor. Dubbed then as "the life of any party," it was only natural that he would be much sought after at parties.

HAVING mastered the piano he followed through with a knowledge of a buck and wing and tap dance. Charlie was yet in the lower grades of the Greely School and at that age when a boy maintains an infinite supply of reserve pep.

The senior Correll describes Charles as he knew him in grade school.

"Full of pep from morning to night. Trying his hand at everything and always on the go. Charlie comes home and when the front door opens we know that all the peace and quiet around the house has departed. He would toss his cap on a stand and his books on a chair and go after the piano."

While attending Peoria High School, Mr. Correll again demonstrated his ability as an actor in amateur plays given by the school. He served as leader of the High School orchestra
(Continued on page 110)

Drawing by
J. J. Gould





Photograph by Russell Ball

On the page opposite Adela Rogers St. Johns tells the dramatic story of Anna Q. Nilsson's fight for health. On May 1st, 1928, Miss Nilsson was thrown from a horse in the San Bernardino Mountains. It was four days before it was possible to get the motion picture star to a hospital. For eight months she was in a hospital in Los Angeles, unable to walk without crutches. Four months ago, at Orthopedic Hospital, Los Angeles, doctors grafted a new bone to Miss Nilsson's hip. Recently the cast was removed and an X-Ray examination indicated that Miss Nilsson is making a complete recovery. In another month she may be able to return to pictures. Meanwhile, through the months of suffering and struggle, Miss Nilsson's fan mail at the hospital has been remarkable. Have you written?

Where is Anna Q?

For Three Years Miss Nilsson has Fought the Brave Battle for Health and the Goal Is Now Close By

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

NOT long ago Grantland Rice, who would rather write poetry than sports, printed some splendid lines which my husband cut out and pasted in the scrap-book, where we keep treasures of thought or gems of fine writing which otherwise would be lost forever when the current magazines and newspapers go to start the fire.

Two of the verses run like this:

I have learned something worth far more
Than victory brings to men,
Battered and beaten, bruised and sore,
I can still come back again.
Crowded back in the hard, fast race,
I've found that I have the heart
To look rank failure in the face
And train for another start.

Winners who wear the victor's wreath,
Looking for softer ways,
Watch for my blade as it leaves its sheath,
Sharpened on harder days;
Trained upon pain and punishment,
I've groped my way through the night,
But the flag still flies from my battle tent,
And I've only begun to fight.

If Grant Rice had known Anna Q. Nilsson, he would have dedicated those ringing words to her instead of to vanquished athletes. I never read them now without thinking of Anna Q.

Life brings us contact with many people. As we grow a little in tolerance, wisdom and understanding, we cease to judge or to label anyone with definite opinion. But every now and then throughout the years a man or woman crosses our path and wins a place before which we lay the tribute of untarnished admiration. When we think of them our hearts quicken with new faith, our spirit is lifted by the beauty of their example. We feel shame for

Anna Q. Nilsson as she is today, waiting in the sun on the lawn of the Orthopedic Hospital in Los Angeles for the final cure that may permit her to walk unaided for the first time in three years. She hopes her courageous fight will bring her back to film stardom.

our own petty protests against the inevitable buffeting of fate.

I THINK, above everything, I admire the courage which keeps serene and sweet in the face of bitter disappointment, thwarted ambition, broken dreams. Perhaps in Hollywood, where the "hard, fast race" of life is in many ways harder and faster, that is the quality everyone admires most. And so Anna Q. has become an inspiration, a symbol. Hollywood's own daughter, Anna Q. has looked rank failure in the face. And always she has forced you to see that in spite of pain and punishment, she is training for another start.

The long strain of hope deferred, the rack of sleepless nights when no dreams soften the harsh outlines of the future, the anguish of being held in chains while others less worthy press on to victory, have not once caused Anna Q. to dip her flag in defeat.

Always she smiles. There are many smiles. The smile of the martyr. The smile of the envious. The smile which begs for pity. Anna Q.'s smile is as real as sunshine, and as warm and as natural. Because somewhere, as she has groped her way through the night of pain and fear and loss, she has learned to find happiness within her own stout heart.

That is why the small, white hospital room where she has lain for five long months, has become a place of refuge to many a hard-driven harassed star of the cinema. That is why in that (Continued on page 112)



Photograph by International Newsreel



Dick Barthelmess in a different sort of role, a type of part he hasn't played since Griffith's "Scarlet Days." Dick portrays a young Spanish rancher who is wronged and becomes El Puma, a dashing and fearless bandit. El Puma takes Mary Astor—and rides away to Mexico. The time is 1850, which, if you read Herb Howe's History of Hollywood in this issue, you will know was long before the coming of the movies.

By POPULAR REQUEST

Buddy Rogers' Mother is Interviewed About her Son's Ideal Girl

By DICK HYLAND

NEW MOVIE received hundreds of letters commenting upon Dick Hyland's story on Buddy Rogers—and the girl he seeks. One of the most interesting came from Ruth M. Carter, of 27 Lovell Street, Middleboro, Mass. She wrote:

"Every man is seeking the girl of his dreams. The basis of his dreams is his mother. Naturally he compares every girl he meets with his mother. I am certain that you will find Buddy's mother measures up to all those seemingly absurd requirements."

Miss Carter's letter was forwarded to Mr. Hyland and this month's interview with Buddy's mother is the result. Our thanks—and a check—go to Miss Carter. If you have interesting ideas about the contents of **NEW MOVIE**, write to the managing editor. You may be as helpful—and as lucky—as Miss Carter.

CHARLES (Buddy) Rogers, and the girl he seeks, is once again the subject up for discussion. It has to be. Because it seems that I stumbled into a hornets' nest some months ago in writing about that one bit of feminine charm Buddy is on the lookout for.

"Buddy is a chump for thinking such rot and you are a sap for writing it." That line was in one letter I received, from a girl.

"Tell Rogers to take a jump at the moon. Maybe he will find the girl he wants there." That was in another letter, from a man.

"Enclosed is a picture of Mary. I know she is the girl Buddy is seeking." It was a drawing of an angel.

"There is one actor with sense," wrote a man from Philadelphia. "But I doubt if he will ever find the girl he wants. I have known only one of that kind. She is my wife and a bit too old for me to bother about competition from a youngster the age of our son."

These and many more reactions were shown in the letters the story provoked. But the thing that dumbfounded me was that eight out of every ten believed it impossible for Buddy to find the girl he wanted. That the girl did not live who had the characteristics he enumerated, and which I will mention again in a moment. And they seemed to think that he was asking for more than any man had a right to expect.



"A woman's job, first of all," says Buddy's mother, Mrs. Rogers, "must be to make the man who is her life partner happy. She must aid him in his work by giving him a happy home life. And that is a real woman's happiness."

THEN came the letter which accompanies this story. Ruth M. Carter, from Charlie Farrell's home state of Massachusetts, gave an answer which sounds so simple I wonder that I did not mention it in the previous story.

She says Buddy's mother is his model. That it is the counterpart of her he seeks.

He did not mention his mother at the time we talked. But he did say that the girl he wants must have personality, must be reasonably good looking, must possess a sense of humor, be a good listener and sympathizer. He said that she must not wear too much make-up and must never stage jealous scenes.

With Ruth Carter's letter to guide me I decided to do a little private snooping and see just how correct she was in her surmise.

I had met Buddy's mother only once. It was two years ago on her first trip to Hollywood. Buddy brought her to a Sunday afternoon tea given by Bebe Daniels. I presented her to my mother and will never forget her quick, "Oh, I am so glad you are here. I feel—well, there are so many younger and famous people here. And I don't know any of them." It was in character that she did not think of her son, Buddy, as being one of the most famous. To her he was just Buddy, then and forever, which is perhaps what he prefers to be.

The Story of a Real 25-Year Kansas Romance

SHE sat off on one side of the room all during the tea. Her eyes sparkling, she smiled and talked with my mother, who told me afterwards, "Mrs. Rogers is such a sweet person and so understanding. She made the day a very pleasant one for me." You see, it was my mother's first time at a Hollywood party, too. And one must be considerable of an egotist to walk into a group consisting of Bebe Daniels, Constance Talmadge, Ben Lyon, Lila Lee, Billie Dove, Howard Hughes, Joe Schenck, Betty Compson, Buster Keaton, Louis Wolheim, Norma Talmadge and two dozen others just as famous—and not feel a bit self-conscious.

That single meeting gave me an excuse to visit Mrs. Rogers. She showed her poise at once by appearing not at all surprised. We sat in her living room and talked of little things until I could lead the conversation around to Olathe, where Buddy was raised. From that it was an easy step to her marriage with Bert Rogers, Buddy's father.

She smiled and the light of reminiscence came into her eyes when she spoke. "Bert was getting seventy dollars a month teaching school," she said, "but it was enough and we were happy, even if it was a bit hard at times."

"But you didn't mind?" I said.

"Oh, no," she said simply. "You see, in my day, it was considered an honor and a privilege to be a good wife. That was a woman's business and a very fine one it was."

"Just what do you consider a woman's real job?" I said.

Her answer was simple as it was all-embracing.

"Why, a woman's job, first of all, must be to make the man who is her life partner happy and to aid him in his work by giving him a happy home life."

"But if that is so," I said, "where does her fun come in? What does she get out of life? Because making a man happy is almost a twenty-four-hour-a-day job."

"MY boy," she smiled at me, and I thought that had I not been blessed with the one I have, I would sooner have this gray-haired lady for a mother than any woman I had ever met, "my boy, *that* is a real woman's happiness. All these modern innovations can't change what the Lord intended when he created man and woman to be one. Nothing, I am sure, can give any girl the satisfaction and the pleasure that comes from making the man you love happy."

"We didn't talk so much about those things when I was a girl. We took them for granted. It is not as difficult as it sounds, when surrounded by all these—problems and—what do you call it, psychoanalysis? I'm sure my husband would wrinkle his nose at me if he heard me say this, but children and men can be handled



Buddy Rogers' happy home impressed certain essentials upon his mind. "Buddy," says his mother, "asks no more from the girl he will eventually marry than his father has received for a quarter of a century from the girl he married."

just alike, and woman was born with the knack of doing both, wasn't she? Neither children nor men like to be punished and it isn't necessary. If you show them that the things they do hurt you, they will stop. But it's human nature to fight back, if you make a fight of it all by trying to punish them.

"Children and men will love you if you give them the things they want, if you love them and consider them, as it is your duty and your happiness to do. Ordinarily they don't want much. I expect men still like to think they are boss, even though they know deep down underneath that in spiritual ways the woman may be stronger. A woman who is—oh, just kind and sweet and helpful can always get everything she wants from a man.

"Happy people—haven't you noticed it—like to pass on their happiness, to share it. Well, if a woman makes a man happy, he wants her to be happy, too. So he shares with her and does for her in return. It would be a mighty mean man who

was unkind to a woman who always tried to please him, don't you think? Of course you have to find out what kind of a home and what kind of a life men want—each man is different, I suppose. Some like to go out nights and some like to stay home. Some like meat and potatoes, and some like desserts and salads. Some like to play bridge and some would rather work cross-word puzzles."

She stopped and laughed.

"I NEVER talked like this before, so maybe I'm not very clear. I was brought up in an old-fashioned school, where we were taught that the husband was king and the best way to get along was to cater to his moods. When I got married, I just followed that theory. I have been happy for twenty-five years following it. No woman has had a happier life than I have. Through the years I have learned to know why that theory is sound and—and necessary."

"Can you tell me?" I said.

"Well," she pondered deeply, "yes, I think so. You know how men are. They can't change very much, can they? I mean, they don't adapt themselves very quickly. That's the way they are. But women are awfully adaptable. They can just pick up anything and do it. If a man changes much, gives in, tries to fit the woman's way, pretty soon he isn't a bit the strong, masculine man she married—and she won't like that a bit.

"So, of course, the woman has to be the one to fit in, to change, to make a go of things and give in. I've heard women say they'd rather die than give in. They were awfully unhappy women, always in turmoil and quarrels. Why, those poor women are fighting against the very thing they want. (Continued on page 108)

FLASH BACKS to 10 Years Ago

By Albert T. Reid

LOOPER
SECOND
HAND
WINGS

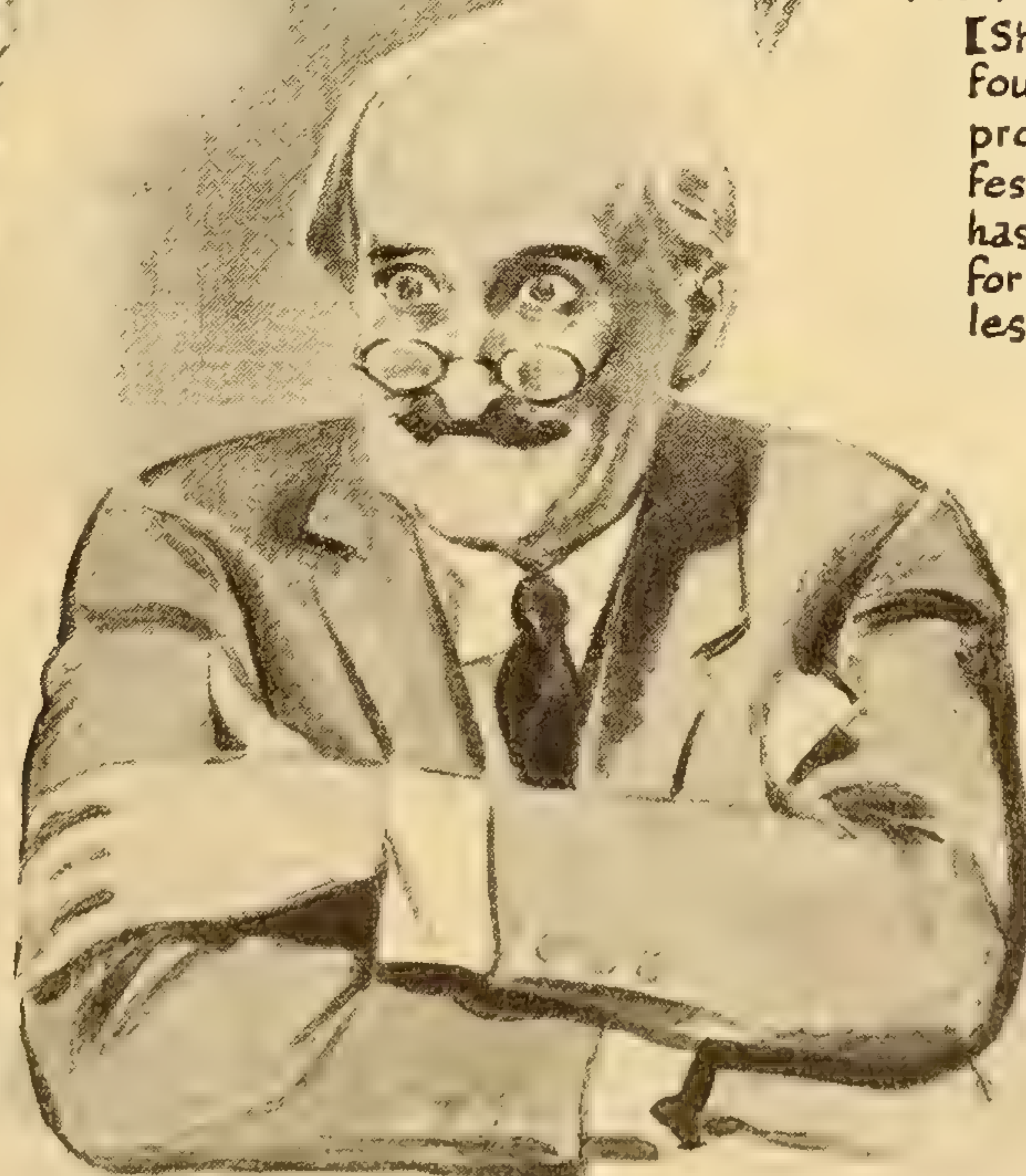
CHARLIE CHAPLIN
DREAMED HE FOL-
LOWED "THE KID,"
JACKIE COOGAN TO
HEAVEN. JACKIE
SHOWED HIM WHERE
TO BUY SOME WINGS



*Thus ends our first lesson
Bessie Love*

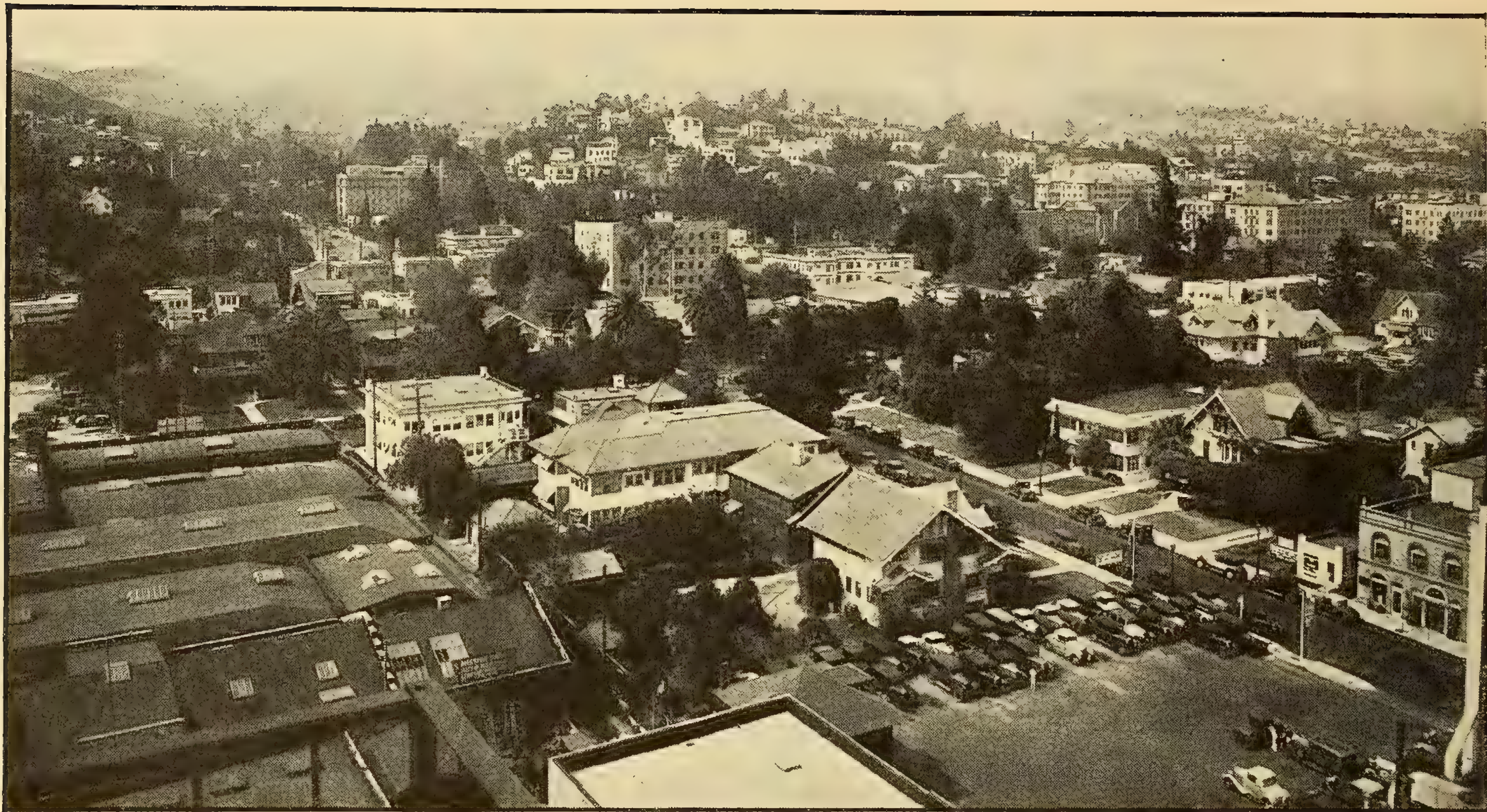
BESSIE LOVE WANTED
TO DRAW. FOR HER
FIRST LESSON WE
MADE A SKETCH
OF HER WHICH SHE
AUTOGRAPHED.
[She evidently
found a more
profitable pro-
fession. She
hasn't been back
for her second
lesson. ~ ~]

SHIRLEY MASON AS
JIM IN "TREASURE
ISLAND" WAS A VERY
ATTRACTIVE BOY



THEODORE ROBERTS RAN
AWAY WITH MOST OF THE
PRODUCTIONS IN WHICH
HE APPEARED

Albert T. Reid



Looking eastward across Hollywood.

Herb Howe's Outline

Tracing the Glamorous Career of the World's Most Famous Town from the Coming of the Spanish Padres in 1770 to the Coming of De Mille and Lasky

ROMANTICISTS date Hollywood history from the coming of the Spanish padres who said a blessing over it in 1770. Others feel it did not get its start until Jesse Lasky and Cecil De Mille blessed it with their arrival some hundred and forty years later.

Be that as it may, Chief Cahuenga and his powwowing braves were indisputably the first Hollywood settlers. Only the chief did not call the place Hollywood. He had as much feeling for publicity as the movie chiefs who succeeded him. He called it Cahuenga valley. The name was respected by Father Juniper Serra, who admired the chief and made the courteous Indians his "children." And, to this day, the name Cahuenga still clings to the main thoroughfare intersecting Hollywood Boulevard, and to the Pass into San Fernando Valley over which so many his-

toric processions have made their way and through which a mighty traffic storms today.

Dramatic Hollywood—Hollywood has always been a land of swiftly moving pictures. She was born to drama. The stories attending her birth she has released many times in picture form. By word of lip the stories have been handed down: of the Indians and the padres, the vaqueros and the cowboys, the skirmishes



The birthplace of motion pictures in Hollywood. Blon-deau's old tavern, at Sunset Boulevard and Gower Street, was hired by David Horsley on Oct. 25, 1911, and transformed into a studio. Later, Christie bought and used the building for a studio. The present Christie studio stands on this spot. The tavern remained until 1911.



Hollywood Boulevard, stretching northward.

of Hollywood History

1930 photographs taken exclusively for NEW MOVIE by Stagg. Historical photographs loaned from the collection of the Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles.

BY HERB HOWE

between Mexicans and Yankees terminating in a treaty signed in Cahuenga Chapel between General Pico and General Fremont giving California to the United States, of "Greek" George and his strange caravan of camels from Smyrna by which the United States government hoped to solve the transportation problem of the South-

western deserts but only succeeded in giving another story to Hollywood, of Tiburcio Vasquez, the gallant bandit, who robbed Americans to avenge his Mexican countrymen and who, on his deathbed, was visited by the Americans he had robbed, of the proud Senora who defied the wretched Yankee land-grabbers and one day

The Hollywood Hotel, the town's first de luxe hostelry, as it was in 1905. When the first wing was completed in 1902 the hotel's application for a liquor license was refused.





Typical 1930 residential district of Hollywood: North Genesee Street, between Sunset and Hollywood Boulevards, facing south.

tossed off her mantilla to horsewhip a thief off her ranch. . . .

The land of Hollywood teems with these stories.

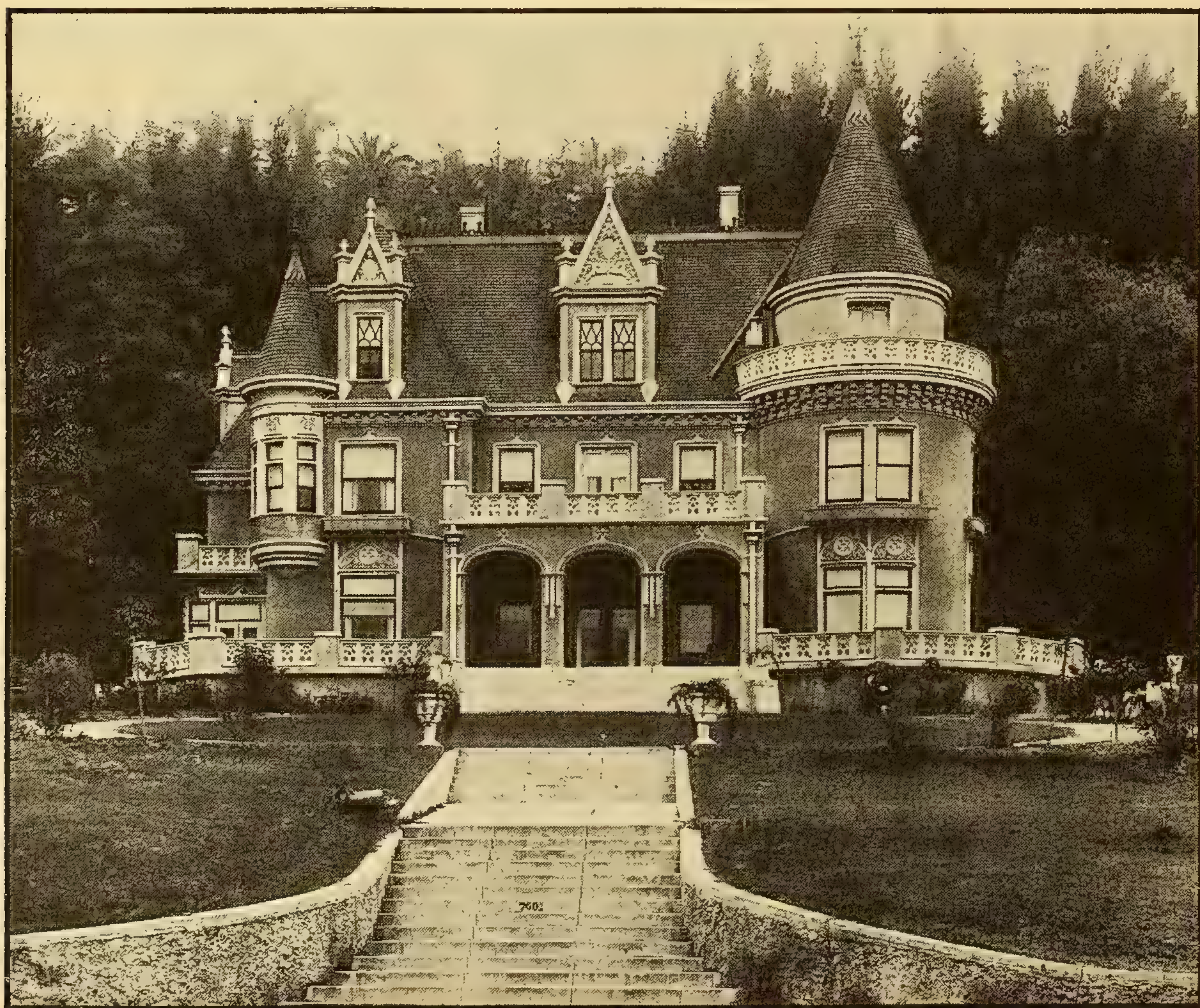
Hollywood Always Formidable—La Nopalera was the name given Hollywood by the first Mexican settlers. It means "land of cactus." There were coyotes and wild cats as well as Indians. And even before the movie producers came, there were bandits. Chief Cahuenga and his braves chased them off when they waylaid the half-breed Salvador who was carrying gold for El Molino Viejo. Salvador in flight buried his gold near the present site of Universal City and never did recover it. Some suspect that this accounts for Universal thriving through the years when others failed. Salvador's ghost is supposed to drive off all searchers for the gold, but the Laemmles are still there.

First Hollywood Idol—Tiburcio Vasquez was the hero of "In Old Arizona" before Warner Baxter was born. He robbed Americans from Monterey to San Diego but never touched his Mexican countrymen, who were robbed enough by the Yankee land-grabbers.

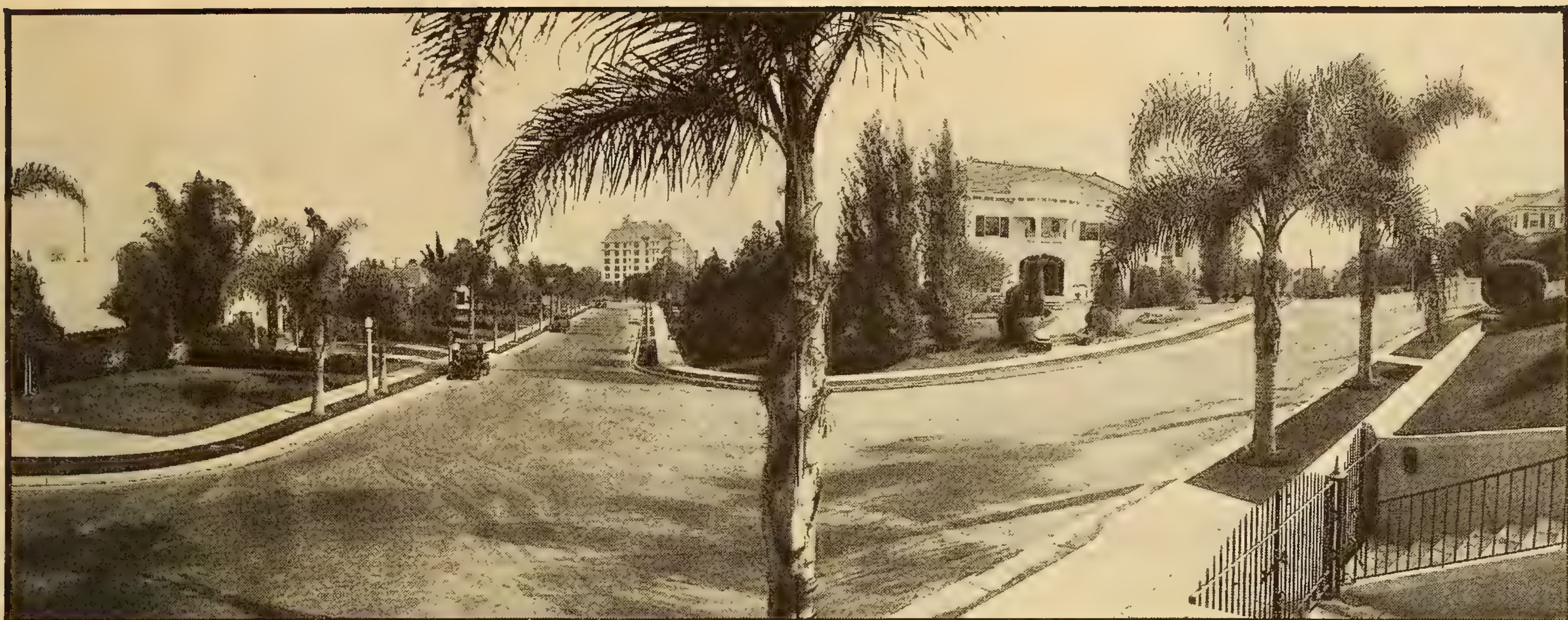
Tiburcio was the movie idol of his day. Women gladly handed over their jewels to him but he always returned them. When he was wounded and dying they sent him flowers and love.

Tiburcio had a girl in Santa Barbara and another in Hollywood. Perhaps the girl in Hollywood found out about the senorita in Santa Barbara. Anyhow who betrayed him? When Tibby came to Hollywood he lived with "Greek" George, the ex-camel driver. He trusted his Hollywood friend, which, of course, was a mistake.

On a day in May, 1874, a dance was given in the big barn in Nichols' canyon. Handsome Tiburcio, with a price of fifteen thousand dollars on his head, went blithely to the dance and gave the girls a thrill. His pal, "Greek" George, took advantage of his absence to go to the Pueblo of Los Angeles and inform the sheriff of Tiburcio's whereabouts. The next morning Tiburcio took breakfast with his sweetheart. He placed his guns on the table as was his habit. She objected and transferred them to her bed. Going into the kitchen for his coffee he observed her waving a towel at the window. He knew what that meant and dived through an opposite window. But the sheriff and his posse shot him twice. Wounded, he was caught and carried to town. On his bed of



This ornate residence on Franklin Avenue, Hollywood, was the home of many stars in the early Hollywood days. Here Fannie Ward, Dorothy Dalton, Geraldine Farrar and Mary Garden lived at the height of their careers.



The real Hollywood: The heart of the residential district, Selma Avenue and Crescent Heights looking southeast.

agony, he was visited by every rancher in the valley he had robbed, and all their wives and daughters sent him sympathetic bouquets. Then he was taken up to Salinas and hanged.

Thus ended the first Hollywood idol.

First Hollywood Parties—Hollywood has always been gay. The Indians, who were not nearly as savage as the present inhabitants, puffed the peaceful pipe, the smoke from which curling upward typified the ascent of their prayers to God. Father Serra found them dancing wildly in the Hollywood Bowl; they were trying to attract the attention of the Great Spirit. The old padre showed them a different way. On a hill overlooking the valley he erected a cross and said a mass to its holy wood. Some historians erroneously attribute the name Hollywood to this mass to the Holy Wood of the Cross. In San Fernando valley a mission was built, and, on a hill of Cahuenga pass overlooking Hollywood, a chapel was erected and named for the chief. The Indians attended services here regularly.

In the wake of the padres came the Mexican and Spanish settlers building their adobe ranch houses. This was the epoch of fiestas, now being revived as a theme of California entertainment. Cowboys vied with vaqueros in feats of horsemanship at the rodeos. The branding of calves brought the festival of the barbecue. Wine and romance flowed. Senoritas danced *el jurave* and *los camotes* to the castanets and guitars.

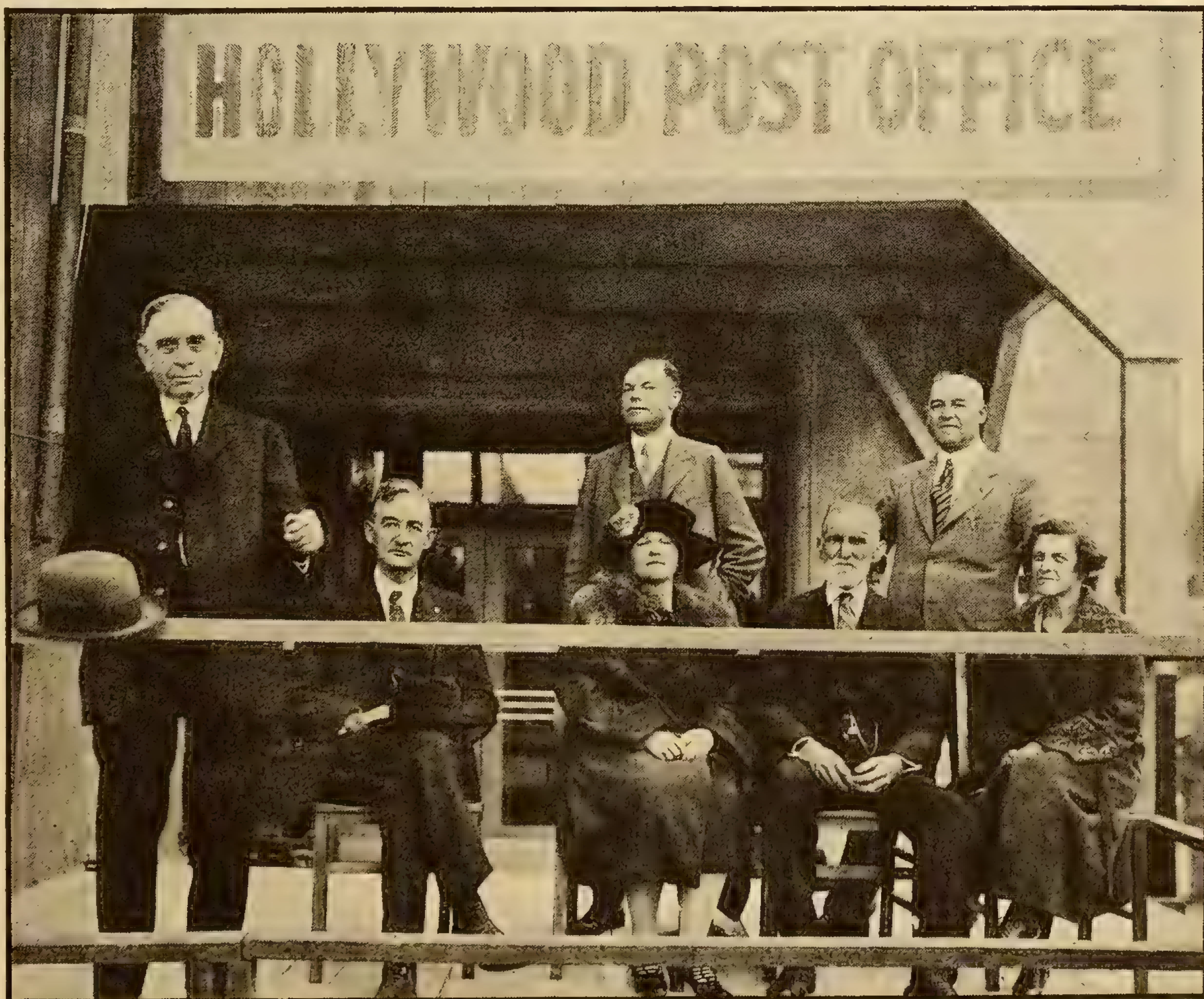
Hollywood at \$1.25 An Acre—The treaty by which

Sanford Rich, the first mayor of Hollywood, is shown in the very act of making a speech. The event? It was the formal opening of the Hollywood Post Office in the quiet year of 1906.

Mexico gave California to the United States was signed by General Pico and General Fremont in Cahuenga chapel.

In the early seventies John Goldworthy, the government surveyor, laid out Cahuenga valley in sections of one hundred and sixty acres, excepting the Mexican land grants. Danes, Germans, Irishmen, Mexicans and Yankees came to take up the land. John Bower, a miner from the Bret Harte country, took up the section of one hundred and sixty acres centering at what is now Cahuenga Avenue and Hollywood Boulevard. This constituted the heart of present Hollywood. Later he was compelled by debt to sell it for less than the government price of \$1.25 an acre.

How Hollywood Got Its Name—In 1883 Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Wilcox arrived in Los Angeles from Topeka, Kansas, with their Arab horses, *Duke* and *Royal*, and their



The History of Hollywood Is Vivid Panorama of



A study in contrasts. Above, Vine and Hollywood, looking west, as it is today from in front of the Pantages Theater. At the right, Hollywood Boulevard as it was in 1901, a placid thoroughfare bordered by pepper trees. No traffic problems then.

Negro coachman, Sam. Mr. Wilcox, a cripple, enjoyed taking long drives through Cahuenga valley. He was attracted particularly to the ranch of apricots and figs located on the land which John Bower had sacrificed for \$1.25. He moved a farmhouse onto the land and took up his residence there. Mrs. Wilcox perfected a process for drying the figs that made them famous.

On a trip East, Mrs. Wilcox met a woman on the train who spoke glowingly of her English estate, Hollywood. Mrs. Wilcox liked the name and, when she returned to her ranch, she posted it over the gate. Mr. Wilcox, feeling a bit sheepish no doubt, imported two English holly trees to justify the name. He planted them by the gate, but they perversely died. Thus Hollywood started faking as an infant.

The Moorish Influence—Mr. Wilcox put up his acres eventually into ten-acre plots, built roads and lined them with pepper trees. When Paul de Longpre, French painter of flowers, arrived at Hollywood it had become an oasis of flowers. La Nopalera was no more. The cactus and coyotes had been supplanted by peppers, roses and mocking birds. Many of the old peppers have since been cut down, but those that remain are carefully protected, and of course we still have the mocking birds.

It was M. de Longpre and not a movie star who inspired the Moorish architecture of Hollywood. The old adobes were already being vacated in favor of grotesque

frame houses. Monsieur de Longpre erected a great house of Moorish architecture and created flower gardens that attracted tourist excursions before the studios did.

Thus Hollywood changed its accent from English to Moorish.

Hollywood's First Mayor—Hollywood became a golf course before it became a town. By starting right with eighteen holes in 1900, it became a town of seven hundred (souls not holes) in 1903.

The other day I called on Hollywood's first mayor at his home on Hollywood Boulevard. It was shortly before his death. Sanford Rich was ninety years old. He was a champion horse-shoe pitcher. Despite his vitality and athletic prowess, he declared his memory was not what it once was. But on one point it was vehemently clear: He did *not* want to be the first mayor of Hollywood!

"I voted against myself," he said, "and got all my friends to vote against me."

But George H. Dunlop, the rival candidate, proved stronger. Mr. Rich lost out and was elected. It was a hotly contested election between two men who didn't want to be elected. The vote was 88-78.

The first ordinance put through under Mayor Rich's regime was one prohibiting bands of more than 2,000 sheep being herded through the streets. This has since been disregarded by realtors.



Another ordinance denied a liquor license to the Hollywood Hotel, the first wing of which was completed in 1902. Mr. Wilcox, the father of Hollywood, was an ardent dry. Back in Kansas he had helped to make the state dry thirty years before the country voted prohibition. Father Wilcox might not be so happy in Hollywood today.

In 1909 Hollywood was a city of 4,000 with a traffic problem. There weren't enough hitching posts outside the stores and automobiles were beginning to cause trouble.

The Toluca stage horses went haywire one day and galloped right through a plate glass window into the bank, whereupon Cashier Greenwood galloped out the back door—the first cashier on record who ever took flight without taking funds. But the real tragedy, according to the annals of the day, lies in the line: "The charging horses completely ruined the hand-sewn cur-

Brave Padres, Indians, Dons and Dashing Bandits

tains which Mrs. Beveridge made for the bank." Another catastrophe occurred when Dr. Palmer's gentle old mare went mad under pressure of the machine age and charged the entire length of Hollywood Boulevard, scattering choice prescriptions all over everyone.

Hospitality To All—The hospitality of Hollywood began with the kindly reception of Father Juniper Serra by Cahuenga and his men. It continued with the fine old Spanish settlers whose ranch houses were always open to the stranger, and a money bowl kept in the guest room from which the guest might help himself to gold if he needed it.

In keeping with this tradition, the first sheriff of Hollywood, on arresting drunks, would take them to his home for entertainment until they sobered up. The first jail in Hollywood was a rose-covered bungalow, a civic feature which is thought to have done much in attracting the movie pioneers.

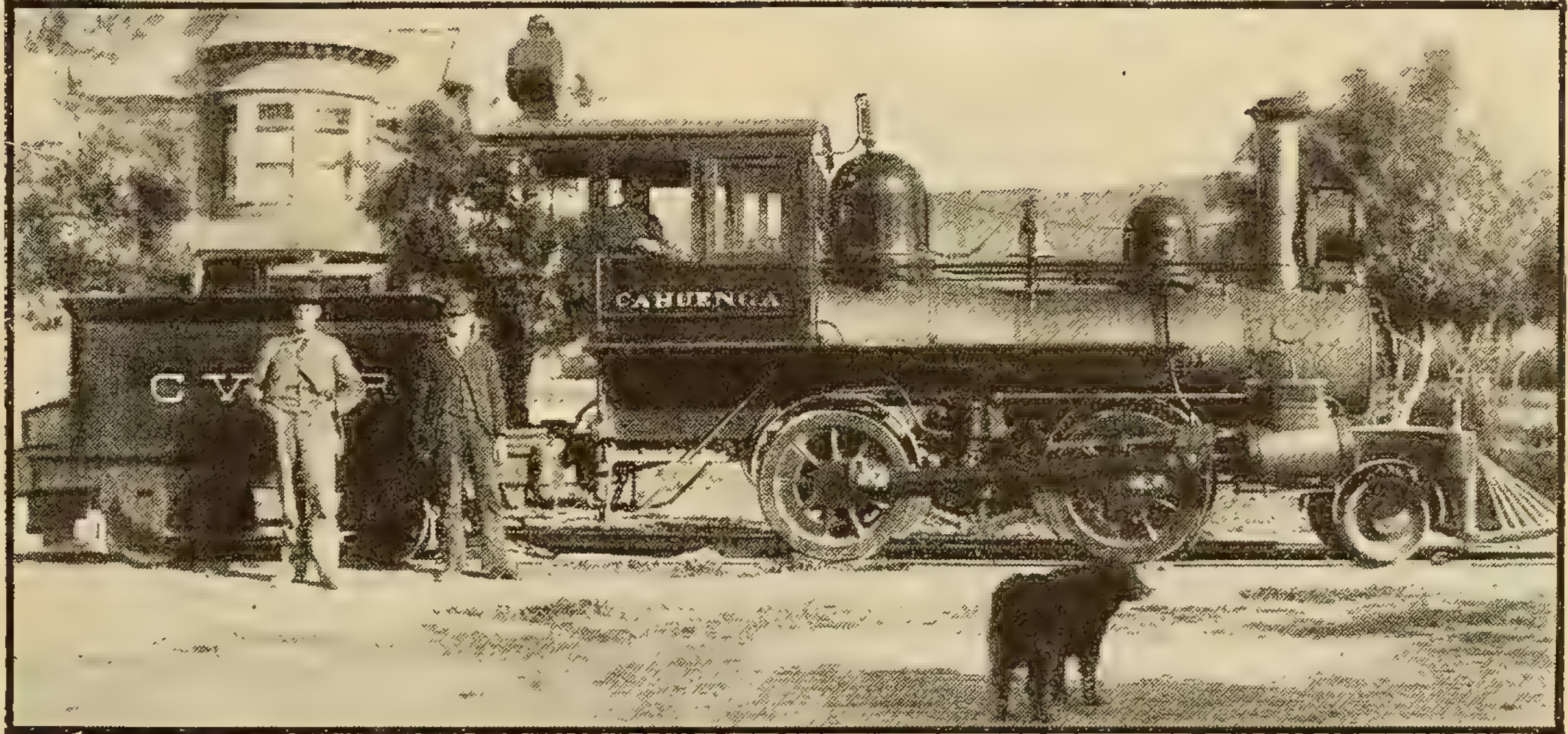
The Movie Padres Arrive—There has been much dispute as to who discovered the movie possibilities of Hollywood and David Horsley was moved to write fantastically as follows:

"The hieroglyphiced monuments of Egypt have, until recently, been accepted as the longest-lived story-telling media known to man, but tablets found among the fossil remains in the La Brea deposits near Hollywood have been deciphered and they take us further back into history than Cleopatra's Needle.

"The question who discovered Hollywood was being discussed with much heat in 250,000 B. C. A wordy war was being waged between rival claimants for the honor. Each claimant had his own staff of tablet carvers (press agents). These tablets were the motion pictures of that time. The tablets found in the Le Brea pits have been deciphered, but the translations cannot be given here as unprintable epithets occur frequently.

"The translations reveal that the noisiest claimant was a young tablet carver who had left the employ of the pioneer to announce to the

This picture was made in 1901. It is Sunset Boulevard. On this spot today stand the Warner Brothers Studios. See the transformation on page 86.



Another study in contrasts. Top, junction of Vine and Hollywood, looking southwest. This is Hollywood's busiest corner. The Taft Building stands on the site of the old Hollywood church. Below, Hollywood Boulevard as it was in 1900, graced by the snappy Cahuenga Valley Railroad.

world that he was the discoverer. The real pioneer finally got sore and told the truth.

"Passing lightly over the intervening years we find a similar situation. . . .

"I came direct to Hollywood and arrived on October 25, 1911. A badly abandoned roadhouse—the old Blondeau tavern—at Sunset Boulevard and Gower Street

was the only immediately available site for a studio. I leased the property on October 26 and it became the birthplace of motion pictures as an industry in Hollywood."

The first motion picture made in Hollywood was "The Law of the Range," directed by Milton Fahrney. Dorothy Davenport appeared in another first thriller "My Indian Hero" and later mar-

(Continued on page 98)





Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in the rôle he wanted so badly, the sky pal of Dick Barthelmess in "The Dawn Patrol." His acting in this part won a new and better contract from First National Pictures. The fight to establish himself in his own right has been a hard one. "It wasn't that I did not want to be connected with dad," said Doug, Jr. "I'm proud of having him for a father. He is one of the greatest scouts and smartest men I know. But I wanted to do something by myself."

ME—Doug, Junior

In the Old Days he was Just Doug Fairbanks' Son, but in Six Years he has Won a Place in his Own Name

By DICK HYLAND

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JUNIOR, is no longer the son of his father.

The offspring of big men have more often than not failed to accomplish anything during their lives. Young Misters Ford and Rockefeller are noted exceptions to this; almost as noted for being exceptions as for what they have done.

Fact and fiction are full of the difficulties facing the sons of great men to whom the public looks to carry on in the footsteps of their noted sires. So much so that it seems the worst break you can give a young man is to present him with a famous father.

Every time the young fellow makes a move it is compared with those made by his parent. If it is a brilliant move, the father will get most of the credit; if only a mediocre one, shoulders are shrugged and—"Oh, well, Papa's got all the ability in that family. Too bad the kid hasn't more on the ball."

ENTIRELY overlooked is the possibility that, at the son's age, the father was no world-beater himself. Also disregarded is the effect such discouraging criticism might have upon a young, sensitive fellow who wants to do big things, can do big things, and will do them if he is allowed the same freedom of shaping his career, without continual disparaging comparisons, that was given his father.

Try as he might, young Doug Fairbanks has always been known as "Doug Fairbanks' son." It was his mark of distinction, the thing which set him apart from all other boys his age.

I remember first seeing young Doug in Paris in 1924. A spindly kid who seemed all arms and legs, he was where he was not supposed to be—in the athletes' section of the grandstand during the Olympic Games.

A big shotputter, forced to stand in the aisle because all seats were taken, looked over the crowd. We all knew each other, at least by sight, and he finally found just what he thought he would—someone not on the team who had a seat.

"Who is that guy?" he asked. "The young one sitting in the fourth row next to Osborne?"

"That's Doug Fairbanks' kid," he was told.

"Yeah! Well, just because he is his old

Neil Hamilton, Dick Barthelmess and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in "The Dawn Patrol." Doug felt his future depended upon this role. And he was right.

man's kid doesn't entitle him to a seat. What did he ever do?"

"Aw, leave him alone," spoke up another athlete. "He is a friend of Charlie Paddock. Got in here by using Paddock's contestant's badge."

"All right," the shotputter agreed, "but only because he's Charlie's friend. Just because he happened to be born Doug, Junior, doesn't mean a thing to me."

I WAS looking at the sixteen-year-old Doug as these things were said. He could hear them as well as I could and I wondered what he would do. He did nothing except stare straight out onto the field. But slowly, and then more rapidly, his face and neck turned a deep red. Which, after all, was about the only thing he could do without creating a scene.

Six years later and a quarter of the way around the world—in Hollywood—I asked Doug if he remembered that day. He looked at me steadily for a moment, apparently wondering what was behind my question.

"Yes," he said slowly, "I remember. But I think it strange that you do."

"Not at all," I said. "I thought it rather a cruel thing to do to a kid just out of short pants."

"It was. It hurt me a lot at the time. But it was the greatest thing I ever had happen to me up until then. It started me thinking about things and changed my entire life."

I looked a question at him, but he was quiet for a long time. I did not interrupt his thoughts.

"You know," he said finally, "up until that time I had been only dad's son. I had not done a thing by myself important enough to take credit for it. Yet I was

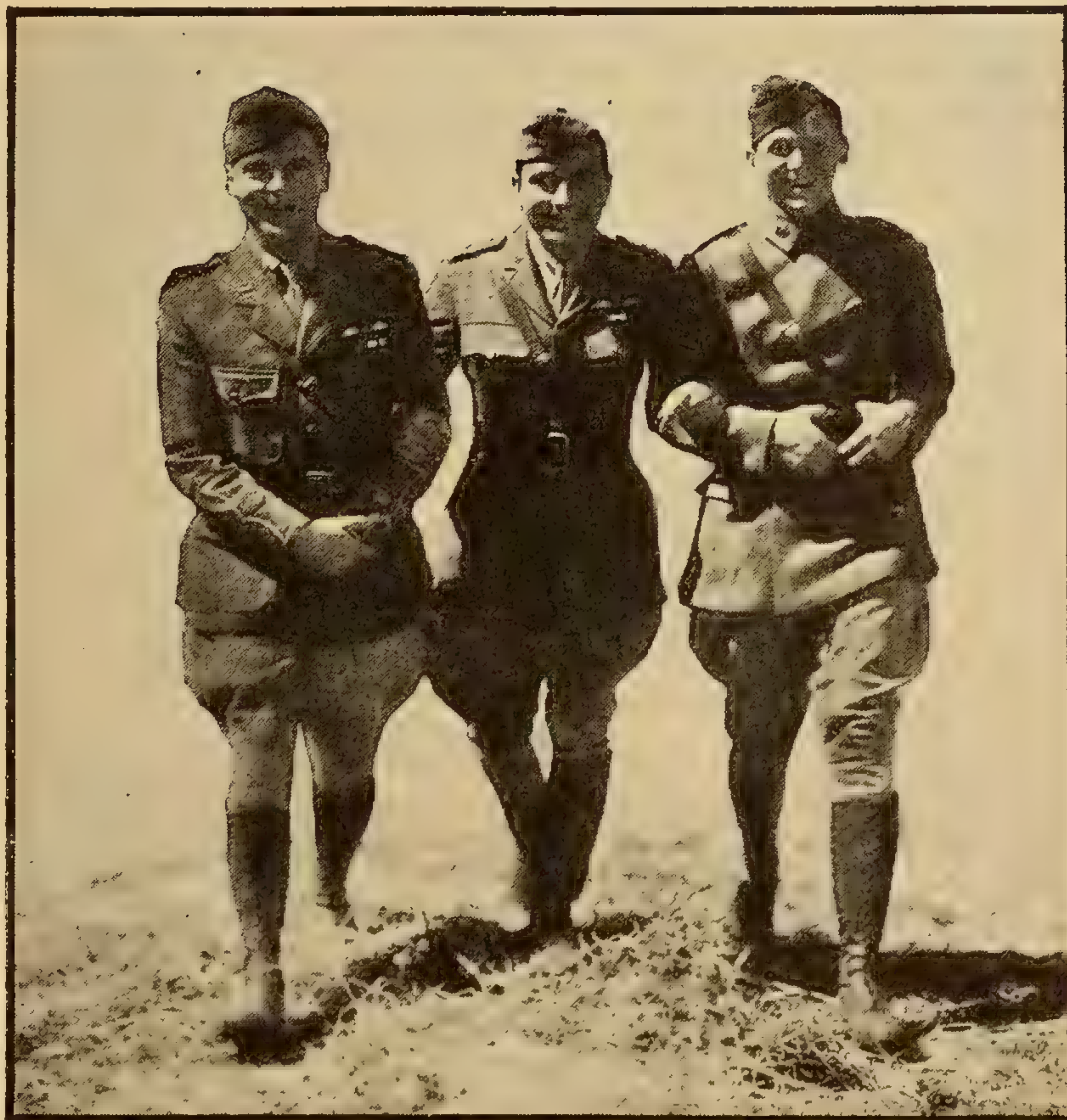
invited a lot to places by people I hardly knew. I know now that the only reason they did was because of my name, not because of me—Doug, Junior.

"The more I thought about what that big fellow had said the more I knew he was right. And then pride, or something, stepped in and I made up my mind that I was going to do something for myself. That I was not going to be Dad's son and nothing else.

"It's been far from easy."

"WHY didn't you change your name when you went into pictures?" I asked.

"I thought of that—wanted to do it. But Mr. Lasky, who gave me my first job, talked me out of it. He said it would
(Continued on page 130)



GAY GRANDMOTHERS

BY
DOROTHY HERZOG



Blanche Sweet and her grandmother, Mrs. Blanche Alexander. You never would guess it, but Mrs. Alexander is past seventy. She adores parties and nothing makes her as happy as helping her grand-daughter entertain.

FAME came a-knocking at their door and focused the brilliance of its spotlight on their grandchildren. The world came to know these grandchildren and to accord them the plaudits won through their celluloid ability. But to their grandmothers, Bebe Daniels, Blanche Sweet, and Alice White are still the family. They love them because they have always loved them: through a fretful infancy, a mischievous childhood, and a lively girlhood. They are proud of their fame, to be sure. They are their ardent fans but their casual admirers. They keep them toeing the line and don't let them for one minute get away with temperament in their presence.

I went to see Bebe's grandmother at her charming home on West Adams Street in Los Angeles. She has lived here with her daughter, "Gina", for the past eight years and it is here she stays, despite the rapid growth of Hollywood, Beverly Hills, and nearby beach colonies. She prefers the aged charm of West Adams with its wide thoroughfare, its attractive homes, its trees, its restful dignity. Bebe's grandmother's real name is Eva Guadalupe Garcia Hil de Tehada Soto Sorio Algo Pelasco Cresto Bonito de la Plaza Griffin.

"That's a fine handle for a morsel like you to tote around," Bebe scoffs.

"It ees my family name," retorts Mrs. Griffin in her delicious accent as she draws her slim body to the magnificence of its five feet nothing.

"I bet your family were a lot of high-binders," taunts Bebe.

"Ha, you bet," Mrs. Griffin scorns. "You always bet. Then what?" But she loves Bebe to tease her.

YOU can visualize Señora Griffin as a girl when you see her move with such regal poise in her cool, cheery drawing-room. You can visualize the silvered hair a glossy blue-black; the quiet eyes behind gold-rimmed spectacles a flashing brown; the piquant wrinkled face a satin, olive-skinned freshness. There is still a subtle youthfulness about her, the lingering, audacious allure that half a century ago enslaved the youths of Bogota, capital of Colombia, Central America.

Why, when Bebe made her first airplane flight to New York, didn't her mother worry about her arriving safely and didn't Mrs. Griffin's eyes snap as she stated impatiently:

"You make me seek. Some day we all fly. You, you are back number, Phyllis!"

Ah, she was once the flashing belle of Bogota, was Señorita de la Plaza. Her father governed Colombia, but his daughter ruled the eager youths who came a-courting her. It took a dashing American to whisk the vivid little señorita from the outstretched arms of her impassioned admirers. George Butler Griffin turned the trick, and brought his bride to Los Angeles.

Mrs. Griffin is the mother of six girls and two boys. Phyllis was the only child to seek a stage career. Her mother raised no objection. Each to his temperament, she said. Phyllis met Melville Daniels, an actor. They were married. One child resulted from this union, a girl.

What to name her? Mrs. Griffin knew. She had been reading a novel that impressed her deeply. The heroine's name was Bebe. Her granddaughter should be called Bebe. She was.

AT the age of ten weeks, Mrs. Griffin recalled, Bebe made her successful début as an actress, winning honorary mention in a critic's review. Her parents were touring in Texas. The play stipulated that Mr. Daniels enter the scene carrying a baby. He selected his own infant for the part. Bebe wasn't nervous. She proved it by interpolating a bit of comedy all her own. Once on the stage, she deliberately reached up and tweaked her daddy's nose. Which wasn't according to rehearsal at all. Mr. Daniels felt called upon to answer the audience's outburst of laughter.

"Let go of my nose, you little rascal," he ad lib-ed. The local dramatic critic singled out this comedy touch in his review!

Mrs. Griffin didn't remember whether he also prophesied a fine comedy future for the baby, but a

Three who Played Vital Parts in Bringing Success to their Granddaughters—Bebe Daniels, Blanche Sweet and Alice White

few months later Bebe's parents had her horoscope read and they were told that their child would one day be internationally famous. This was long before the flickering celluloids entered her life.

"How did you feel about Bebe becoming an actress?" I asked.

"Her mother was an actress." Surprised I should ask such an asinine question.

Bebe was a stage star in Los Angeles at the age of five. She appeared with Mace Greenleaf in "The Prince Chap". She also appeared with her mother in a Shakespearean production in New York. They didn't remain East long. There were engagements to fill in the West.

On one opening night in Los Angeles, a particularly amusing incident occurred. Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Daniels, and other members of the family sat next to a man and his small daughter. One of the acts portrayed a football game and saw Bebe rooting her lungs out for her side.

"What's she doing that for?" the man's daughter asked.

"She's a bug," he explained.

Mrs. Griffin glared.

"Sh-h-h-h," Mrs. Daniels solaced. "He thinks a bug is a fan."

"What do you mean, a bug?" the child persisted.

"A bug," vaguely. "Just a bug."

Mrs. Griffin could stand it no longer.

"I want you to know that that girl is my granddaughter," she stated clearly, "and my granddaughter is no bug!"

Being a "bug" was quite a joke in the Daniels-Griffin household for years.

WHEN Bebe wasn't playing on the stage, she stayed with her grandmother on their ranch in Verdugo Hills, a few miles beyond Glendale. Bebe rode to school



Bebe Daniels and her grandmother, Eva Guadalupe Garcia Hil de Tehada Soto Sorio Algo Pelasco Cresto Bonito de la Plaza Griffin, who was belle of Bogota not so long ago. Mrs. Griffin's father governed Colombia. She was won by an American, who brought her—as his bride—to Los Angeles.

on horseback. She stopped in town one afternoon and the horse walked home without her.

"Bebe, she was not afraid," chuckled Mrs. Griffin. "She walk to a store where we know the proprietor. She ask him for his gun. She don say anything why she want it until he ask. Then she tell heem she want it to escort her home because she has to walk. She didn't get the gun but she get home all right."

Bebe has her grandmother's fearlessness. She has only one-quarter Spanish blood in her veins, but that quarter, being Senora Griffin, is enough.

"Were you afraid when you went up for your first airplane ride with Ben?" I asked. Ben Lyon is now her grandson-in-law.

"Afraid? I? I am never afraid. Come, I show you my dolls."

A special alcove off the entrance hall has been arranged to provide for the hundreds of dolls Senora Griffin has collected. She first showed me the Bebe Daniels doll, created after her characterization in "Argentine Love."

"It ees nice, yes?" holding it up.

"Yes." It was charming.

"And here, here ees one from Mexico. You can see by the face, yes?" I could. "Here ees one that ees white, so?" (Continued on page 116)





Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

When Edmund Lowe, popular Broadway stage idol, married Lilyan Tashman, the dashing footlight beauty, they did not think that they would find their greatest success in Hollywood. Now the handsome Mr. Lowe plays hardboiled "sez you, sez me" marines while Mrs. Lowe has become known as one of the best dressed women in all Hollywood. They both know how to steal a picture.

ADVENTURES in INTERVIEWING

The Famous Writer Tells About His Encounter With Jack Gilbert—and the Friendship That Grew Out of the Misunderstanding

By JIM TULLY

HOLLYWOOD is often called ruthless. It is more the fault of the intensity under which films are made, than of the harsh natures of the people who make them.

The "run around"—that method by which people who are successful protect themselves from many who are not—often has its roots in kindness.

All classes come to Hollywood, and among the vast number are scores who are unsuited to the business. Such is human ego, that if these people are told the truth, they will not believe it.

The larger natures in the film colony, like those of their kind the world over, have compassion and understanding. The little people, similar to citizens of their type everywhere, are ever and always the same.

With but few exceptions, no person in Hollywood has ever remonstrated with me for any published opinion. Being public figures, they accept what is written, gracefully, and often with humor.

I ONCE wrote of Frances Marion, a close personal friend, with some harshness. A superior and a charming woman, she read the article and sent me a



Albert Davis Collection

Jim Tully tells the story of Helen Holmes, the art model who became the most daring of early film stars. Miss Holmes risked her life many times in a series of railroad thrillers.

telegram which read, "For heaven's sake, Jim, give me one break. Say that I can really read and write." When storms later waged about me, Frances remained an understanding friend. "I know you, Jim. You're Irish like myself—and just a bad boy," she said to me a week ago.

But I hastily admit that Frances is so magnanimous that she could find an excuse for Nero. If someone mentioned him with too much acrimony in her presence she would quite likely say, "Oh, well—maybe the poor boy did want to see a fire—and besides, Rome wasn't so large in those days."

My first meeting with Jack Gilbert was at the home of Matt Moore, several years ago. A few months previous I had completed a series of articles in which I took each state separately and wrote about the different actors who had come to Hollywood from each section. Thus I had made quite a study of the biographies of all the prominent film players. In a joking way, I said: "You know, I can tell you where everyone in pictures was born—in fact, almost anything you want to know about them." Jack immediately declared that to be impossible. I suggested that he try me out. "Where was I born?" he said quickly. "In Logan, Utah—back-stage in the dressing-room of a theatre," I replied. Jack looked at me in amazement.

THE newspapers of the world have had much to say of the recent encounter between Jack Gilbert and myself. Like Mark Twain's death, the details were exaggerated. It took place in the Brown Derby, an eating place made famous by a dear friend, Wilson Mizner.

Jack came into the restaurant accompanied by Sid Grauman and Ina Claire. He had not seen me since I had (Continued on page 97)

Jim Tully says that Louise Dresser is the most charming woman he has ever known. Here Mr. Tully tells how Miss Dresser adopted her name and how she gained success. After years of popularity as a singer, she became famous as an actress.



Mighty Lak' a POSE

By
STEWART
ROBERTSON

"Quite so," said the slightly dazed Alastair Weems-Wembley, "you do things hurriedly over here, don't you? I hope I'll prove satisfactory."

FIVE O'CLOCK on any blue and silver Hollywood afternoon is all things to all people. Publicity men emerge from delirious optimism to wonder if the wife remembered to water the lawn, street cars are boarded by extras with greasepaint left carefully on the back of their necks so that the world will know they are actors, and, in a smoke-laden cubbyhole at the Fascination Studios, Mr. Nebuchadnezzar Smeck was generally to be found in the throes of his daily crisis.

Without this spur to his abilities Mr. Smeck would have considered himself a flop as an executive, and now

he flourished a sheaf of contracts as he frowned across at Miss Cherry Dorval, his dusky-haired, sloe-eyed star.

"Right here," he declared, "I got the options for two of them classy, tea-drinking society dramas. Swell stuff, baby, all full of marmalade, ancient emeralds, strawberry marks and a flock of the charming people that disguise their evil intentions behind what these literary punks call epigrams. Between you'n me, a stevedore could say it better, but a production manager can't have everything."

"Just my style," crooned Miss Dorval, turning pink with excitement. "If there's anything I enjoy it's one of these 'Will you—ah—sit down?' things. Reminds me of when I was a deb in dear old N'Yawlins. I suppose we'll have a wainscoted dining-room, crests on the doors of the motor car, and an entrance hall the size of the Southern Pacific depot."

"Also," said Mr. Smeck dismally, "we'll need an Englishman. That's what's got my forehead looking like a washboard."

"But why? The woods are full of them."

"Big, fat ones, yes," agreed the executive. "Butlers, bishops and bums—all them types are underfoot, almost, but what I got to have is a long, lean, blond aristocrat that looks as though even Clara Bow couldn't raise his temperature a tenth of a degree. And he's got to be real British, baby, because keeping up the accent's too much of a strain on home-grown tonsils."

"But where will you find one, outside of London?"

"**I** WISH I knew," groaned her superior, "but my mind's made up about having him. We got gangsters, flappers, he-men, warblers, hoofers and half a gross of

He Was a Scion of British Aristocracy and She Was a Daughter of the Old South. At least That Was What Hollywood Thought

Illustrated by
CHARLES D. MITCHELL

well-sharpened profiles, and now to round out the menagerie all we need is a handsome juvenile who behaves as if he'd been born in a morning coat on the sunny side of a Sussex garden party."

"I'm so thrilled!" enthused the lustrous Cherry. "This will give us a hallmark of distinction and, besides, these Englishmen are polite and easy to handle. They save wear and tear on a star's feelings, not to mention her ribs, judging by the way a couple of your virile thugs have made love to me in the past. There's money in the gentlemanly type, too. Look at Cosmic Pictures and that Pilkington youth."

"He's a gold mine," nodded Mr. Smeck enviously, "and the world knows that, compared to us, Cosmic is damaged goods. We'll put a tea-taster on the market that will leave them with their little fingers in the air. Well, let's eat. What do you say we go to the Bird Cage—the picture mob ain't discovered it yet, and there won't be no geniuses to spoil my appetite?"

Inside twenty minutes they were tucked away at a corner table in a gaily-awned little courtyard, and the master mind waved a stalk of celery as he peered into the future.

"I want a new face," he declared. "I want somebody who doesn't act like an actor and——"

"I should like creamed scallops with mushrooms," said a strong and pleasant English voice, "broccoli, carrots and frosted coffee. Right?"

Mr. Smeck and his companion stared incredulously at one another. The speaker's tones were mellow as an old violin, as crisply tender as meringue and, most admirable of all, he handled his R's with that slight burr so beloved by elocutionists. Then, as a waitress teetered away, the listeners jumped to their feet and tiptoed around a tub of peonies to view this paragon of phonetics.

They saw a loose-limbed individual of Apollesque features, smoothly brushed hair the color of toffee and a pair of eyes as deeply blue as Crater Lake. Curiously enough, his face was devoid of expression, but Mr. Smeck, on the verge of swooning with joy, failed to notice this.

"HE ain't real," he whispered. "Not that face and voice together in one ensemble! There must be another fellow hiding under the table, or something."



"Don't worry," soothed the beautiful Cherry Dorval. "I'll be delighted to help you all I can—and that's a lot."

His chattering aroused the handsome youth, who turned his decorously blank countenance upon him and frowned slightly. "What the devil are you gazing at?" he demanded.

"Mister," pleaded Mr. Smeck, "say it again."

"Say what?"

"All that food. I just want to hear you talk."

The other inspected him as a naturalist would some new and interesting beetle, then his blue eyes flickered surprisedly as Miss Dorval edged into view. "Most peculiar request," he murmured. "Well, here you are." Again the golden voice rattled off the order.

"Listen," said the production manager, trembling with anticipation, "don't be insulted, mister, but do you want a job?"

To his astonishment, the youth sprang to attention, his expression more regimental than ever. "Yes, sir, I do. In fact, that's what I came out here for."

"We could tell that," smiled Miss Dorval. "How long have you been in Hollywood?"

"Two days. Of course, I've just been looking around before choosing a place where I'd like to work, but——"

"Then you ain't had a test?" inquired Mr. Smeck.

"Do they test you? Well, really, when one has true ability——"

"I'll say you've got ability," said the movie man, "which is why even before you get a chance to inhale them scallops, I want you to give Fascination Films an option on your services."

"Films?" repeated the youth. "You mean the cinema? Me?"

"Oh, you English!" tinkled Cherry. "Trying to spoof us, aren't you? This is the great Nebuchadnezzar Smeck, and he's been searching for a boy just like you to play opposite me—Cherry Dorval—in society pictures. And something tells me you know all about the social set."

"Me, too," seconded Mr. Smeck. "You've got that up-stage flare to the nostrils that seems to go with the bluebloods. You wouldn't be an oil, now?"

"NOT an earl," said the youth, flushing angrily. "Distinctly not an earl—they have gout and bad tempers, and all that sort of thing, you know. Or, perhaps, you don't."

"Well," shrugged Nebuchadnezzar, "any time you want to break down and confess you're a duke it wouldn't hurt the publicity none. Why, I can see right now that you'll screen better than Cosmic's Pilkington, and I'll bet you've got a sweller name, too. Come on and tell us; I'm all of a Tennyson."

His quarry seemed to be secretly amused. "Nothing short of Fate," he muttered absently. "Hollywood, the cinema and a beautiful girl. Astounding, if I may say so. Oh, the name? Well, it's Weems-Wembley, old chap, with a hyphen thing for the little birdies to roost on."

"A hyphen, no less," shrieked Mr. Smeck, beside himself with delight. "The only one in the movies! Now



spring me the first name." Mr. Smeck waited breathlessly.

"Alastair."

The production manager fell gasping into a chair. "I knew it!" he wheezed. "Alastair Weems-Wembley! Oh, but will that make the other companies curl up with their second-hand Joes and Tommies. Say, the minute I seen that haughty droop to your eyelids, I says to myself, 'here's quality.'"

"Thanks," bowed the hyphen, his eyes on Cherry.

"It's a gift with me, discovering class," Mr. Smeck assured him. "Well, so long, Mr. Weems-Wembley—heh, heh, it's got a sound like dragging your feet over a velvet carpet—we'll leave you eat in peace, but I'll expect you at my office in the morning."

"Quite so," said the slightly dazed Alastair. "Whew, but you do things hurriedly over here, don't you? I hope I'll prove satisfactory."

"Don't worry," soothed Miss Dorval. "I'll be delighted to help you all I can—and that's a lot."

This statement, accompanied by a high-tension flash from her opalescent eyes, almost dispossessed Mr. Weems-Wembley of the last remnant of his London poise.

"S-s-s-so k-k-k-kind," he stammered. "Charmed to have seen you," and as the picture people smiled their farewell he slid back into his chair, wondering when he would wake up. For the last two years he had been

HOLLYWOOD WENT IN FOR MARMALADE DRAMA



Alastair played with a vehemence that astonished Cherry Dorval. He courted her just as though they were not surrounded by a retinue of gaping and unlovely mechanics. Though she knew that five o'clock would transform him into a correct young man of incredible shyness, she met him half way.

busted up more than one set of screen sweet-hearts? And my middle name ain't Fate; it's Ferdinand. This hyphen I've captured seems a fine, sound and sensible guy, and I don't want him vexed by a vamp except in front of the camera."

And at that very moment the sound and sensible guy was smiling dreamily into the future and putting salt in his coffee.

* * *

IN less than two weeks Mr. Weems - Wembley had barged serenely through a hurricane of tests, interviews and studio luncheons, and had

one of the army of gentlemen who, in company with the girl of the moment, went to the cinema palaces to torture themselves by blinking at the unattainable Cherry Dorval. Yet now she had stood within six feet of him and frankly shown her approval. Very probably he might even be called upon to kiss her!

BACK at their table, the radiant Mr. Smeck watched his star indulge in some feverish eye-rolling.

"He's the genuine thing," she whispered excitedly, "and I'll bet you he sports a title when he's at home."

"That idea's identical with me, Cherry, but maybe he's one of them younger sons with a past that makes Bluebeard look like a Boy Scout."

"You're ridiculous! He couldn't be anything but magnificent—that Viking head, the figure of a Grecian statue and those icy blue eyes that—that—"

"Sounds like Shakespeare's ballyhoo for Hamlet," grinned her employer. "Go on, let's have the climax."

"That can be melted," finished Cherry defiantly. "And furthermore, I'm going to try it. It won't be any strain to play love scenes with Alastair, and I wasn't known as the Torch of N'Yawlins for nothing. Oh, Nebby, I'm sure it was Fate that brought us together!"

"Hey!" shouted Mr. Smeck, much alarmed at her symptoms. "Save that Louisiana lure for someone else, you hear me? Don't you know that this siren stuff has

succeeded in getting himself talked about by the simple expedient of doing nothing at all. Nobody knew whether he collected scarabs, suffered from hay fever, nor how he stood on the concealment of the knees; nevertheless, more than one Hollywood hostess began prowling through her guest list to see whom she could sidetrack in his favor. But Alastair politely refused all invitations, remaining entrenched in his new suite at the exclusive Musclebound Arms.

A psychologist would have detected signs of fear in his behavior, but to the effervescent Mr. Smeck, beaming on the cast of his newest society picture, the hyphenated hero was two degrees better than perfect. The players, an assortment of the traditional types capable of throwing the broad A for a loss, crowded eagerly around, leaving a little space in the center for the leads.

"Ladies and gents," bawled Mr. Smeck, "when the first scene of this epic trickles onto the film and sound track you'll be making not only a box-office wow, but history? Why? Because we got amongst us the only guy in Hollywood who can say 'Home, James,' and look as if he meant it. Now, the plot's about a Quaker girl who has the cute habit of ditching her fiancés at the church door, so it's called 'Too Good to Be True,' and the action is just as subtle. Therefore, as my broker likes to say, give me all you've got."

"On the set, please," called the director, and for the next half hour he outlined the (Continued on page 114)

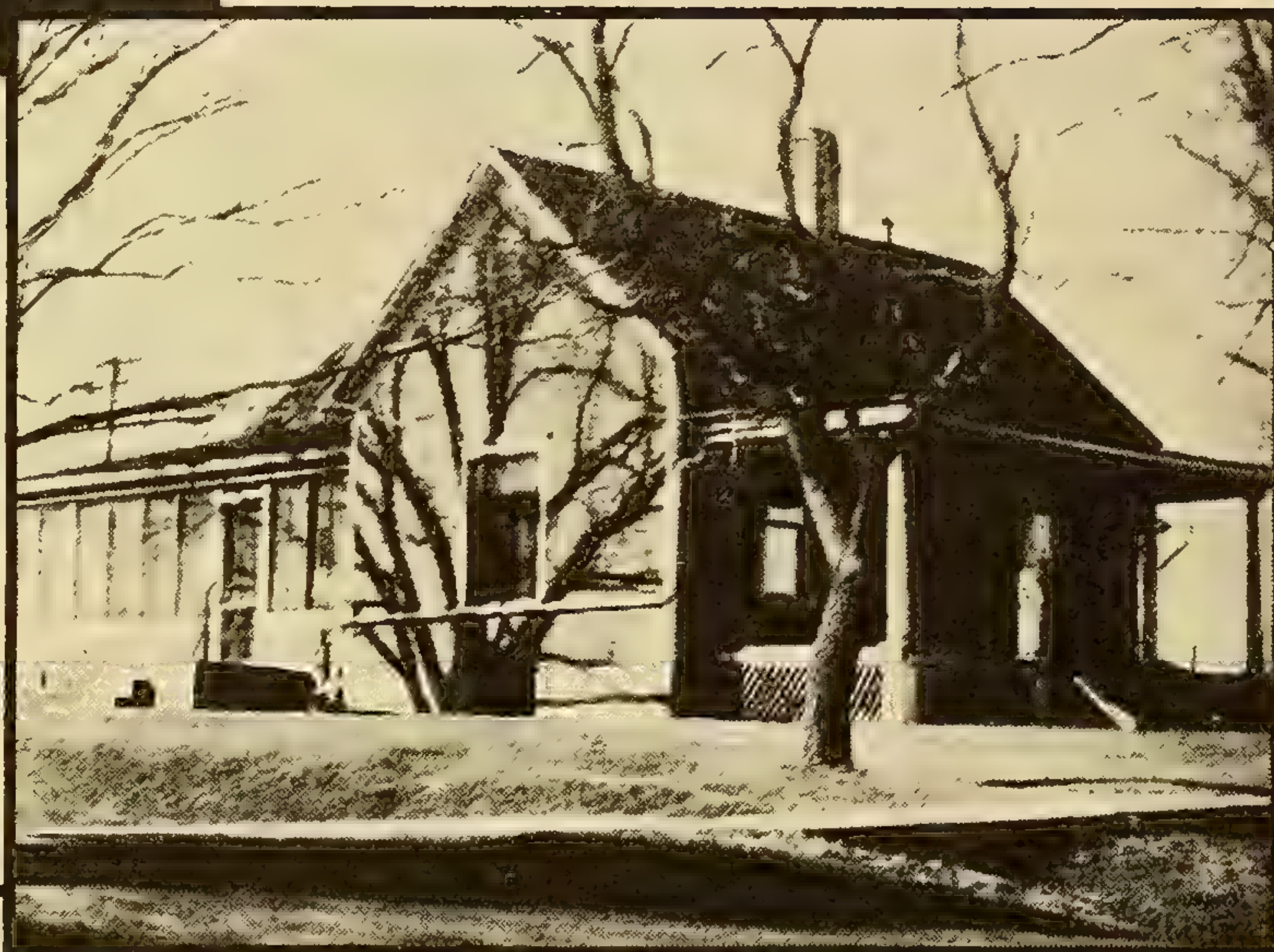
AND NEEDED A HAUGHTY, BLOND ENGLISHMAN



The Pictorial History of HAROLD LLOYD

I. Harold Lloyd faces the camera for the first time. The age is 18 months. The place is Burchard, Nebraska, where Harold was born. With no thought of his future as a comedian, Master Lloyd is registering dignity.

Pictures from the Albert Davis Collection



II. The house where Harold was born at Burchard, Nebraska. The date, which stands in red letters in the history of Nebraska, is April 28, 1893.

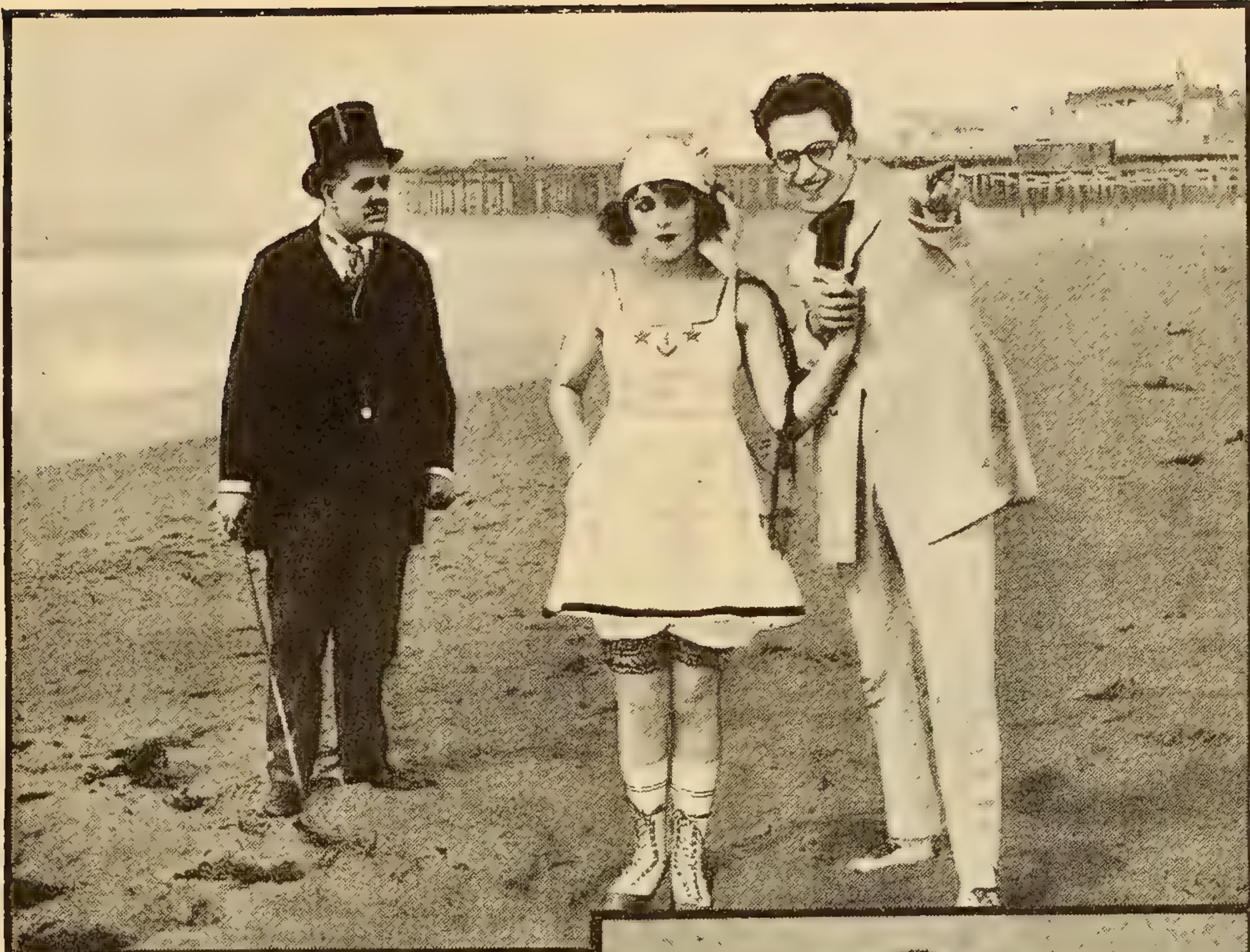


III. When Harold first arrived in Hollywood he played extra roles. At the left, Harold (honest!) as a bearded pard in a Western drama. Below, in 1913, Harold had reached the heights of playing bits (at \$3 a day) in support of J. Warren Kerrigan.





IV. Above, an unpublished portrait of Harold, taken a few days after he ventured to Hollywood.

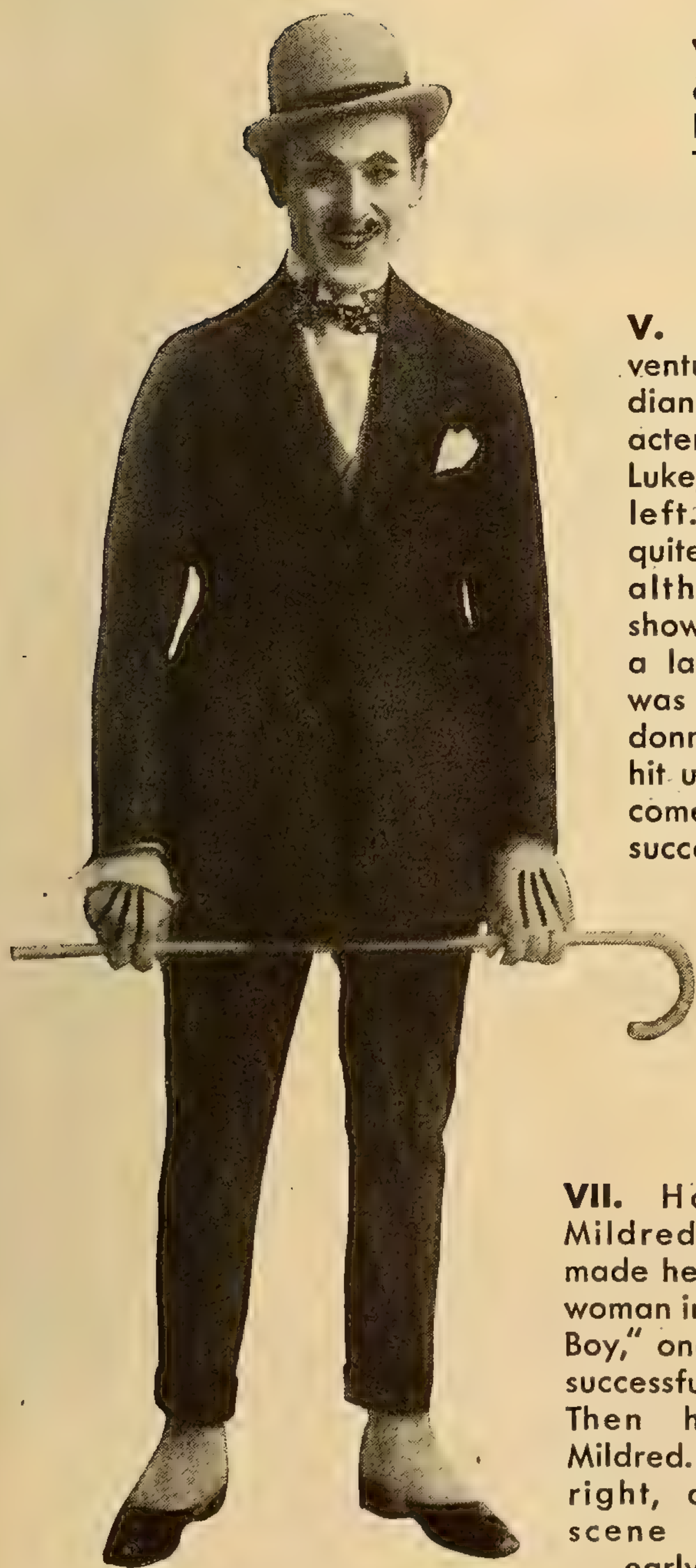


VI. Harold and Bebe Daniels in one of the first Lloyd comedies made after the comedian adopted spectacles. Lloyd immediately burst into prominence and popularity.

VIII. Harold (right) as he looks today in his screen make-up. In real life, Lloyd doesn't wear glasses. That's why so few recognize him when he appears in public.



V. Harold's first venture as a comedian was in the character of Lonesome Luke, shown at the left. Luke never quite hit the gong, although Harold showed promise as a laugh maker. It was not until he donned glasses and hit upon his present comedy creation that success came to him.



VII. Harold met Mildred Davis and made her his leading woman in "Grandma's Boy," one of his most successful comedies. Then he married Mildred. At the lower right, a prophetic scene from this early comedy.





Ben Lyon and his bride, Bebe Daniels. The bridal party, from left to right: Mae Sunday, Adela Rogers St. Johns (Mrs. Dick Hyland), Lila Lee, Diana Kane Fitzmaurice, Louella Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Lyon, Rita Kauffman, Constance Talmadge Netcher, Marie Mosquini, Betty Compson.

BEBE Gets Married

DARLING:

Well, the wedding was simply too divine. Everyone says it was the most beautiful wedding ever held in Hollywood and I suppose maybe that means everywhere. I do know Bebe was the loveliest bride I ever saw in all my life. She was simply breath-taking when she walked down that aisle. Her eyes were like stars.

To go back and be chronological—that's a two-dollar word, darling—we all dressed at the Beverly-Wilshire, that swank hotel on Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills, where the wedding was held. We had to do that because the dresses were all made of tulle, and you know how easily that crushes.

PHYLLIS DANIELS had arranged four big bedrooms in a row on the second floor, with everything in them, and we arrived about seven. The wedding wasn't until eight-thirty, but we didn't want to worry Bebe, and besides there were such crowds in the streets that you might get delayed and not get there.

Billy Radigan, who made the dresses—he did the Chrysler wedding in New York and came out specially for this—was there and had girls waiting to help us. It was too exciting, all dressing together and seeing the dresses finished for the first time.

Connie Talmadge wore pale yellow, and with her summer tan it was stunning. Lila Lee was in darker yellow, which set off her black hair and eyes. They were partners.

Then Mae Sunday was a vision. Her dress was a coral pink and her bouquet was coral roses, the most beautiful I ever saw. Betty Compson was her partner, in shell pink.

Diana Fitzmaurice, who has positively the grandest figure, which everyone always raves about, was in deep orchid, and Rita Kauffman—Al Kauffman's wife, was her partner in delicate orchid.

Then Marie Mosquini, who is almost like Bebe's sister and has been her pal ever since they were both in Roach comedies, wore one shade of blue and Adela Rogers St. Johns another. They both had deep pink roses which were stunning with the blue.

The hats were tulle and malines, big picture things—so flattering.

Bebe came in about seven-thirty and she and her mother went in one room and we weren't allowed to see her until she was dressed. Then she called us all in. Her dress—well, it was perfection. Tight fitting with a long train, of hand-woven ivory satin and Italian lace. And a real lace veil that was *yards* long. Her bouquet was white orchids and lilies of the valley.

Phyllis—that *angel*—was in pink lace.

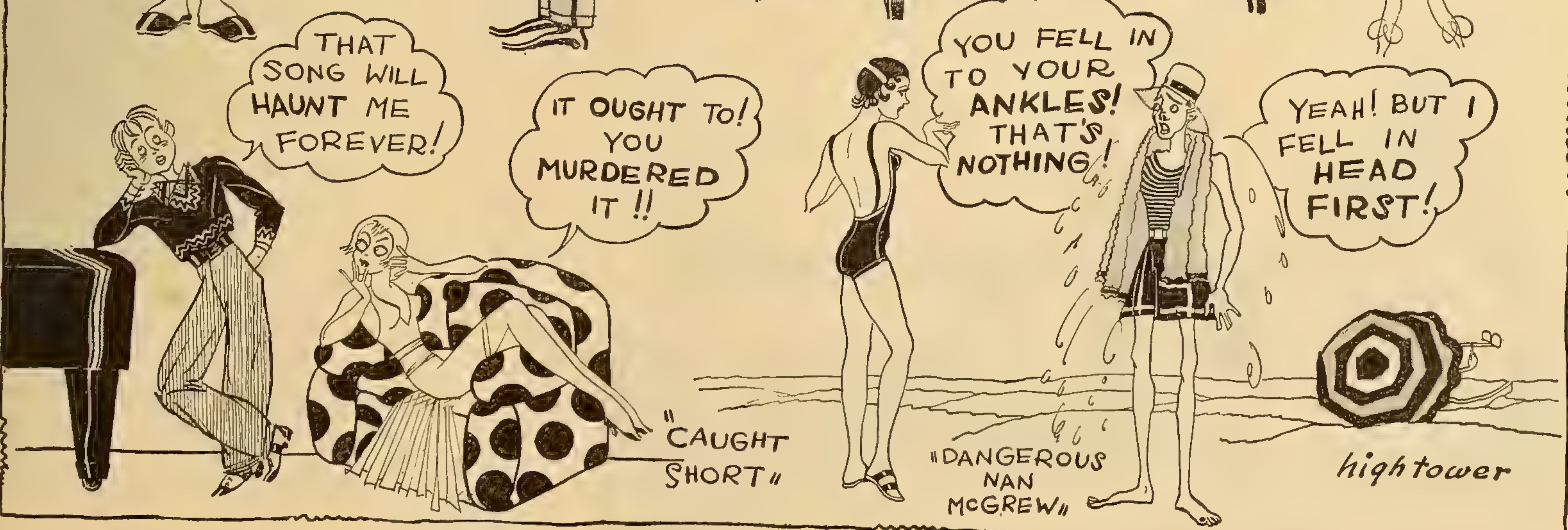
BEBE made us all stand around, two by two as we were to march, and she said we were the nicest bridesmaids she ever saw. We all cried—really—but just from happiness. She wore a little blue pocket that had been her grandmother's under her dress and Louella Parsons' tiny diamond pin—"the something old"—in her veil.

You should have seen Louella. Her dress—as matron of honor—was different. Pale green chiffon, with a rather severe hat. She never looked so well, not even at her own wedding.

Everyone was so nervous. Connie Talmadge most of all. She had everyone in hysterics, she got so excited. Wouldn't you think girls like Connie and Betty Compson wouldn't ever be nervous? But Connie was.

It was a very sweet time, those few moments before the wedding, and I don't think any of the girls will forget it. Old friendships, you know, of years' standing. Marie and Bebe since they were kids. Adela Rogers knew Bebe when she was a child. Her father and Bebe's grandfather were great friends, and Adela used to go out to their ranch (*Continued on page 125*)

LAUGHS of the FILMS





Photograph by Spence Airplane Photos

"In the Midst of Life —"

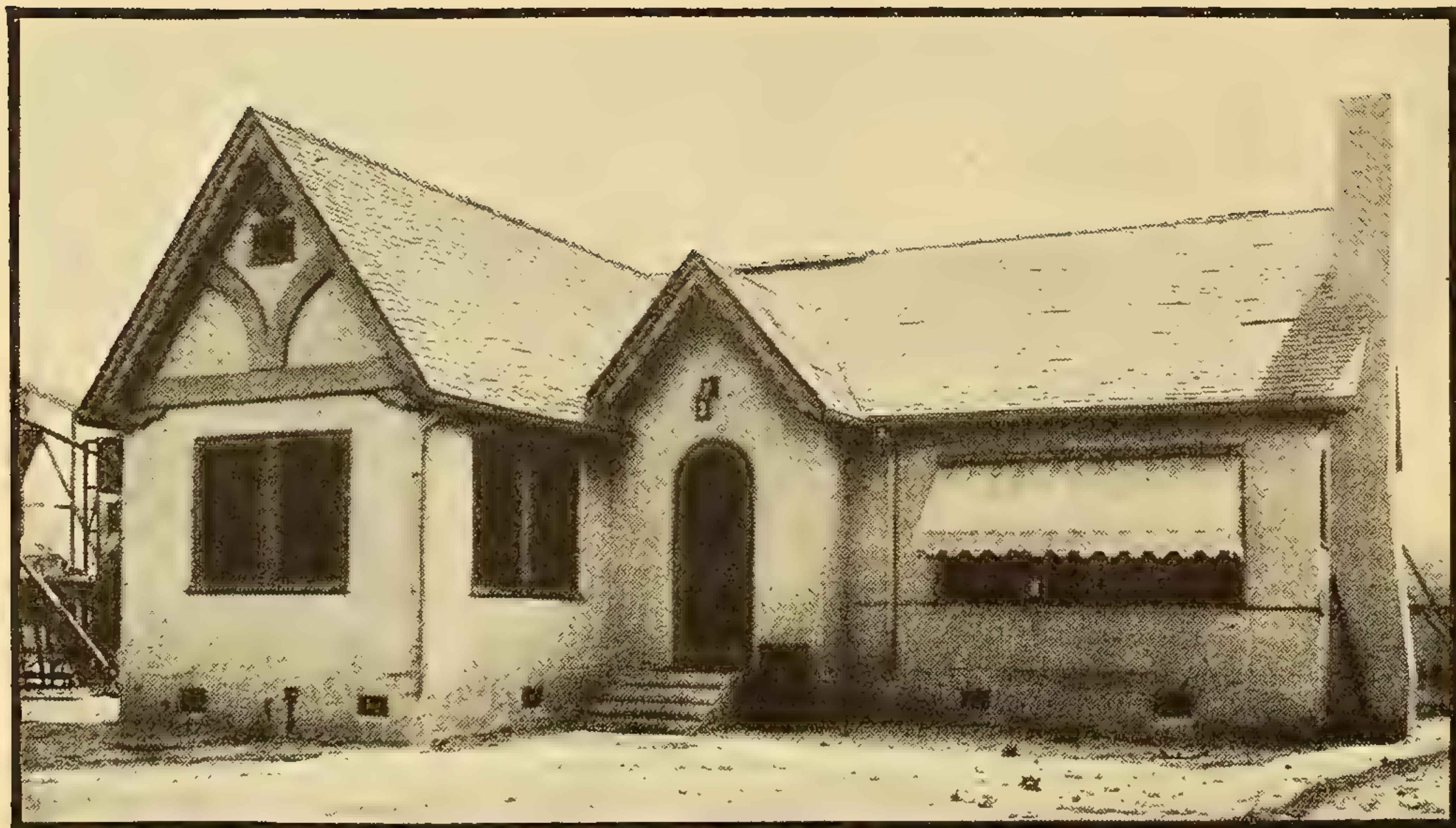
THE earthly remains of Rudolph Valentino lie within a hundred yards or so of the scene of his great successes. Herb Howe pointed this out last month in his Hollywood Boulevardier.

Side by side, separated only by a high green cypress hedge, are the Paramount Studios and the Hollywood Cemetery. The cemetery occupies the center of the picture above: the studio grounds lie in the lower section of the airplane shot. The arrow points to the Hollywood Mausoleum, where Rudie lies.

This studio space formerly belonged to United Artists. Paramount took it over later. While it belonged to United Artists, Valentino made his last great pictures, "The Eagle" and "The Son of the Sheik," there. Thus Rudie sleeps within sight and sound of the very stages where he moved so gaily and so happily at the height of his career.

Rudie lies in space allotted by his friend and discoverer, June Mathis, who has since died and been buried beside him. Fifteen feet away from Rudie's crypt is that of Barbara La Marr, who also made her last production, "The Girl of Montmartre," at this studio.

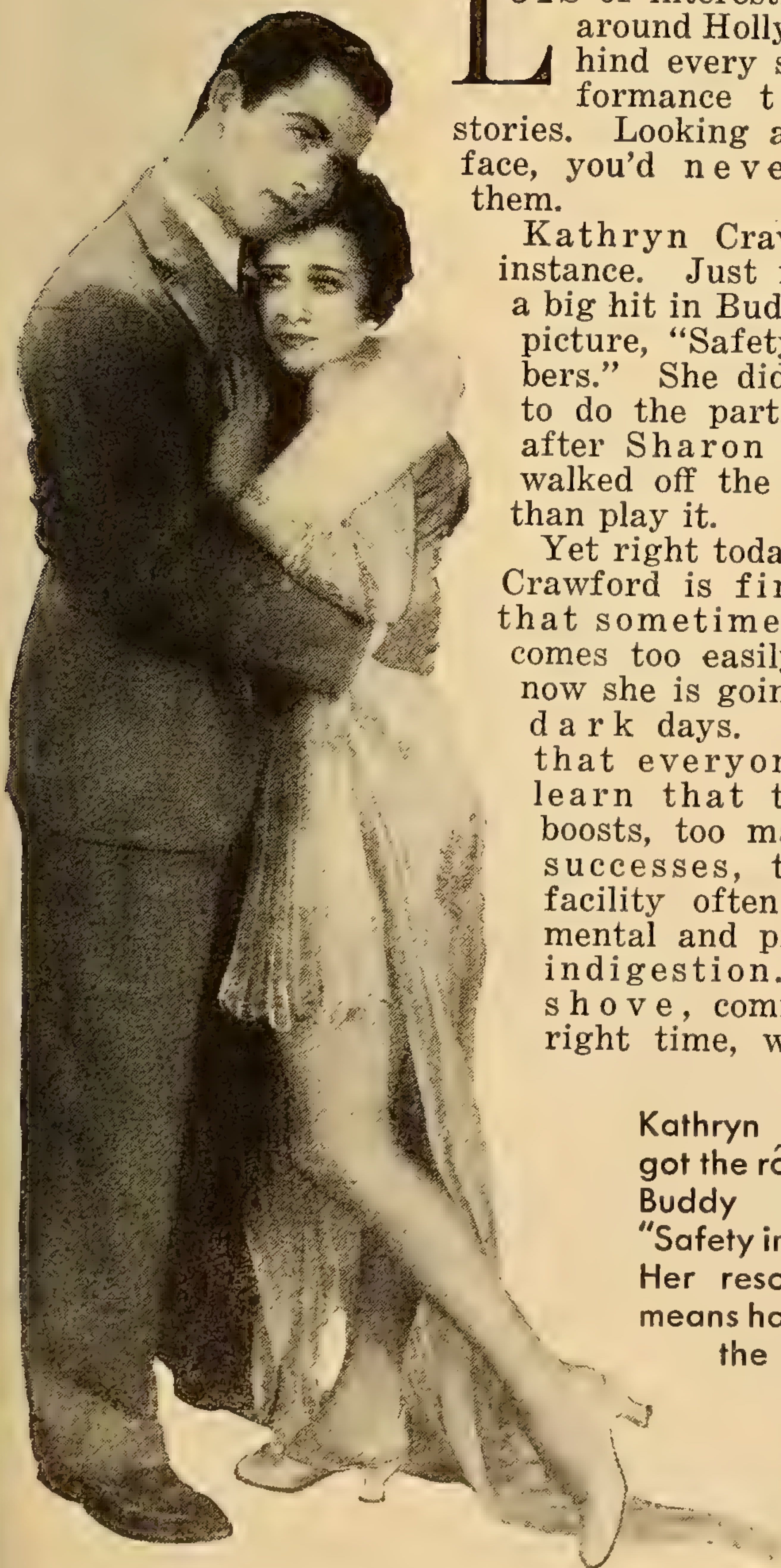
Just across the hedge, on the Paramount lot, is the bungalow dressing-room, once occupied by Rudie. It is shown at the left. It is now used as the receiving station for all Paramount fan mail.



She Didn't Want to WORK

But Kathryn Crawford's First
Hit Has Taught Her that
Success Doesn't Come Easily

By JACK BEVERLY



LOTS of interesting stories around Hollywood. Behind every screen performance there are stories. Looking at the surface, you'd never suspect them.

Kathryn Crawford, for instance. Just made such a big hit in Buddy Rogers' picture, "Safety in Numbers." She didn't want to do the part. Took it after Sharon Lynn had walked off the lot rather than play it.

Yet right today Kathryn Crawford is finding out that sometimes success comes too easily. Right now she is going through dark days. I told her that everyone has to learn that too many boosts, too many easy successes, too much facility often result in mental and professional indigestion. A good shove, coming at the right time, will be the

Kathryn Crawford got the rôle opposite Buddy Rogers in "Safety in Numbers". Her resounding hit means hard work for the future.



Kathryn Crawford made her stage success so easily that it was hard to fit herself to a stiff movie training. At eighteen she was starring in Pacific Coast musical comedy. At nineteen she won a two-year movie contract. Now she finds that hard work alone will carry her to the top on the talking screen.

best thing in the long run for getting ahead.

At seventeen Kathryn Crawford was an unknown youngster, graduating from Huntington Park High School, just outside Los Angeles.

At eighteen she was the star of "Hit the Deck," in all the big cities of the Pacific Coast. It was the most popular musical show that ever played in Los Angeles and San Francisco and she was up in headlights.

At nineteen they begged her to take a two-year motion-picture contract as a leading lady—and she had never stepped in front of a camera.

ALL that in two short years, and she never had really done a lick of work. Never studied, never trained. Wouldn't even stick it out in a stock company. She got by—because she had a lovely natural voice, a lot of natural grace, and was very pretty to look at.

Now Kathryn has lost three big parts in a row, the last of them a great starring part in the title rôle of "Naughty Marietta." Today Kathryn thinks she is a flop. Which just proves how wrong anybody can be. Because there isn't anyone around here who really has more to work with than Kathryn Crawford. Only these shoves are going to teach her that in the end everybody in this game has to work.

Contrast her amazing rise with what some others went through in attaining the point in their careers that Kathryn had handed to her on a silver platter only two years out of high school.

Remember how Gloria Swanson struggled to get herself out of a Sennett bathing suit. Mary Pickford worked on the stage and in pictures from the time she was a child. Greta Garbo found the way none too easy after her arrival in Hollywood. Vivienne Segal and Marilyn Miller worked from childhood to gain their places in musical comedy. They studied voice and dancing, practising hours every day.

Those girls climbed slowly, but underneath them they built sure foundations and ability to work.

They were slow but sure.

(Continued on page 124)

The HOLLYWOOD



A film actor at home. Herb Howe says most of the wall space in most Hollywood homes is divided between portraits of the owner and mirrors.

HOLLYWOOD IRONIES: The greatest heart in Hollywood has the worst breaks.

A vampire was vamped of her life savings by a gentleman friend she trusted.

A sweetest of the sweet is considered by all hands the meanest horse on the lot.

The most fiendish villain likes to cook and make things for the home.

A nectarious little flower got her chance through the plugging of her boy fiancé, a reporter, and on the night of her triumph threw him down for an actor.

A foreign charmer perfected her English. She made good by speaking her original accent and now pretends she can't speak without it.

A great lover of the screen was unable to hold either of the women he loved.

A noted director was coached each night on what he should do next day by his little, old crippled mother who never had seen a studio; when he married against her wishes she refused to help him and he hasn't been heard from since.

Another director, once famous but now a hostage of alcohol, teeters each evening on a curb in front of a studio hoping for a hello from those he once directed.

A typical American hero had to be taught baseball.

An actor who gave more fine performances to the screen than any other suddenly quit Hollywood in disgust and hasn't written to anyone since he left.

A favorite of the fair has never fallen for one of them.

A cowboy hero used to cry himself to sleep at night

Rin-Tin-Tin Doesn't Believe in Art—Hollywood Telephones—Film Problems of Maurice Chevalier and Lillian Gish

during his first Westerns. He was truly afraid of horses.

A dumb animal made the talkies possible.

Dumb Animal Bright Star. The dog Rin-Tin-Tin paid the way for Warner Brothers while they were experimenting with sound pictures. The profits of Rin-Tin-Tin's pictures enabled them to adventure with talkies. Now that the Warners are multimillionaires and John Barrymore is vocally a box-office attraction, Rin-Tin-Tin is taking a well-earned rest and going on a world tour. He is taking with him Lee Duncan, his manager, to whom oddly he credits much of his success. Lee, when a soldier in the trenches, discovered Rin-Tin-Tin, who was likewise doing his bit. When the war was over, Lee persuaded Rin to return to Hollywood. His beauty, his charm and, of course, his brains (for do we not know that brains are necessary for screen success?) made him a star over night.

Brings Home Bacon. Rin-Tin-Tin is not quitting the talkies because of any vocal deficiency. His voice registers better than any other actor's with the possible exception of Bull Montana's. He is one of the few stars who has not had to engage a coach for English. Dumb animals long ago devised an Esperanto which enables them to make their meaning clear not only to other animals but to the dumbest of humans.

Although Rin is responsible for the talkies he never attends them. He doesn't even see his own pictures. He never attends premieres. He doesn't even make personal appearances except when assured he will bring home the bacon well digested.

It isn't that he is mercenary. He would do anything for a friend. It's simply, that, like Garbo, he has no use for the term "Art". Like Greta, he sees his work as a way to earning a living and is content so long as the bacon hangs over the camera.

Shrewd, he does not ask for a producer's promise, verbal or in contract. He merely demands that the pay be hung over the camera in plain sight where he can get at it when he finishes his work. When it isn't there he goes home, just as Garbo does.

A noble Christian is Rin-Tin-Tin, asking only his daily meat, always happy to serve his fellow-man.

Do Your Worst, Clara Bow. O. O. McIntyre warns us: "Cesare Lombroso, great criminologist, found that women engaged in poisoning and such—were red-haired. Then again some are just Henna Hell-raisers. Anyhow, Clara, I don't care . . . do me your worst!"

Science Would Protect Us. Advertisement: "Frank A. Duc (Duke) 'The Human Nightingale,' presented by

BOULEVARDIER

By
HERB HOWE

Fanchon and Marco . . . featuring his high soprano and tenor voice. A group of eminent scientists valued Duc's vocal organs at \$25,000 and are willing to pay his heirs this sum for the privilege of dissecting the chords after his death."

How long, Oh Lord, how long!

Starry or Goofy? The telephone rings.

In Hollywood, when the telephone rings, one never answers in person unless one is a nobody. One always summons a servant even though the telephone be at one's wing. If one can't afford servants one has to cultivate several voices . . . butler's, secretary's, press agent's, etcetera's. Even stars who have servants cultivate their voices because one never knows when the servants may up and leave over a question of back salary or turn up tight and tell you to answer the gottamed thing yourself. A star I know often answers the phone with an English accent instead of his native bowery.

"Who is calling Mistah Punkham?" he intones.

"Mistah Howe," says Ah, pretending I'm my secretary.

My friend then says, "One moment please, Mistah Howe, while I see if Mistah Punkham is in." Business of covering the mouthpiece with his hand while he counts fifty, then boyishly, "Oh, hello Herb, old fellow."

"One moment *please*, Mistah Punkham," says mah secretary. Business of counting fifty, then, "How are you, Punkie, old man?"

Actors will be actors and if you hang around with them long enough you'll either become one at five thousand a week or get free board at the psycho ward for playing games with yourself.

Speak for Yourself, Herb! I asked the girl at the switchboard to get me Mary Duncan and call me back. After several tries the operator despaired, "I get Miss Duncan but she hangs up when I say, 'just a minute.'"

Seizing the 'phone I dial Miss Duncan on to the wire. "Hello, Mary."

"Oh, hello, Herb."

"Why have you been hanging up?"

"I thought it was someone's secretary calling, and I'm fed up on this Hollywood stuff of having a secretary call. Why don't you speak for yourself, Herb?"

Maybe you think I didn't.

Let this be a lesson to other 'phoney Johnny Aldens.

Just a Letter. A letter from Mr. and Mrs. T. Steelman of Pleasantville, N. J.:

"NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE being a new one, our writers start out fair and square without dirty slams. I thought I'd write you a line and tell you I enjoyed every page. Other movie magazine writers are getting mean in their write-ups of certain radio stars—and one, 'The King of the Air,' the only star of stage or screen or radio who holds the honor of singing (by special request) for Mrs. Hoover, first lady of the land—has been standing up under the worst write-ups I have ever read. No movie star could survive such attacks, not one of them. Now, last evening we listened in on the movie stars broadcasting—Buddy Rogers and others—and such a miserable broadcast I never heard. It was rotten. It goes to show the movie stars are flops on the radio and should be razzed—that is, if the movie magazines insist on insulting the radio stars. . . ."

But then again you can't blame us for giving some

Herb Howe's next Boulevardier chat will come from Paris. At this moment he is resting along the Boulevards, considering people and things—for your benefit, of course.

Drawings by
Ken Chamberlain



HERB HOWE Relates Some of Hollywood's IRONIES



Rin-Tin-Tin is going on a long and well earned vacation—a trip around the world. Rin is the dog who made the talkies possible. He helped pay the way for the Warner Brothers while they were conducting their now famous sound experiments. Rin revolutionized the movie world.

movie stars the air. It's the same old thing over again: the devil and the deep sea. There just doesn't seem to be any place for some of our star entertainers.

Warning to Marie and Polly. Evangelist Aimee MacPherson was filmed for the news reel in the act of entering a lion's cage at the Selig Zoo. She thereby demonstrated that she has the stern stellar stuff that made Pearl White and Kathlyn Williams.

Aimee wants to enter the movies. She has incorporated herself for the purpose. And what Aimee wants to do she does.

You recall her as the lass who, upon arising from the sea like Venus, was snatched by kidnapers and taken for an impious ride, from which she walked home across the desert without loss of shoe shine.

I was present at a dinner of the Wampas when Aimee was honor guest. Having cabbaged more headlines than any mortal of this age, not excepting Peggy Joyce, Aimee was naturally hailed a fellow by the press agents. She returned the compliment by greeting them as brothers and sisters.

With a soul-saving smile she said she had been honored similarly by the Shriners of Des Moines. They made her a Lady Noble—the first Lady Noble, she believed, that ever had been made.

"And they said the reason they made me a Lady Noble," said she, "was because I, too, had walked the burning sands."

The ensuing laughter, in which Aimee joined, should be fair warning to Marie Dressler and Polly Moran.

About "The Big Pond." Only the mesmeric skill of Chevalier and the benumbing beauty of Claudette Colbert kept me from rising up in the middle of "The Big Pond" and wading for the nearest exit. What surprised me was that they didn't walk out of it muttering something in French. It is hard to believe that such an atrocity is not premeditated. Perhaps it was devised as a handicap to prove the invincible charm of Chev-

alier. But "Innocents of Paris" was bad enough to do that.

I used to think Valentino ill-advised in battling with Paramount, but now I feel Chevalier also should have married Natacha Rambova.

That Modern Gish. Electric sign gracing the N. Y. Rivoli Theater: FERENC MOLNAR'S 'THE SWAN,' THE STARTLING LOVE LIFE OF A VIRGIN PRINCESS—A MODERN GISH IN A MODERN STORY....

Startled, I stopped to re-read it. Another lover of the classics was likewise perusing. "Huh," was his observation, "I'll bet it's another one of those fakes like 'Unguarded Girls' that they advertise for men only. 'Tain't hot at all."

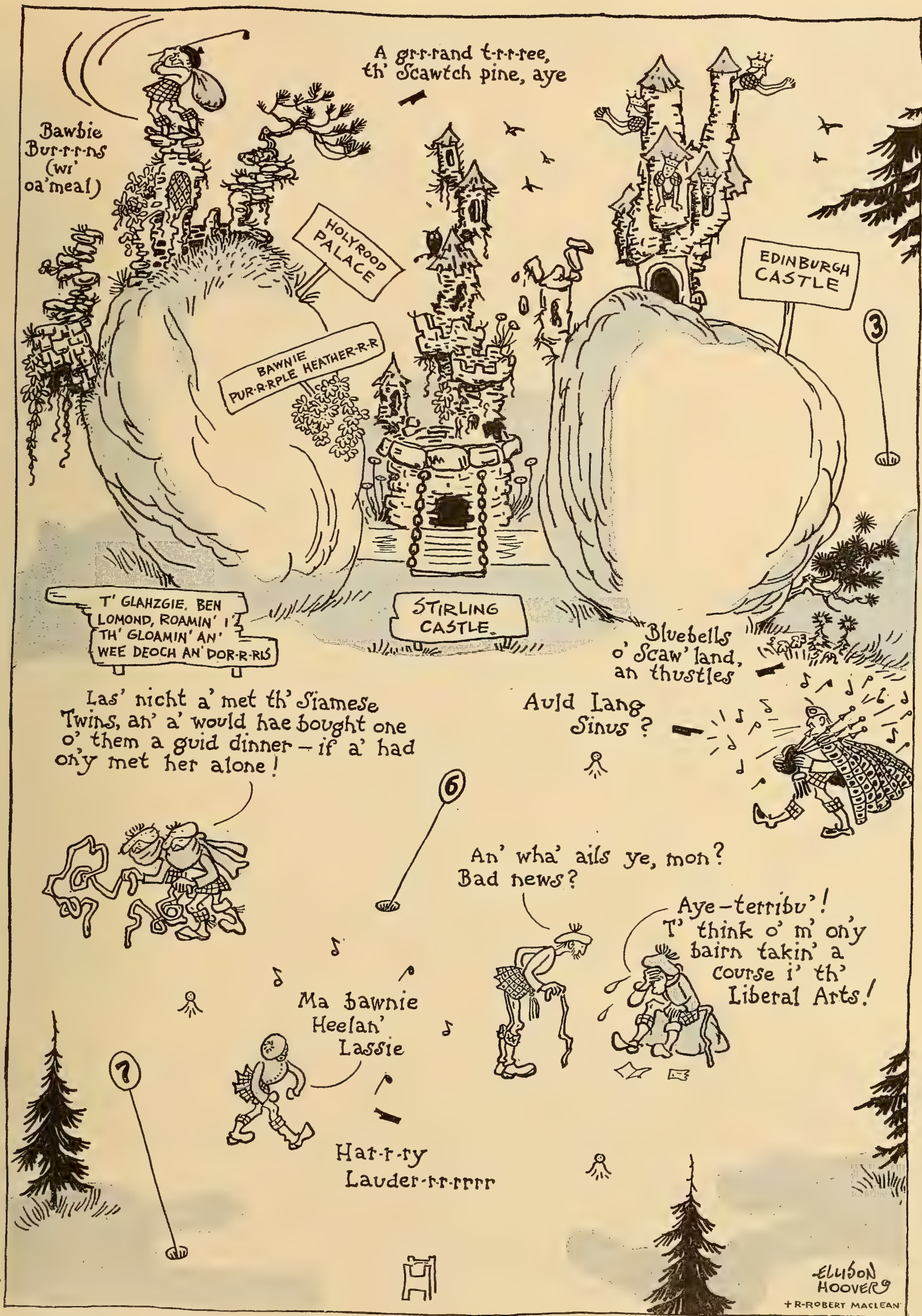
But what I resented about the sign was a *MODERN* Gish—as if referring to plumbing.

Hollywood Contradictions. In "Handful of Cloud," Lew Ayres plays a baby-faced boy who murders six people. This is apropos of life of which Hollywood is the most glittering sample. The kindest, most charitable souls are such screen-tipling old wenches as Marie Dressler, such screen hounds of sin as Lew Cody. The most selfish, ruthlessly cruel individuals I know are the type that would be cast as Raphael's angels.

An Actor's Home. The stanch admiration of the actor for himself is heroic in view of the ridicule it brings. In most homes the family photographs are secluded in the bedroom, but in a star's house the owner's likeness occupies all the wall space that is not taken up by mirrors, thus he never loses sight of the most important thing in life.

"Ah, they're just like prize-fighters," says an old fight promoter, "All slug-nutty."

Anent "Ingagi." Since the talkies were inaugurated, the animal actors of Hollywood have been staging a big come-back. Producers (Continued on page 125)



SCOTLAND. The land of pur-r-r-ple heather-r-r, as the talkies portray it. NEW MOVIE assumes no responsibility for Ellison Hoover's Scotch jokes, however. This is one of Mr. Hoover's series of drawings showing how the talkies present the world at large.

See August Issue,
Page 32

Fields Station, Pa.

What is the big idea in featuring practically unknown stars when we have Marie Dressler, a legitimate actress, who is the whole show in any picture they put her in? How do you feel about it?

Rose Davidson.

Doesn't Like Refilmed Stories

Covington, Ky.

About the only fault I can find in the talkies is that the producers are giving us too many stories that have already been filmed. I am not interested in a plot I've already seen, even if it has a new star and a different title.

*Mrs. John Dickerson,
1428 Russell Street.*

Something Will Be Done About It

Birmingham, Ala.

I used to read and depend on Frederick James Smith's movie criticisms in *Liberty*. Either he is very good or his picture taste closely parallels mine, because I usually thought a lot of his four star pictures. In THE NEW MOVIE I still depend on them. But, I have one suggestion to make. I'd like some sort of rating marks beside the reviews to show at a glance which are best. I sometimes want to find a good show in a hurry.

*Luther Clark,
1307 N. 33rd Street.*

Give Clara a Break

New Castle, Ind.

What is wrong with the chief executives of the motion-picture industry. Why don't they give our own Clara Bow a break? Why does she always have to play some crazy rôle as the sweetheart of the navy? I think she is one of the best actresses in pictures. Why, she hasn't even been given a chance to show her ability to act, so let's give the little girl a big hand.

*Mabel Hagerman,
621 So. 11th Street.*

Accepts Herb Howe's Dare

Cliftondale, Mass.

In the sixth number of THE NEW MOVIE, Herb Howe dared a fan to pick the handsomest *men* on the screen. I think John Boles is the handsomest *man* on the screen. Won't you please give us more about him.

*Winifred Lewis,
12 Clifton Street.*

Another Scot Writes

Minneapolis, Minn.

I am Scotch, that's why I am writing on a half sheet of paper. The only time I'll ever ditch your magazine is when some bright fellow publishes one just as good for five cents.

*David Harlan Newton,
2815 W. 44th Street.*

DOLLAR THOUGHTS

The New Movie Magazine Readers Express Their Opinions of Film Plays and Players—and This Monthly

A Word for Walthall

Selma, Alabama

One must be an early bird to get a copy of THE NEW MOVIE, for it sells like hot cakes. Replete with many interesting feature articles, the one most pleasing to us Southern folk is the lovely and deserved tribute to our own Henry B. Walthall. He is still dear to the hearts of his countrymen and whenever his name appears on the billboards, we are there in full force to greet

him with applause. Walthall is one of our real actors.

*J. M. M.,
324 Lauderdale Street.*

Doesn't Like Thin Gals

Los Angeles, Calif.

One thing I would like to have explained is why authorities say the screen makes an actress look fatter than she is. Take it from me, that is a lot of hooey. I am sick of looking at these pipe stems and soup bones. Let the girls eat. Clara Bow and her two chins in "The Saturday Night Kid" was the best I have ever seen and I am a Bow fan, but if they are going to starve her so she will look like the rest of them, oh, well, there are others.

*Mrs. Delia Johnson,
887 E. 40th Street.*

Take Arlen Out of Westerns

Auburn, N. Y.

Why is Dick Arlen doomed to Westerns? I know they are to be one of the features of the next season but, along with eighty per cent of the feminine moviegoers, I can't get all enthused over Westerns. Dick has done so splendidly in the talkies, rushing from drama to comedy and back again, making each characterization a stepping-stone to greater glory, that it seems a shame to keep him in horse operas without a break. His popularity is liable to suffer, for already some of the fans are groaning 'not another Western?'

*Elizabeth J. Winter,
13 Westlake Avenue.*

Do They Read Their Mail?

Spokane, Wash.

I have heard much of the conceit of the movie people and believed it mostly conversation, but now I have proof. I wrote a letter of the most critical kind to a very popular actor. He happens to be my favorite but nevertheless it was a very critical letter and did not disclose my appreciation in the smallest way. Then what do you think happened. I received a photograph and a letter of thanks for my appreciation and praise.

What surprise! Can you guess the name of the actor?—Well, it was Ronald Colman. Query—Who takes care of his fan mail?

*Alice B. Drew,
E. 318 29th St.*

A Lot of Opinions

Birmingham, Ala.

Do you know that: Nancy
(Continued on page 126)

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



Photograph by Kahle

FIFI DORSAY



Photograph by Hurrell

ROBERT MONTGOMERY



RAMON NOVARRO

Photograph by Apeda



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

BILLIE DOVE



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

MARILYN MORGAN



The pajama vogue has swept the land this Summer. Above, Anita Page in modernistic print pajamas. This is a gay pattern designed by Adrian. A matching handkerchief is worn, gypsy fashion, about the head. Upper right, Raquel Torres demonstrating the use of stripes for pajamas. Stripes can be worn up and down or round about. These are of blending yellow, orange and brown. A matching bandana is worn with the outfit.

Left, Bessie Love in her yellow printed pajama suit, worn with a yellow straw hat. Yellow sandals carry out the color scheme. These pajamas have the flavor of early Autumn days.



PAJAMA BELLES



Upper left, Gwen Lee in a patterned pajama ensemble. Here you see the combination of a pastel blue jumper and finger-tip length coat piped in the printed material of the wide-bottomed pajamas. This costume fits any occasion for casual comfort. Upper right, Dorothy Sebastian demonstrating the value of polka dots for the pajama ensemble.



Right, another glimpse of Raquel Torres and her striped trouser pajamas. Stripes are all the thing this summer for pajamas, by the way.

How to Have Your

BY
RUSSELL BALL

Famous Hollywood
Photographer



Russell Ball's favorite portrait of Gloria Swanson. An example of harmonious photography. Also an example of complete naturalness. Note the mouth just a trifle open—and the effect gained by it.

But, to the average man and woman, boy and girl, they are joys and pleasant possessions. As the young girl grows up, marries and moves to a distant city; as the boy goes through college and starts upon his own career; as mother grows older; as fate places many miles between dear friends, photographs mean something precious indeed. In love affairs, they have played innumerable parts, dramatic, pathetic, tragic and comic.

Consequently, everyone wants to know how to obtain the best results when being photographed.

After over fifteen years as a photographer in New York and Hollywood, during which time I have photographed nearly all the great stars and famous beauties of stage and screen, I have naturally picked up some pointers and developed some definite ideas on how to have your photograph taken. I am glad to have the chance to pass them on.

There are, let me say immediately, no definite rules whereby every woman can produce a photograph as beautiful as Corinne Griffith. Which leads us to at least two of the most general errors made by those who go to be photographed,

ABOVE all things, do *not* try to look like somebody else. Everyone desires to look their best. But nothing is so fatal to the final result as unnaturalness. The difficulty about trying to look your best is that unless you know just how to

do this, often you will not look like yourself.

Please remember that your family and your friends want a photograph of **YOU**. They want an attractive picture, but it must be **YOU**.

The aim of every good photographer is to make an attractive photograph which looks as much as possible like the original. To take a beautiful picture without any resemblance to the subject, is to fail in half the mission. I have had proofs in sittings of motion picture stars turned back to me, because while they were gorgeous photography they wouldn't do the star any good—they didn't look like her. I have learned to correct that error.

Since naturalness, looking natural and like yourself, are so

PHOTOGRAPHS play a large part in everyone's life. They are jewels of memory, consolation in separation, reminder of love and friendship.

In the motion picture industry and the theater, they represent business.

Left adjoining, Jane Winton. Right adjoining, Irene Delroy. Miss Winton, who hasn't a heavy jaw or neck, demonstrates the correct pose for one who possesses either. Miss Delroy, who has an extremely retroussé nose, shows the correct way to pose, head on.



Photograph Made

Hollywood Camera Expert Tells You How to Bring Out Your Best Points in Your Next Portrait

important, it is always a mistake to go to the hairdresser the very morning of your appointment. The hair is always stiff, and can't give a pretty effect. It is a mistake to wear a dress you have never worn before. Those things tend to make a person self-conscious.

THE most successful photographs are those which suggest the person photographed in the costume, atmosphere, background and general position which those who love them like best.

Let us say that you are going next week to have your photograph taken. It is, of course, a special occasion. That picture is going to your sweetheart who is away, to your mother in a distant city, to a newspaper for reproduction in a social event, to your dearest friends. (This part now is written for girls and women. Men we will mention later on. They are always much easier to photograph than women.)

First of all, sit down and do a little serious thinking. Do this long before you enter the studio and sit down before the camera. Having determined your objective—that you want a picture of **YOU**, bringing out all your best points, and concealing all your bad ones, ask yourself certain questions.

1. What is my type?

Now everyone cannot be a distinct type, like Dolores Del Rio, Alice White, or Evelyn Brent. But every girl and woman belongs under some type heading.

The knowledge of that type is intensely important to you in going to sit before the camera.

Are you the clean cut athletic type? Are you the soft, purely feminine type? Are you stately? Are you the petite, dainty type? Are you the flapper?

HERE, without attempting imitation, a study of the wonderful pictures of motion picture stars published continually in **NEW MOVIE Magazine** should help you. Make up your mind which of these stars and



Guess who this is. Phyllis Haver! This demonstrates what expert hair dressing will do to soften the face of a photographic subject.

their type you most nearly approximate, and then follow it.

This will instruct you what clothes you should wear.

For you must wear the clothes in which you look best. A few women look well in everything: but even those fortunate beings have a best and worst. Doris Kenyon, for example, who is one of the really beautiful women of this age, is distinctly at her best in evening clothes. But there are many girls who look their worst in them. It is my opinion that Clara Bow looks better in anything than in formal evening attire.

There are dozens of girls who always look their best in sport clothes. One of the finest photographs I have ever seen was of Helen Wills, the tennis champion, taken, I think, by Steichen. In that picture, Miss Wills wears a severely simple white sport

WHEN YOU GO TO YOUR PHOTOGRAPHER—

Do not try to look like somebody else.

Do not go to the hairdresser within two days of your visit.

Don't make the mistake of putting on your "best dress."

Be guarded in wearing jewels. Beware of earrings.

Be careful of your thoughts while the camera lens is watching you.

Use very little make-up.

Don't get set or still. Relax.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SECRETS OF THE MOVIE STARS TO



Doris Kenyon in a perfect photographic illustration of the right background for her lovely personality. Note, too, the slightly opened mouth which adds charm to her portrait.

dress and sweater. The type suits her. One seldom sees her photographed in evening clothes.

Don't make the mistake of putting on your "best dress." Try to remember what you have worn which has brought forth the most compliments from your friends. Try to remember something in which your husband or sweetheart told you you looked very pretty. If possible, wear something in which you are at ease, something you have become accustomed to.

Unless you are a very unusual type, be extremely careful of jewels in photographs, particularly earrings. There isn't one woman in ten whose features won't be marred by their use.

2. What is your best background?

Of course, if you are fortunate enough to be going to one of the great photographic artists—a Steichen or a Nicholas Muray—then that will be decided for you. But few photographers know their subject well enough on one meeting to determine that. So you must figure it out somewhat for yourself. I don't mean, of course, that you must select every detail. But the general effect must be decided by you.

DO YOU notice how seldom you see a picture of Gloria Swanson, one of the greatest photographic subjects who ever lived, with anything in it which detracts from Gloria herself? The unusual lines of her face, the startling effect of her pronounced and definite features, prohibit the use of decorative aids.

On the other hand, Mary Pickford, who is called by all cameramen the one camera-perfect face in the business, lends herself well to vases of flowers, silken pillows, candles, brocades, etc., for composition.

Doris Kenyon, who is the softly feminine type, is at her best with evening dress, and a rich, soft background.

Evelyn Brent, on the other hand, is so strong and definite in her type—still feminine but suggesting fire and passion—that she looks better if her head is thrown up in plain relief.

Accompanying this article is a picture of Doris Kenyon. There, the right background,

From left to right adjoining: James Gleason, Warner Baxter and Anthony Bushell. Mr. Gleason discloses the ideal pose for a business man or lawyer. Note the value of the slight frown. Mr. Baxter shows how the possessor of dark eyes gains when direct lighting brings out the gleam of his eyes. Mr. Bushell, on the other hand, is an example of a possessor of light blue eyes who should never look directly at the camera lens.



HELP YOU WHEN YOU HAVE YOUR PORTRAIT MADE

the right costume, have been selected to bring out all her loveliness. Beware of inharmonious backgrounds.

You must decide whether severity and plainness, or soft pictorial effects fit you most tastefully. Often women who might be called plain, or even ugly, can stand a sort of violent, modernistic background. They cannot achieve a beautiful effect, but they may achieve a fascinating and distinctive one.

3. What are you going to be thinking about while the all-seeing eye is upon you?

That, please believe me, is not bunk. To me, it is actually the most important of all. I have thrown away thirty negatives of a beautiful screen star because the light behind the eyes was wrong.

Nothing, not your clothes, not your background, not your features, are so important as your expression. A poet called the eyes "the windows of the soul." My experience has taught me to believe that absolutely. And the camera sees through photographs into those windows. I do not care how beautiful a woman is, unless there is a light in her eyes, the picture will be without life, without charm.

As a star on the set used to have certain music played, so you should have certain thoughts which bring you a pleasant, or a happy, or an emotional reaction. Perhaps some poem you have read. Perhaps some memory—some person—coming into your thoughts will give your eyes that light. There may be some dream that you often dream with your eyes open—or something that you would like to have happen.

This will also make you lose your consciousness of having your picture taken.

4. What are your best and your worst features?

Many women believe that make-up is a great help before the camera. That is not always true. Unless you know exactly how to handle it, make-up will often be a boomerang. Too much lipstick will look ugly. It is possible to use some. No rouge should ever be used on the cheeks. It photographs black and makes shadows, which give a haggard effect. A base of cream, or plain grease paint which can be bought in any drug store, a coat of powder, some lipstick. Then, a bit of mascara—not much—and if your eyes are short, a soft dark line at the ends of them. A very little darkening of the upper eyelid, which can be done by rubbing your finger on a soft lead pencil and then applying it to the eyes.

On page 68 you see my

Evelyn Brent has a strong and virile face. She is the type that photographs best with mouth completely closed.



A striking study of Estelle Taylor. This is an excellent example of arrested motion. Miss Taylor has one of those rare faces, dark and definite, that gain by the wearing of earrings.



favorite portrait of Gloria Swanson. I ask you to study it. Note the slightly open, not-quite-smiling mouth.

With this, the sheen of pearls and draped chiffon, the curving line of the hat, which is decorative but not overpowering. The plain background. The relaxed hand. The complete naturalness. And note the softly waved hair. To my notion, she wears afternoon clothes better than any woman on the screen and is at her best in them. And they are essentially difficult. Everything in this picture blends.

A last word or two.

Please be careful about your hair. Have it done at least two days ahead of time, so that it will fall naturally and not have that awful artificial look. Unless you belong to the rare type of Dolores Del Rio, have your hair soft, flattering. It will give you a great deal.

(Continued on page 129)



Photograph by Hal Phylfe

**CLAIRE
LUCE**

The glamorous Claire Luce, former Ziegfeld dancing star, is coming to pictures, via the Fox Studios. Miss Luce went to London, became a dramatic actress in "Burlesque"—and came back to try her luck on the screen.



Photograph by Hurrell

UKULELE IKE

Cliff Edwards, known to fame via phonograph records and talkies as Ukulele Ike, paused between scenes at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios to strum a plaintive melody.

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

Outdoor Entertaining Becomes the Vogue Among Studio Folk and the Mervyn LeRoys Give a Charming Sunset Beach Party

By EVELYN GRAY

Special Photographs by Stagg

OUTDOOR entertaining is growing more and more popular everywhere. As people enter into the pleasure of sports with increasing ardor, all sorts of outdoor life gains its hold. And there is really nothing more charming than luncheon, tea or dinner served outdoors when the weather permits.

The long evenings of early Fall and Indian Summer

are particularly suited to this form of entertainment. In Hollywood everyone is doing it, utilizing their tiny gardens or their big estates, their beachfront yards of sand, their small porches, to get outdoors in the fresh air.

MR. and Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy (Edna Murphy) own a charming little beach home at Malibu and they

are among the many couples who entertain outdoors informally on Sunday evenings. It is really a charming custom for anyone to inaugurate. You can prepare, as Mrs. LeRoy does, for an indefinite number of guests by having a buffet supper and give your intimate friends one of those open invitations that are so pleasant.

Merv and his pretty blond wife are very popular and entertain with easy informality. Merv is the youngest director in motion pictures.

The card tables—what would the modern hostess do without the ever-present card tables—at the LeRoys, are set both on the tile terrace which runs along one side of their front yard and on the pretty open veranda. They are very attractively arranged, with luncheon sets in bright-colored linens and Edna's wedding silver, with bowls of gay flowers in the center.

After a late swim, the guests all helped themselves from the long table in the dining-room and came out to eat in the mellow twilight and watch the beautiful sunset. One feature of this informal outdoor entertaining is that guests can arrive in informal attire. After all, who wants to dress up after a pleasant day spent in the open?

JACK DEMPSEY and his wife, Estelle Taylor, were among the guests. Estelle was all in white linen, with a white-linen coat and a little white beret. Two costumes that made a great hit were worn by Vivienne Segal, the Warner Brothers' musical-comedy star, and Kathleen

Martin, formerly of the Follies and now in pictures.

Vivienne Segal, photographed at the Le Roy party. Miss Segal's costume attracted a lot of attention. It was of bright green jersey, bathing suit top and long pants.

Vivienne's was of bright green jersey, with a bathing-suit top and long sailor





The LeRoy beach party, showing some of the table arrangements. A beach baseball game is in progress in the background. Leaning against the wall is Jack Dempsey, with Mrs. LeRoy (Edna Murphy) on his right and Mervyn's mother, Mrs. LeRoy, on his left. Other guests are grouped about.

pants. And Kathleen had the most fetching combination of blue and white with linen shorts, a white linen blouse, and a blue and white coat lined with white toweling. Just the thing for a day at the beach. With it she wore woolen socks and white sport shoes.

Their escorts were William Boyd and Walter Catlett.

MR. and Mrs. Alan Dwan dropped in. Mrs. Dwan, who is really becoming famous for her gorgeous pajamas, wore pajamas in three shades of green, made of figured Chinese silk. Kathryn Crawford was in linen pajamas of bright orange, with a dark-blue coat. Marilyn Miller, who came with them, wore dark-blue jersey, with long trousers and no back, all piped very effectively in white.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard (Gertrude Olmstead) came in, and Mrs. Leonard had a sports dress of yellow and white, the rather short

Kathleen Martin, at the LeRoy party. Miss Martin wore a fetching combination of blue and white, with linen shorts, a white linen blouse, and a blue and white coat lined with white toweling. An ideal beach costume.



skirt worn over bloomers that matched. Lois Moran had slipped white sailor pants and a white woolly sweater over her bathing suit. Carey Wilson and Carmelita Geraghty were among the guests, Carmelita in dark-green sport clothes. Charles Farrell brought Virginia Valli, who looked perfectly beautiful in a white-duck yachting costume.

In entertaining outdoors a hostess finds it necessary to provide a fairly hearty meal, because everyone is usually hungry. Mrs. LeRoy manages a nice variety.

A TRAY of cocktail glasses, in pale-green glass, was set at one end of the table and filled with watermelon cup. This was made by cutting out small balls from the heart of watermelons, pouring a little grenadine syrup over them, adding a few drops of lemon and some sprigs of mint.

Then, on a huge platter, were a number of big, baked sea bass. Over these was poured a "Sauce LeRoy," so called because Edna invented it herself to suit Merv's taste. The recipe is as follows: To one cup of mayonnaise, add four or six chopped stuffed olives; four chopped sweet pickles; parsley; one clove of garlic chopped
(Continued on page 131)



Miss Collyer's dressing table (shown below) is of French antique ivory. Perfume bottles of many colors and design are the table's only equipment. There is, of course, a lovely scarf of orchid brocade.

The boudoir of June Collyer shows a dainty Louis XV bed, canopied and covered with orchid taffeta, with ecru lace edging to the minute ruffles. The headboard of the bed is of antique ivory, decorated with delicate garlands of rosebuds. Matching night tables, with twin lamps of Dresden china base and yellow and blue silk shades, are placed on either side of the bed. The walls of the bedroom have panels of striped satin brocade of deep mulberry.



Special photographs by
Gene Robert Richee

Below, Miss Collyer is standing by one of the windows of her boudoir. The windows are treated in the typical French manner. Window curtains of hand drawn and embroidered net, and drapes of orchid ruffled taffeta are used. The woodwork is of a warm tone of beige.



A marble mantelpiece (shown above) forms one of the interesting corners of Miss Collyer's boudoir. The entire room is done in Venetian and Louis XV period. Before the fireplace a rare piece of petit point creates a dainty screen. An old French clock, with branch candlesticks to match, embellishes the mantelpiece. A mural, depicting a French garden scene worked in soft pastel tones, is above the fireplace. A beige fur rug is thrown over the mulberry carpeting. A small marble-top table is placed at the right of the mantel and an ivory and gold French chair, upholstered in flowered blue satin, graces the left.

MOVIE BOUDOIRS

V. JUNE COLLYER



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

At five Lila Lee was a vaudeville favorite. At thirteen she was a motion picture star. At fourteen she was a colossal Hollywood failure. At fifteen she had staged a new start in films—and was earning her own way in life. At eighteen she married Jim Kirkwood. These are the high points of her early career. Today Miss Lee is being starred by First National. At twenty-five she is a camera veteran, with a background of varied stage experience. Her life story, crowded with extraordinary ups and downs, is a strange and dramatic one.

The Drama of LILA LEE

By EVELYN GRAY

DURING the past two months NEW MOVIE has presented the first two acts of Lila Lee's dramatic life story. Although she is but twenty-five, Miss Lee has been before the public—in vaudeville and in pictures—for twenty years.

Charles Appell and his wife, Augusta, came to America from southern Germany in 1904. In July, 1905, a daughter, Augusta, was born to them. When Appell was conducting a hostelry in Union Hill, N. J., in 1910, little Augusta caught the eye of Gus Edwards, then a producer of variety acts. Edwards signed little Augusta for his act, "School Days," and changed her name to Cuddles. For six years Cuddles starred in the act.

In 1918 Jesse Lasky signed Cuddles for screen stardom with the Famous Players-Lasky. Her name was changed to Lila Lee. The new star—just fourteen—failed. But Lila bravely started all over again. Thanks to the kindness of Cecil De Mille, Wallie Reid and Tommy Meighan, she was given new opportunities. And she made good.

ACT III

LIFE has rushed Lila Lee forward at a terrific pace. In her brief twenty-five years she has lived through most of the experiences that can come to a woman.

At five she was on the stage and at ten she was the idol of vaudeville audiences everywhere.

At thirteen she was a motion-picture star.

At fourteen she knew the bitter taste of failure and the necessity to come back.

When she was fifteen she was entirely self-supporting.

On her eighteenth birthday she was married to James Kirkwood, who was then forty.

In some ways all this had done enviable things for her. While she still has youth, in beauty and enthusiasm, she has the experience of a much older woman, the



Richard Barthelmess gave Lila Lee her real opportunity for a come-back in "Drag." The part carried Miss Lee to a new success, proving that she possesses one of the rare speaking voices of Hollywood.

mental breadth and poise which usually come only as a not-too-welcome substitute for youth.

At the same time the mistakes she has made in her life have been the result of that same youthfulness. Emotional and psychological problems, the complicated difficulties of a public career, the responsibility of decisions regarding money and contracts, all were shoved at her in rapid-fire order.

HER nature is naturally impulsive. Only in the last year has Lila Lee reached the point where reason and cool thinking control her actions, instead of emotions and feelings. Even now it is always a struggle with herself to choose the path of self-protection and to look ahead to estimate the results of her actions.

Of course, eighteen is not remarkably young for marriage. Often youthful marriages are the best. Had Lila's marriage been an ordinary one with a man of her own age, had it followed normal, ordinary lines, it would not have been too young for her. But, from the very first, it was hectic and filled with complications.

On July 25, 1923, she and Jim Kirkwood were married.

Two days later he was forced to leave for location alone.

The bride found herself alone, facing the panic which frequently visits very young girls when they find they have committed themselves "until death us do part."

Nor did she find any sympathy or encouragement around her. Her mother still saw nothing but disaster in this union. Friends could hardly conceal—some made no attempt to conceal—the fact that they believed she had made a mistake. Everyone adored Jim Kirkwood. But they simply could not see Lila and Jim together.

She had three long, lonely weeks of pondering her marriage, her love for Jim, her career. That time is a sort of cross-roads to every woman. But with Lila it presented many phases which other women do not know.

THE prediction made by Minnie years before, "Some day they'll be glad to offer you another chance to star," had come true. Four years after her prize flop as a synthetic star, Famous Players-Lasky had again decided to put the name of Lila Lee in electric lights. In those four years Lila had builded better than she knew. Though it had often seemed to her that she was lost in the shuffle, though she grew discouraged and discontented with the long succession of minor rôles, she had gone on honestly and doggedly, giving her very best in every scene, offering her personality at its height in every part big and little.

As Wally Reid's leading lady, as Tommy Meighan's, she had gained an enormous following. A solid popularity. Her fan mail, barometer of public sentiment, had reached star proportions.

In those four years she had improved in every way. The lanky, gangling youngster, whom Wally Reid had rescued from the studio backwaters, had filled out into lovely womanhood. Cuddles' every promise of beauty had been fulfilled.

Also she had grown in magnetism and charm, through contact with interesting people, through friendships with Jack Gilbert, Charlie Chaplin, Bebe Daniels, and many others. Working under such directors as Cecil and William De Mille, James Cruze, Sam Wood, she had learned much about acting. It is one of her most notable characteristics that she was and is always eager to learn.

She was ripe for those things of which she had dreamed, those things which Lillian Edwards had predicted for her years before.

THE Famous Players-Lasky contract meant much to her. In the first place, it was her laurel wreath, her justification. On that lot she had staged her great failure. On that same lot she had worked her way back, this time to a stardom based not upon a mere childish personality but upon ability and hard work.

She had been ready to sign. To know that once more the twenty-four sheets would announce, "Famous Players-Lasky present Miss Lila Lee." It meant success assured, personal triumph, money, opportunity.

But James Kirkwood, her husband, didn't want her to sign that contract.

There were many things to be said on Jim's side.

In the first place, he believed he could offer her some-



Photograph by International Newsreel

Jim and Lila, with their baby, James, Junior. This picture was made in 1924, a few days after the birth of James, Junior, and long before the unrelenting tide of life had swept Jim Kirkwood and his bride apart.

thing just as good. Thomas H. Ince, in those days one of the great producers, was going to star Jim. He was willing to co-star James Kirkwood and Lila Lee. And Jim thought that an ideal arrangement, personally and professionally.

Jim knew his Hollywood. He had seen many Hollywood marriages go on the rocks, and he sincerely believed that working apart was one of the chief contributing causes. He wanted Lila with him. He couldn't face the thought of long separations forced upon husbands and wives who work for different organizations. One might go on location for months when the other

had to stay and work in a Hollywood studio. One might be making pictures in New York while the other stayed on the West Coast. The husband might be working nights for weeks while the wife worked in the daytime—and they could be together only a few moments between rushing to the studio.

To Jim their marriage was the all-important thing. He believed it must come first and the careers be fitted into it.

Perhaps he was right. Anyway, he sold Lila the idea and she refused the offer made her by her company. But she likes to remember that it was made, that she achieved her fourteen-year-old ambition and determination to come back.

At the end of those three weeks on location, Jim Kirkwood came home to his bride. All her troubles, all her doubts vanished. She was able to see herself as his wife and not just as Lila Lee.

The afternoon after his return Lila went out with him to the riding academy to watch him try out a new horse. She sat happily on a rail fence, swinging her tam in one hand and whistling a little tune out of sheer good spirits at seeing Jim master the high strung young animal he was riding.

Suddenly there was a shout, a swift picture of a horse rearing, a saddle turning dangerously, and Jim and the horse went down in a tangle. Lila and the groom reached them at the same time. The man lay very still on the ground. His face was marble white, but a tiny trickle of blood came from his lips. His head fell limp against her shoulder.

While the groom rushed for a doctor and an ambulance, Lila knelt there, calling to her husband, kissing him, begging him to answer her. When he did not, she believed that he was dead.

FOR weeks he hovered between life and death. His skull was fractured and there was a concussion of the brain. Followed days of consultation and anxiety. Nights of fear and watching. The young wife, silent, dazed by the shock, never left his bedside. She could not eat and slept only from exhaustion, her head dropping on the coverlet.

At the end of six weeks he spoke, recognized his wife. In two months he was out of danger. From that time on he began to mend, but for (Continued on page 115)



DOROTHY JORDAN

Photograph by Hurrell



Photograph by Hurrell

HARRIET LAKE

REVIEWS: By Frederick James Smith

HOLIDAY—Pathé

Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The cast: *Linda*, Ann Harding; *Julia*, Mary Astor; *Nick Potter*, Edward Everett Horton; *Johnny Case*, Robert Ames; *Susan Potter*, Hedda Hopper; *Ned*, Monroe Owsley; *Edward Seton*, William Holden; *Laura*, Elizabeth Forrester; *Mary Jessup*, Mabel Forrest; *Pete Hedges*, Creighton Hale; *Seton Cram*, Hallam Cooley.

This was an admirable story—this play by Philip Barry—and it comes through the movie mill unscathed. To me it is the best film of the month. Here is presented the clash between an engaging young dreamer and a wealthy Park Avenue family. The young man fancies he loves the youngest daughter when it is the older sister alone who can make him happy. This drama is beautifully acted. Ann Harding is superb as the unselfish, whimsical, rebellious *Linda*, while Monroe Owsley gives a fine performance as her dissolute brother, and Mary Astor is excellent as the luxury-loving younger sister *Julia*. Edward Griffith's direction is admirable.

Best—Ann Harding



SAFETY IN NUMBERS

Paramount

Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *William Butler Reynolds*, Charles (Buddy) Rogers; *Jacqueline*, Kathryn Crawford; *Maxine*, Josephine Dunn; *Pauline*, Carole Lombard; *Cleo Carewe*, Geneva Mitchell; *Bertram Shapiro*, Roscoe Karns; *Phil Kempton*, Francis McDonald; *Alma McGregor*, Virginia Bruce; *F Carstairs Reynolds*, Richard Tucker; *Jules*, Raoul Paoli; *Commodore Brinker*, Lawrence Grant.

The best Buddy Rogers film in a long time. And one with a piquant comedy idea: a handsome heir to a fortune is placed in the care of three beautiful Follies girls (by a discerning uncle) in order that he may avoid the pitfalls of New York. The girls start out as guardians but they fall for their protégée. After they rescue him from a vampirish siren, they discover that he really loves one of them. The best moment comes when Buddy wakes up in the boudoir of the trio. Buddy advances steadily and gives a diverting comedy performance. Charming Kathryn Crawford, however, steals the comedy honors. The other guardians are Carole Lombard and Josephine Dunn.

Best—Kathryn Crawford



RAFFLES—United Artists

Directed by Harry D'Arrast. The cast: *Raffles*, Ronald Colman; *Lady Gwen*, Kay Francis; *Detective McKenzie*, David Torrence; *Lord Melrose*, Fred Kerr; *Lady Melrose*, Alison Skipworth; *Bunny*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Raffles' Valet*, Wilson Benge; *Crawshaw*, John Rogers.

If you loved to follow the adventures of that debonair young cricketer, Raffles, who lived quite another life by night, you will want to see Ronald Colman in this new talkie version. Perhaps you belong to the generation that admired the handsome Kyrle Bellew's stage visualization of Raffles. You won't be disappointed. And, even if E. W. Hornung's amateur cracksman is new to you, you will be absorbed by this superbly suspenseful thriller. This retelling of how Raffles outwits Scotland Yard is given a splendid staging. Colman is delightful. So, too, is Kay Francis as the girl of Raffles' heart and David Torrence as McKenzie, of Scotland Yard.

Best—Ronald Colman



THE BIG HOUSE—M-G-M

Directed by George Hill. The cast: *Morgan*, Chester Morris; *Butch*, Wallace Beery; *Warden*, Lewis Stone; *Kent*, Robert Montgomery; *Anne*, Leila Hyams; *Pop*, George F. Marion; *Mr. Marlowe*, J. C. Nugent; *Olsen*, Karl Dane; *Wallace*, Dewitt Jennings; *Gopher*, Mathew Betz; *Mrs. Marlowe*, Claire McDowell; *Donlin*, Robert Emet O'Connor; *Uncle Jed*, Tom Kennedy; *Sandy*, Tom Wilson; *Dopey*, Eddie Foyer.

This is a corking melodrama. Had it dared to be completely uncompromising and honest, it would have been an unforgettable drama. It starts out to pillory our penal system of piling convicts into obsolete prisons and then forgetting them. It shows how, out of the brutality, the loneliness, the terror of it all grows a great sweeping prison riot, bloody and futile. It is in presenting this raging hell of pent-up hatred that the film touches the heights of excitement. Unfortunately, this grim realism is mingled with a saccharine and unbelievable love story. Wallace Beery is swell as a big, playful killer, known as Butch. Here's a scoundrel you'll love.

Best—Wallace Beery



CAUGHT SHORT—M-G-M

Directed by Charles F. Reisner. The cast: *Marie Jones*, Marie Dressler; *Polly Smith*, Polly Moran; *Genevieve Jones*, Anita Page; *William Smith*, Charles Morton; *Frankie*, Thomas Conlin; *Johnny*, Douglas Haig; *Priscilla*, Nanci Price; *Sophy*, Greta Mann; *Mr. Frisby*, Herbert Prior; *Mr. Kidd*, T. Roy Barnes; *Mr. Thutt*, Edward Dillon; *Miss Ambrose*, Alice Moe; *Manicurist*, Gwen Lee; *Peddler*, Lee Kohlmar; *Fanny Lee*, Greta Granstedt.

A low comedy natural. Two wrangling, rival boarding house keepers quarrel their way hilariously through this tale. One has a handsome son, the other a pretty daughter. The two fall in love, following in the footsteps of youth from Romeo and Juliet to Abie's Irish Rose. Thus the friendly enemies have to swallow their bickering. This comedy is greeted with tremendous laughter, thanks to Marie Dressler and her pal, Polly Moran. All this is broad slapstick, but Miss Dressler's elephantine indignation is something more. This is a safe comedy for the whole family. If Miss Dressler doesn't get 'em, nobody will. And Miss Moran lends no mean aid.

Best—Marie Dressler

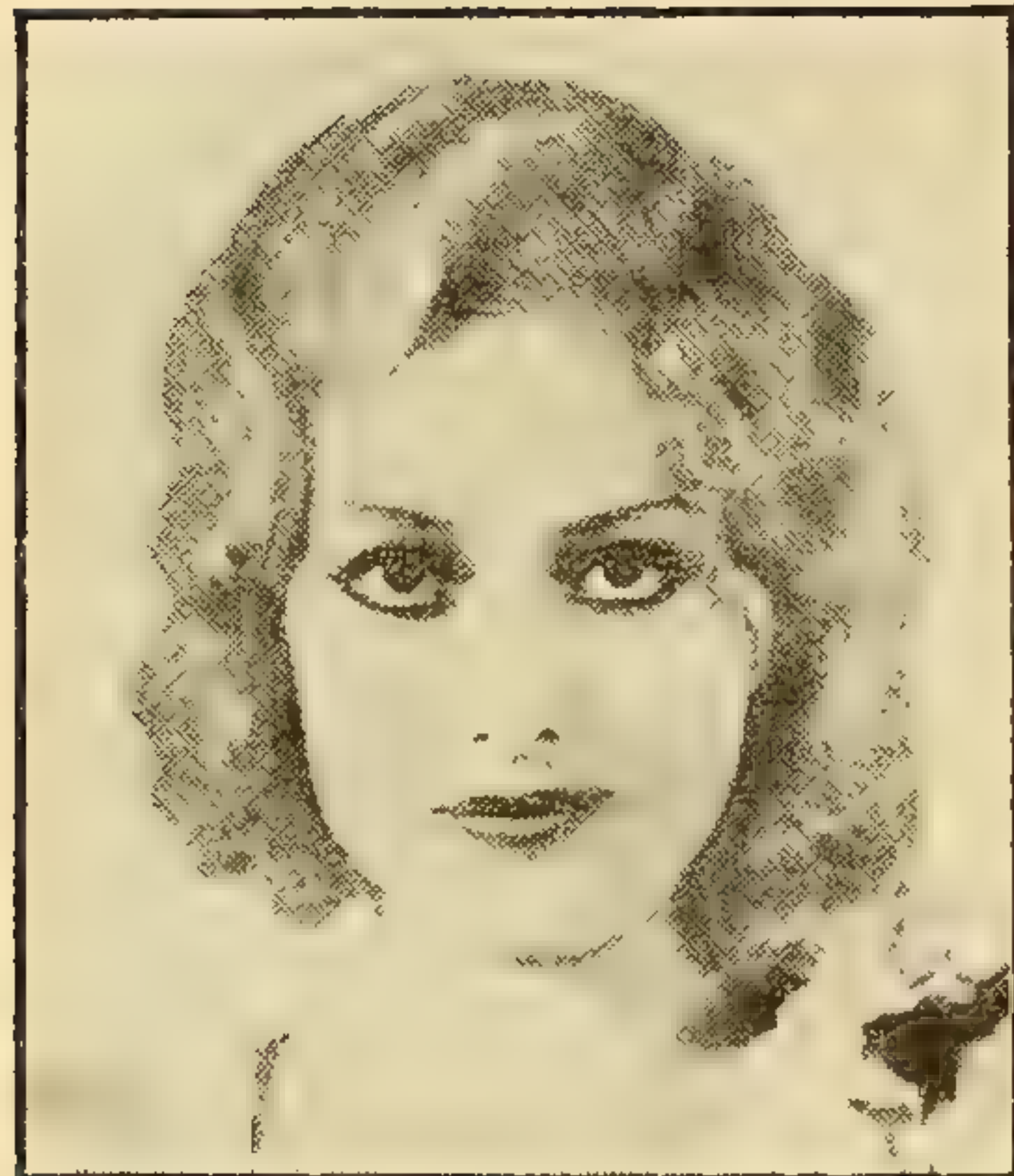


ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW



Lon Chaney speaks! Now Charlie Chaplin alone stands voiceless outside the gate. Of course, you remember that classic of 1925; the ruthless tale of three side-show scoundrels, Echo, the ventriloquist, Hercules, the sinister giant, and the wicked little Midget, with their pet gorilla. The trio get hold of a pet-shop and Echo, posing as an old woman, palms off silent parrots upon unsuspecting patrons by resorting to ventriloquism. Delivery of the birds gives an opportunity to look over wealthy homes. Chaney produces five voices. Somehow, the superb suspense of the old silent version is missing. Still, "The Unholy Three" is one story in a hundred—and Chaney is matchless.

Best—Lon Chaney



"Our Dancing Daughters" was succeeded by "Our Modern Maidens." Now "Our Modern Maidens," in turn, is followed by "Our Blushing Brides." In each a trio of modern girls has been played by Joan Crawford, Anita Page and Dorothy Sebastian. The newest carries on the adventures of three department store beauties, one a model. Miss Crawford is the model and her histrionics are tempered with gorgeous undress. Tragedy follows the girls as wealthy fellows try to win them, one way or another. All this is lively, a little daring and quite entertaining. Miss Crawford is at her best as Geraldine and Miss Page is better than she has been in a year of pictures.

Best—Joan Crawford



A good comedy title—and not much else. The story is hard to classify. It starts out as a burlesque of "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" type of heroics and then just wanders around. The yarn, such as it is, revolves about Dangerous Nan and old Doc Foster, who operate a bankrupt medicine show. Don't ask us to recount the rest of the complications. The laughs are few. Helen Kane boop-a-doops her way through the rôle and several songs. Victor Moore does all he can with the rôle of the nostrum specialist. This strange comedy is guaranteed to leave any audience puzzled.

Best—Helen Kane



Paul Muni originally was scheduled to play the gangster of Don Clarke's popular "Louis Beretti," but Edmund Lowe somehow or other inherited the rôle. The hero is one of those sentimentalized gunmen with a heart of gold for his mother and for his pals. He avenges the murder of his sister's husband and recovers the kidnaped child of his buddy's sister. A large portion of the early story is given over to Louis' adventures in the World War. In the end, Louis falls before a gangster's bullet. The story is episodic, too haphazard to be really effective. Mr. Lowe provides another of his hard-boiled performances.

Best—Edmund Lowe



This really isn't a barkie, although it has an all-dog cast. The barks have been removed and human voices have been superimposed upon the film. With the result that the canines chat like a regular Hollywood cast. In fact, the students of Airedale University and Spitz College have their college yells. The story: A gambler tries to keep the Airedale star from playing so that he can win his bets. A terrier vamp is called in to make our hero forget his Alma Mater. But he escapes and wins the game with a long run. This is an amusing novelty and is to be followed by other dog comedies.

Best—Buster

THE UNHOLY THREE M-G-M

Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: *Echo*, Lon Chaney; *Rosie*, Lila Lee; *Hector*, Elliott Nugent; *Midget*, Harry Earles; *Prosecuting Attorney*, John Miljan; *Hercules*, Ivan Linow; *Regan*, Clarence Burton; *Defence Attorney*, Crauford Kent.

OUR BLUSHING BRIDES M-G-M

Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Jerry*, Joan Crawford; *Connie*, Anita Page; *Franky*, Dorothy Sebastian; *Tony*, Robert Montgomery; *David*, Raymond Hackett; *Marty*, John Miljan; *Mrs. Weaver*, Hedda Hopper; *Monsieur Pantoise*, Albert Conti; *Joe Munsey*, Edward Brophy; *The Detective*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Evelyn Woodforth*, Martha Sleeper.

DANGEROUS NAN McGREW—Paramount

Directed by Mal St. Clair. The cast: *Nan McGrew*, Helen Kane; *Doc Foster*, Victor Moore; *Bob Dawes*, James Hall; *Eustace Macy*, Stuart Erwin; *Muldoon*, Frank Morgan; *Mrs. Benson*, Louise Closser Hale; *Clara Benson*, Roberta Benson; *Godfrey*, Allen Forrest.

BORN RECKLESS—Fox

Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Louis Beretti*, Edmund Lowe; *Joan Sheldon*, Catherine Dale Owen; *Big Shot*, Warren Hymer; *Rosa Beretti*, Marguerite Churchill; *Bill O'Brien*, Lee Tracy; *Good News Brophy*, William Harrigan; *Frank Sheldon*, Frank Albertson; *Bugs*, Eddie Gribbon; *Ritzky Reilly*, Paul Page; *Joe Bergman*, Bed Bard; *Fingy Moscovitz*, Mike Donlin; *District Attorney*, Farrell MacDonald; *Pa Beretti*, Paul Porcasi; *Ma Beretti*, Ferike Boros; *Needle Beer Grogan*, Joe Brown; *The Duke*, Pat Somerset.

COLLEGE HOUNDS M-G-M

Directed by Zion Myers and Julius White. The cast: *Jiggs*, *Buster*, *Snookie* and *Dede*. Also features 200 other trained dogs.

ABOUT THE NEW PICTURES

WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE—*Paramount*

Cameramen: Willard Vander Veer and Joseph T. Rucker.

Two cameramen recorded the saga of the two-year expedition of Richard Byrd and his men—and recorded it with such effectiveness that it should be seen by every school child in America. Oddly enough, this film—of great historical value—is not breaking the anticipated theater records. However, it is interest-holding throughout. You will be fascinated by the picturing of the blizzard-swept Little America on the edge of the great ice barrier. Of tremendous interest is the flight over the perilous Queen Maud range, across the Pole and back. One unforgettable shot: when Byrd drops an American flag, weighted by a stone from Floyd Bennett's grave, upon the Pole.

Best—Rear Admiral Byrd



SWING HIGH—*Pathé*

Directed by Joseph Santley. The cast: *Maryan*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Garry*, Fred Scott; *Trixie*, Dorothy Burgess; *Doc May*, John Sheehan; *Mrs. May*, Daphne Pollard; *Pop Garner*, George Fawcett; *Ringmaster*, Bryant Washburn; *Billy*, Nick Stuart; *Ruth*, Sally Starr; *Major Tiny*, Little Billy; *Babe*, William Langan; *Sam*, Stepin Fetchit; *Sheriff*, Chester Conklin; *Bar-tender*, Ben Turpin; *Doctor*, Robert Edeson; *Mickey*, Mickey Bennett.

This is a romance of a small circus forty years ago, the story of a pretty trapeze artist and a singer of songs. It breaks frequently into sentimental melody. Our hero is suspected of affection for a questionable young woman and of robbing the cash box. But, in the end, he proves his innocence and gets Maryan. This is a slender story with considerable glamour of background. As one critic points out, the cast is headed by Helen Twelvetrees, who can act but can't sing, and Fred Scott, who can sing but can't act. Still, Miss Twelvetrees outshines the story and makes you forget the crude dialogue.

Best—Helen Twelvetrees



SHADOW OF THE LAW *Paramount*

Directed by Louis Gasnier. The cast: *John Nelson*, William Powell; *Jim Montgomery*, William Powell; *Edith Wentworth*, Marion Shilling; *Ethel Barry*, Natalie Moorhead; *Tom*, Tegis Toomey; *Pete*, Paul Hurst; *Colonel Wentworth*, George Irving; *Mike Kearney*, Frederic Burt; *Warden*, James Durkin; *Frank*, Richard Tucker; *Captain of Guards*, Walter James.

After tracking crime for some time as the redoubtable Philo Vance, William Powell moves across the boundary to the other side. And, if for no other reason, this melodrama has a certain interest. Mr. Powell goes to prison for life because he has killed a man. The crime was committed in self-defense, but the woman who can tell the whole story has disappeared. Our hero escapes and starts life anew. Then the woman reappears to blackmail our regenerated convict, now a North Carolina mill boss. Mr. Powell gives his usual suave performance, but the story itself is un consequential.

Best—William Powell



NUMBERED MEN *First National*

Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Bertie Gray*, Conrad Nagel; *Mary Dane*, Bernice Claire; *Bud Leonard*, Raymond Hackett; *King Callahan*, Ralph Ince; *Lemuel Barnes*, Tully Marshall; *Lou Rinaldo*, Maurice Black; *Warden Lansing*, William Holding; *Happy Howard*, George Cooper; *Mrs. Miller*, Blanche Frederici; *Pollack*, Ivan Linow.

Another prison drama but not a grim or realistic one. Indeed, it strains at the credulities. "Numbered Men" is a story of the honor system, of three amiable convicts—one given to harmonica playing, one a pleasant counterfeiter and the other unjustly convicted—who have quite a happy time building bridges. That is, until a mean criminal nearly wrecks the honor system. But the boys get the evil King Callahan and prove themselves. There is a girl, a sweetheart of one of the trio, who stands by to help. Bernice Claire does very well in this rôle. Still maybe you will like best Ralph Ince as the sinister King Callaghan.

Best—Bernice Claire



THE SOCIAL LION *Paramount*

Directed by Eddie Sutherland. The cast: *Marco Perkins*, Jack Oakie; *Cynthia Brown*, Mary Brian; *Gloria Staunton*, Olive Borden; *Chick Hathaway*, Skeets Gallagher; *Jim Perkins*, Charles Sellon; *Ralph Williams*, Cyril Ring.

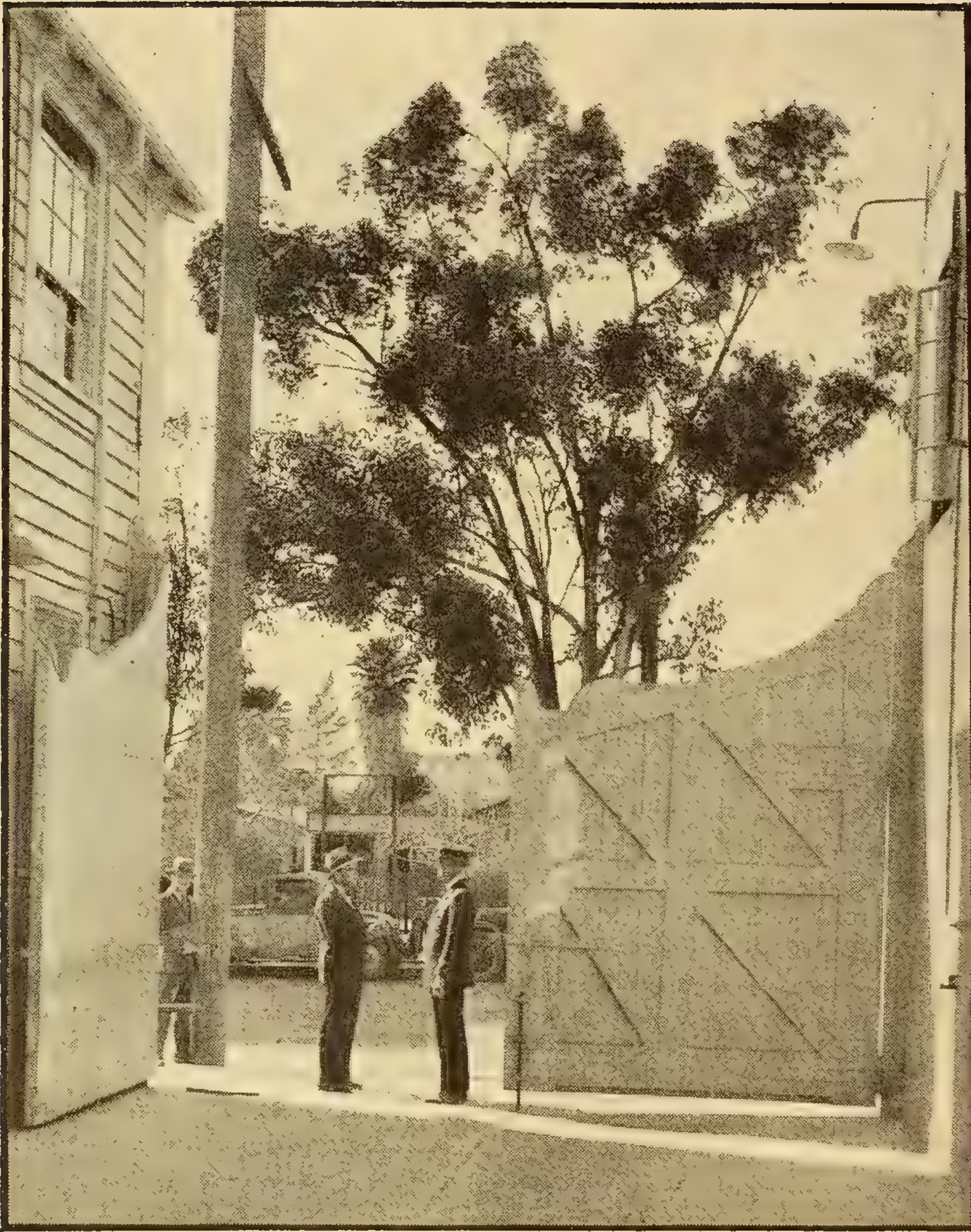
The infectious grin of Jack Oakie stars in this comedy of a smart aleck youth with sublime belief in himself. In truth, Marco Perkins is a little dense. He encounters surprises in the prize ring and later when he invades society via the polo field. In the end, he learns something of a lesson and returns to the ring. On the way he makes love to a dashing deb, Olive Borden, but finally he returns to his first love, Mary Brian. This film is based on Octavus Roy Cohen's "Marco Himself." This Oakie will bear watching. His full possibilities as a comedian remain to be disclosed.

Best—Jack Oakie



VISITS to the GREAT STUDIOS

A Personally Conducted Tour of the Famous Warner Brothers' Studios



The studio gates to the Warner Brothers' lot with the trusty guardian on the job.

WARNER BROTHERS' studios!

That name stands for many things in Hollywood. But the foremost of them is the birth of the talkies. For the first talking pictures made struck the eye and ear of man in the Warner studio on Sunset Boulevard.

The romance of the rise and fall and rise again of this studio is as fantastic as the greatest of fairy tales.

In 1917 Warner Brothers entered pictures by buying the old Astra studios in Glendale. There they made the

wartime classic, "My Four Years in Germany," by Ambassador Gerard. This picture made enough money for the four brothers, Sam, Albert, Jack and Harry Warner, to purchase some fifteen acres on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood. That was in 1918.

The present administration building was built, and behind it sprang up one small stage and a few very small buildings to house films, cameras and carpenters' tools. The studio at that time employed sixty people.

FOUR years of struggling followed. No recognition came the way of the Warner Brothers until 1922, when they made "Main Street." That picture was successful enough for them to import Ernst Lubitsch, the great German director, who gave them two more successes in quick order, "The Marriage Circle" and "So This Is Paris."

These three pictures put Warner Brothers on the map, financially and artistically. They had risen.

Confidence reigned and Warner Brothers prepared to take their seats at the table of the "big fellows" in Hollywood. But their day was destined not to come yet. Had it come then, the most complete revolution any business has ever seen might have been deferred for years, if not for all time.

Experimenting in 1926, Warner Brothers put out another Barrymore picture, "Don Juan." This production introduced Vitaphone, and thus became the first to employ synchronized sound and music.

Then Sam, Harry, Jack and

The main studio building of the Warner Brothers. Their employees jumped from sixty in 1918 to a total of two thousand with the advent of the talkies.





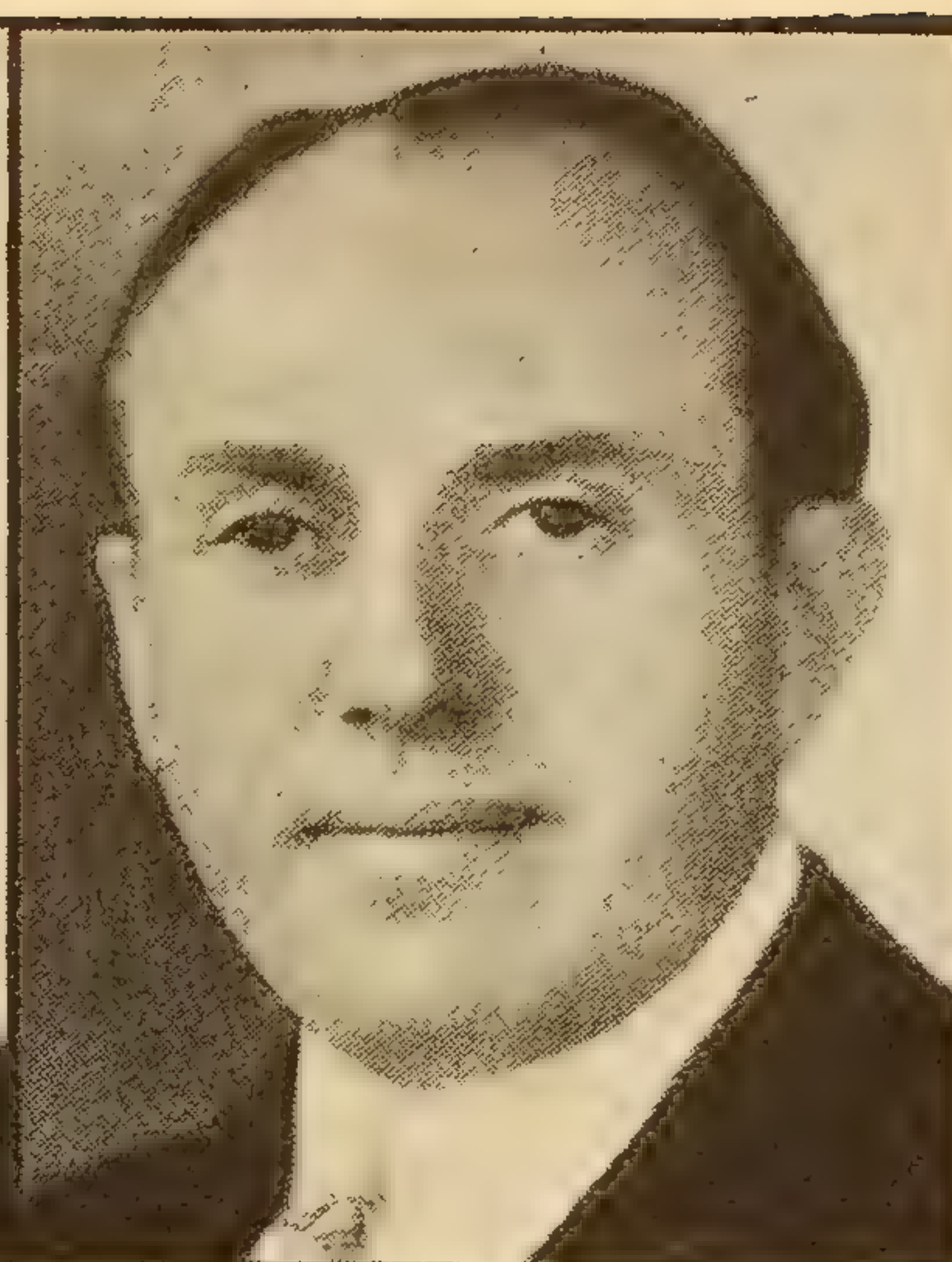
The late SAM L. WARNER
Died on the eve of success.



H. M. WARNER
President, Warner Brothers.



MAJOR ALBERT WARNER
Vice President—Treasurer.



J. L. WARNER
Production Chief.

FIRST SOUND FILM PROGRAM EVER EXHIBITED

WARNER THEATER—AUGUST 6, 1926

THE PROGRAM:

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 Will Hays | 5 Roy Smeck |
| 2 New York Philharmonic Orchestra | 6 Anna Case |
| 3 Marion Talley | 7 Mischa Elman |
| 4 Efrem Zimbalist and Harold Bauer | 8 Giovanni Martinelli |
| | 9 John Barrymore in "Don Juan" |

Albert Warner threw all their energy into the making of another picture. We know it now as "The Jazz Singer" with Al Jolson. The first picture ever made with the human voice in synchronization.

The public welcomed it with open arms, stormed the doors of theaters at which it played. And the motion-picture industry went mad over night.

Because the four Warner Brothers, in that studio on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood, had done the impossible. Talking pictures were not only feasible and practical, the public wanted them.

A NOTE of tragedy marred the great success of their venture. Sam Warner became ill and died in New York almost the very day upon which "The Jazz Singer" opened.

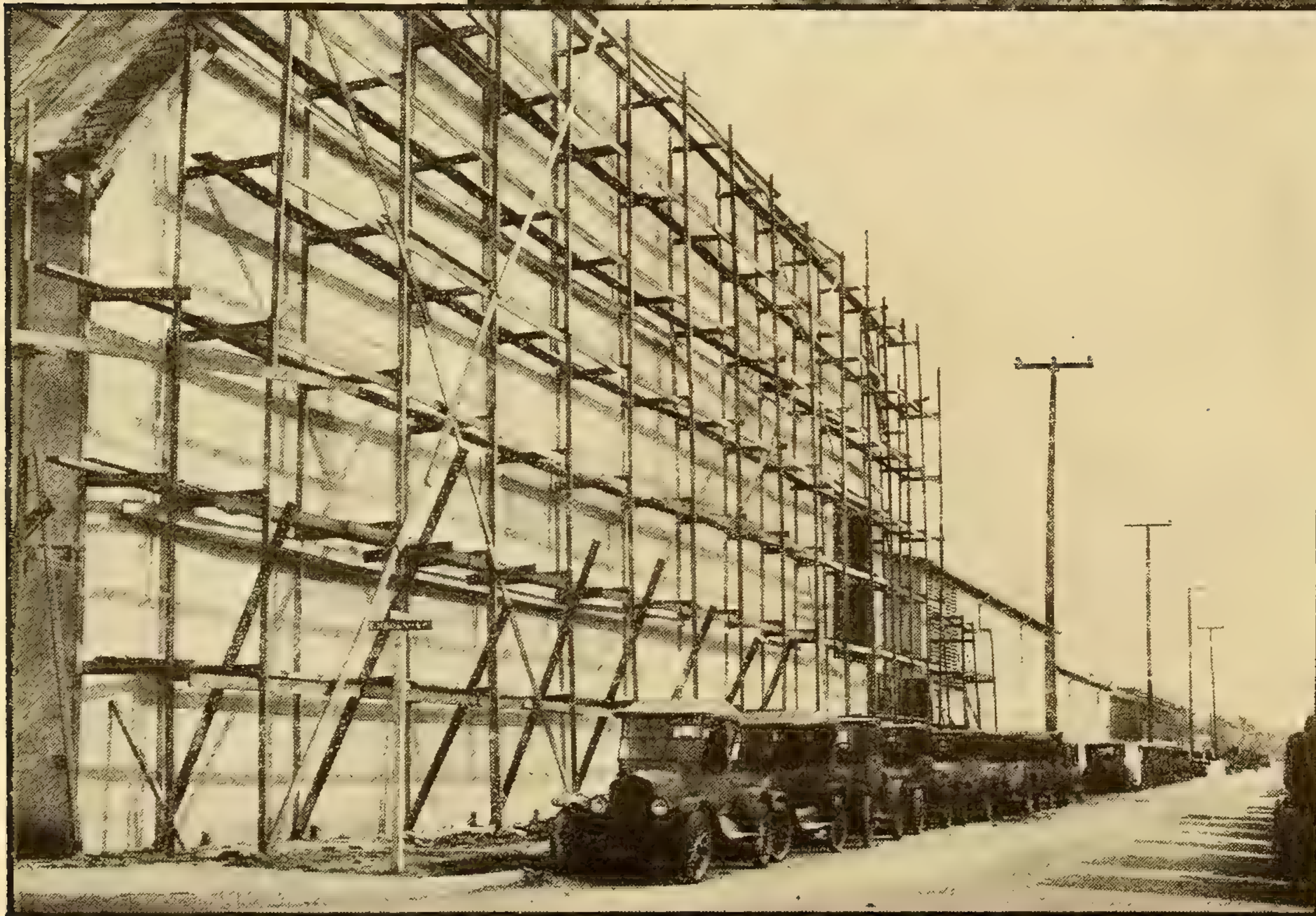
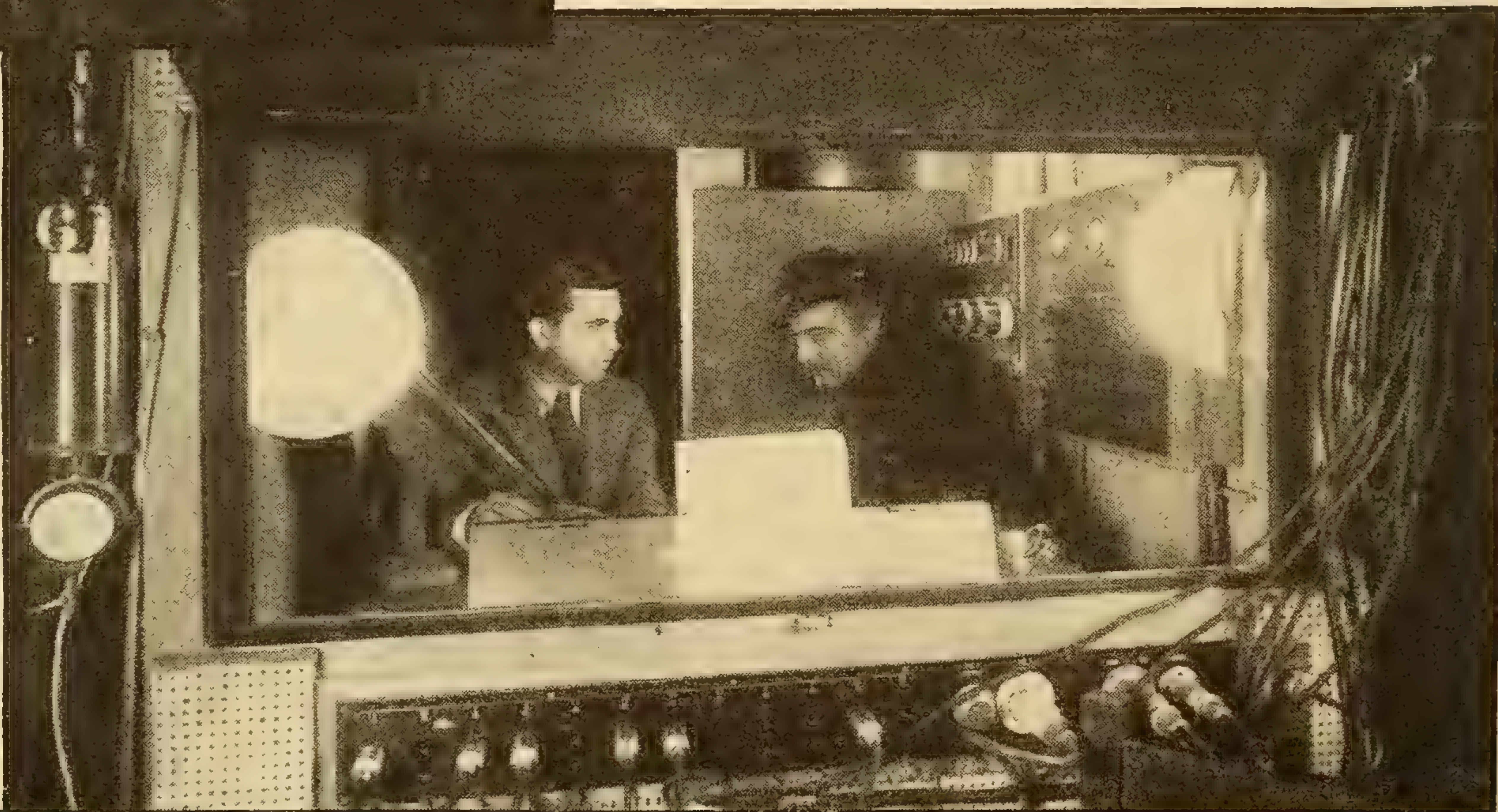
But, heartbroken or not, the business had to be carried on. Because Warner Brothers, in those days of 1928 and early 1929, had the only studio ready for the great demand for talking pictures. They had created that demand, now

Right, a studio street on the Warner Bros. lot. Below, entrance to the forty-acre Vitaphone lot, owned by the Warners. Most massive exterior scenes are shot here.





One of the Warners' sound-proof camera booths. Joe Brown sits on top and James Hall stands in front. Right, John Barrymore visits one of the studio monitor rooms, where experts measure and adjust sound. Below, a new sound-proof stage in course of construction at Warner Brothers' lot.



they reaped the reward of their foresight.

Not only were the three remaining brothers given places at the table of the "big fellows," they were given the head of the table. Money was no longer one of their worries. Their stock went from eight dollars a share to one hundred and sixty dollars, counting stock split-ups.

"The Lights of New York," the first *all-talking* picture; "The Home Towners," "Singing Fool," "Gold Diggers of Broadway," "Show of Shows" and "Disraeli" followed "The Jazz Singer" in quick order. All of these were noted successes.

In the meantime the studio had expanded rapidly to keep pace with the product. The Warner lot on Sunset Boulevard was given over solidly, the entire fifteen acres, to sound stages, recording rooms, executive offices, workshops and property rooms. The sixty employees of 1918 had grown to four hundred in 1927, but they leaped to two thousand with the advent of the talkies. That is aside from what might be called "talent"—actors, writers and directors.

The forty-acre Vitagraph lot, one of the first studios in Hollywood, was purchased and all exterior scenes shot there. Three million dollars were spent in fixing the Vitagraph lot up for Warners' talkies.

A thousand-acre ranch in North Hollywood was purchased for shooting big outdoor scenes. Yes, verily, Warner Brothers were at the big fellows'

table and proved it more than ever by stepping out and buying one of them, First National Pictures.

THE annual budget at the Warner Brothers' studio the past two years has been over TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS a year. It will be increased this coming year. Not infrequently now Warner Brothers spend over \$100,000 a day on production. They would have sold their studio for that amount but a few years ago.

And this, mind you, is less than three years after actors were saying, "No cashee, no workee!" to that same studio.

The power of talk—in pictures—is indeed great.

Lying idle, ready for call at any moment, Warner Brothers' property rooms hold enough

equipment to furnish over one hundred eight-room houses. Several thousand people can be dressed by the wardrobe without recourse to rented clothes. During production season the wardrobe makes an average of 400 costumes a week.

The studio maintains its own police and fire forces, has its own hospital. Enough carpenters, masons, painters and other workmen are employed during production season to make three medium-sized houses a day. Generators on the Warner lots produce enough electric current to light the average city of fifty thousand people. Ten thousand people are dependent upon Warner Brothers' salaries—either directly or indirectly—for their support. And they know the checks are good.

To Jack, Harry, Albert and their brother, Sam, goes all the credit. They did the impossible. Warner Brothers are sitting at the table of the mighty and their studio ranks with any.

Al Jolson's "The Jazz Singer," the motion picture that revolutionized the world of photoplay making, was presented at the Warner Theater in New York City on the night of October 6, 1927, three years ago.

This milestone in screen history was directed by Alan Crosland. Mr. Jolson played Jakie Rabinowitz, later Jack Robin. The famous cast numbered May McAvoy, Warner Oland, Eugenie Besserer, Otto Lederer, Robbie Gordon, Richard Tucker and Anders Randolph.

It is interesting to note that the New York program for the premiere carried this prophetic statement: "'The Jazz Singer' is epoch-making. It is without doubt the biggest stride since the birth of the industry. It is the first story to be done with Vitaphone sequences."



Top, one of the big sound-proof stages on the Vitagraph lot of the Warner Brothers. Three million dollars were spent in fixing this lot up for the making of talkies. Center, one of the massive sets for John Barrymore's production of "Moby Dick." California is masquerading as New England—and doing it well.

Left, a big Mexican set on the Warner ranch. This is located in North Hollywood and numbers one thousand acres. It is used for the shooting of the very biggest outdoor scenes.



Ruth Roland is one of the wealthiest women in California, all because she was one of the first to plunge on real estate. Having bought and sold tremendous holdings, Miss Roland can snap her fingers at fickle film fortune.

TIMES are changing.

The signs of the shifting times are everywhere, but among them there is none more significant than the fact that, in addition to their picture work, many of the stars have cast an anchor to windward in the form of outside business enterprise. They anticipate that rainy day.

The picture people of today realize that, if Winter comes (as it must to the most famous and popular), it is no fun to be left out in the cold wondering where your Summer's wages went. Consequently they are putting their time and money into some enterprise which, when the fickle public says "thumbs down," will support them more or less in the luxury to which they have been accustomed.

TODAY the residents of the movie capital find it difficult to prevent their dollars from reaching the swelling coffers of the enterprising stars who have turned to commerce. They buy their flowers from Kathleen Clifford, drink milk from Bessie Love's dairy farm, have their cars washed by Bill Beaudine, get their facials from Katherine MacDonald's and spend their vacations with Noah Beery or Gary Cooper. They get 'em both going and coming!

What is probably the most ambitious and extensive

Today's Movie Idols Save Their Money and Invest It in Real Estate, Flower Shops, Garages and Other Enterprises

individual enterprise of them all is the one launched by the tall, gray-eyed chap who seems to be the logical successor to all the romantic heroes of the screen's romantic past. Yes, I mean none other than Judge Cooper's handsome boy, Gary. Already mindful of the time when his name will no longer work box-office magic, he has set about building a future for himself in the game he knew and loved long before the screen claimed him.

Ever hear of the Gary Cooper Ranches Incorporated? If you haven't, it won't be long until you do, for that corporation, headed by Gary, will soon be operating the largest string of "dude" ranches in the country.

The first of the string is just opening for business. It is located sixty miles from Helena, Montana. It is called the "Home Ranch," for on it the boy Gary "rode herd," learned to ride, rope and shoot and lived the hard life of the ordinary "puncher." It consists of about a thousand acres bordering the Missouri River, and on it is to be found some of the finest scenery in all outdoors. The big home ranch house has been remodeled and fifteen individual cabins erected. Under the supervision of Bell, the foreman, fifteen cowboys, many of them the friends of Gary's range days, will ride herd on the tenderfeet as they hunt grouse, fish in the cold streams, ride horseback and take

long pack trips into the mountains. Several camps of Blackfeet Indians now live on the ranch, insuring plenty of Wild West atmosphere for the lucky "dudes" who go there to vacation.

A second ranch of some 1600 acres in the same vicinity was purchased two years ago and will probably be in operation next summer. Gary has just returned from Arizona, where he spent several days looking over a vast domain of 80,000 acres which the company is expected to purchase soon. Other ranches, located in various favorable spots throughout the West will be added, and every moment that Gary can find, away from his picture work and his Lupe, is being spent in developing the enterprise. The day will probably come when these "dude" ranches will earn more money for the tall star than he has ever received from the producers.

NOAH BEERY, the well-known menace of dozens of pictures, is another who will have nothing to worry about when he is no longer able to frighten little children and abduct weeping heroines for art's sake. In the Noah Beery Paradise Trout Club, five thousand feet high in the Sierra Madre, eighty miles from Hollywood, he has a gold mine which would make the old Forty Niners turn green with envy.

It was during a deer hunt some time ago that Noah

The STARS Go Into BUSINESS

By J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

chanced upon this miniature paradise nestled in the pine covered slopes of the mountains. As he stood looking down at the clear cold stream which flowed through it, the idea of the Paradise Trout Club was born. He returned to Hollywood, found the owner and purchased the valley. A corporation was formed, roads built, a club house, swimming pool, tennis courts erected. Today it is one of the most prosperous resorts in California, and not only members of the screen colony but tourists from all over the



Above, the ranch house on Gary Cooper's dude ranch, sixty miles from Helena, Montana. Gary has gone into the dude ranch racket in a big way.

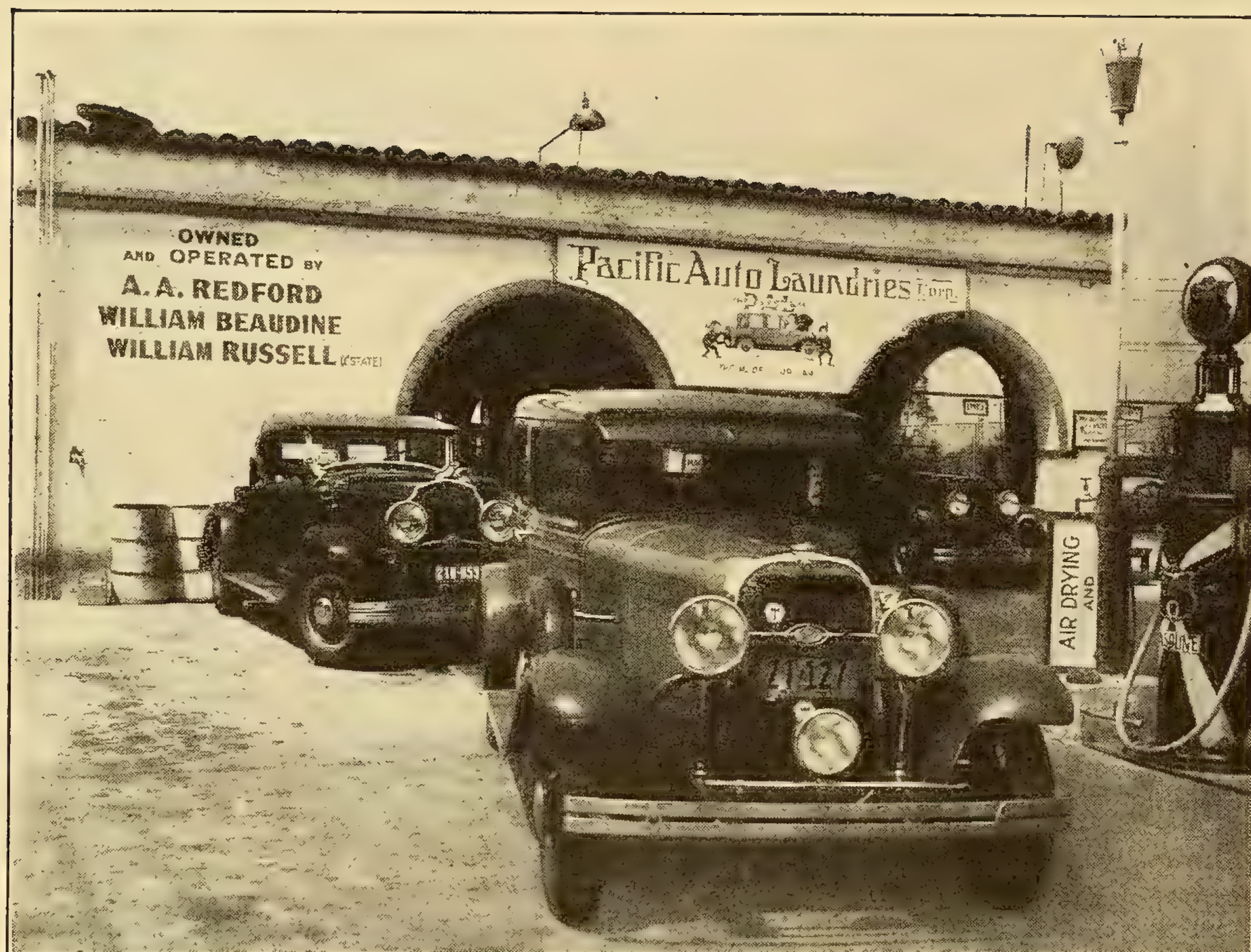
Below, Kathleen Clifford in one of her greenhouses. Miss Clifford is the bloom magnate of Hollywood, owning a chain of flower shops.

world go there for their trout fishing de luxe. The little stream has been dammed into deep pools where trout from the Club's own hatchery await the fly of the fisherman. Every week-end, providing that he is not making a picture, Noah is on hand to make merry with his guests.

CHARLES BICKFORD, the big two-fisted Irishman of "Hell's Heroes" and "Anna Christie," is another who believes in feathering his nest while the movie magnates are still furnishing the feathers. Bickford



THERE WILL BE NO RAINY DAY FOR THE RESOURCEFUL



The late William Russell was one of William Beaudine's partners in the auto laundry business. Beaudine still carries on, managing the Pacific Auto Laundry on Vine Street, Hollywood, one of the town's most prosperous businesses.

finds time between pictures to manage a hog ranch in New York State, a three-vessel whaling fleet which operates out of San Pedro harbor, an animal business which furnishes animals of all kinds for the movies, three garages and a combination garage, filling station, parking lot and café. This last is on Washington Boulevard in Culver City, just across the street from the M-G-M studios. Bickford can often be found there greasing cars, filling gas tanks and otherwise thoroughly enjoying himself.

One reason why most of the cars one sees on the streets of Hollywood shine until they dazzle the eye, is the Pacific Auto Laundry located on Vine Street, a short distance below the famous Brown Derby. The PAL, as it is called, is owned by William Beaudine, First National director, and is one of the most successful establishments in Hollywood. All day long it is filled with cars waiting to be washed, greased, polished and otherwise made pretty, a sight that brings a smile to Bill's face, when he can find time from making pictures to look it over. The late William Russell was also part owner of the PAL, his share now forming part of his estate.

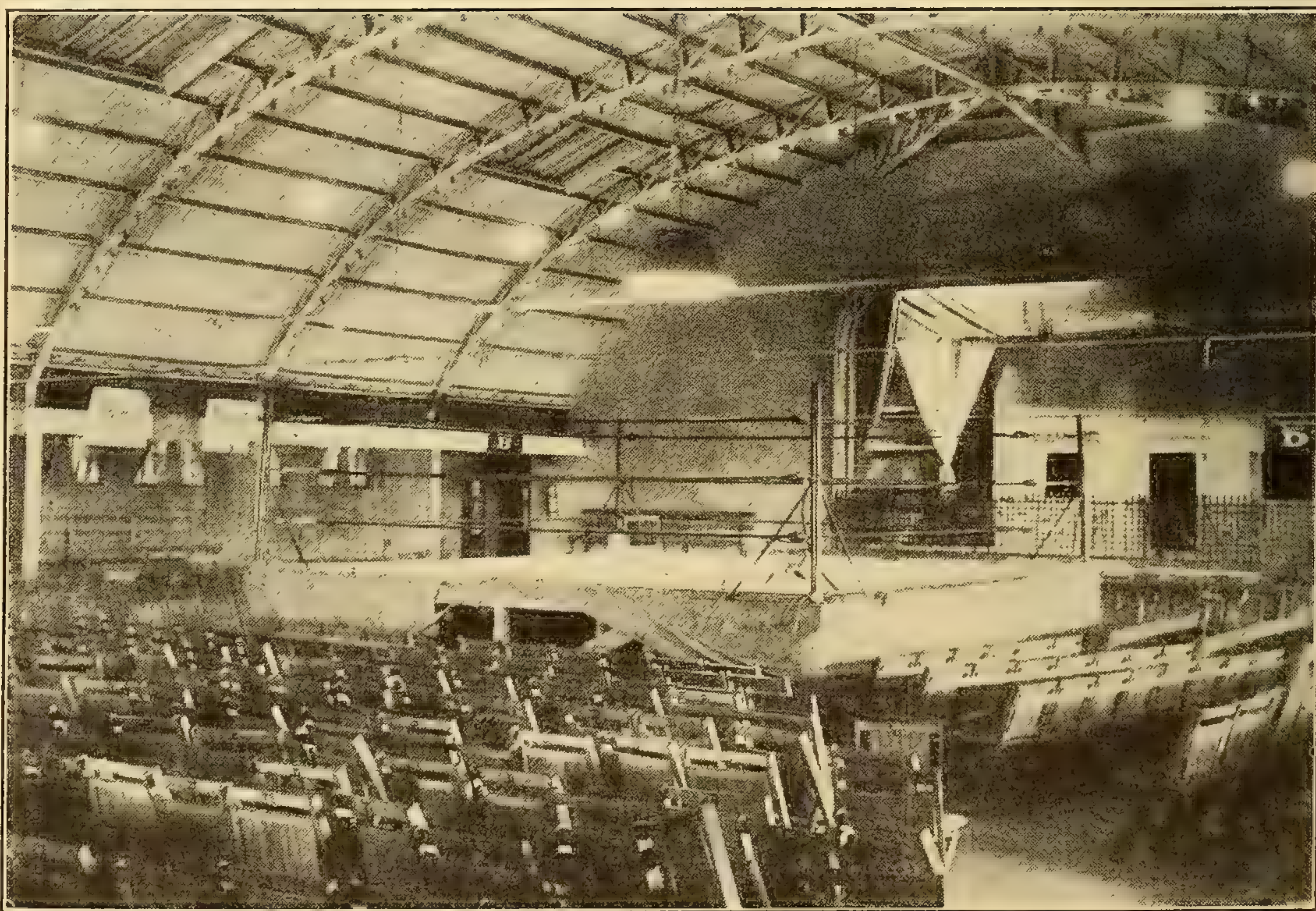
If you've ever visited Hollywood, of course you've dropped in for a bite at Henry's on the Boul' and at the Brown Derby on Vine. These are the two best places in Hollywood to catch a glimpse of your favorite players.

Jimmy Gleason and Bob Armstrong are partners in conducting the popular Southgate Athletic Club,

Henry's, as everybody knows, is financed and backed by Charlie Chaplin, while a number of the stars are said to be in with Wilson Mizner on the Brown Derby. From the prices charged in the latter, we are sure that all interested will soon be able to retire in luxury.

CHARLES (Why Bring That Up?) Mack, of the famous black-face team of Moran and Mack, may be the laziest, lowdown colored boy in the world while he and partner are doing their stuff for stage and screen—but, off stage, Charlie makes the busy little bee look sick when it comes to gathering the honey. He once discovered a paint remover by accident and now has a factory in the East where it is produced commercially. During his early trouping days he got "plum disgusted" with having his trunks smashed up so he set about devising one that even a baggage smasher couldn't break. The result was Mack's Wire Trunk factory in Cleveland, where three hundred inde-

structible trunks are turned out each month. This does not supply the demand and a new and larger factory will soon be built near Los Angeles. Mack's latest venture is a hundred-acre subdivision at Newhall, California, which he has named "Ye Old Crow Land." It lies near the Bill Hart ranch and on it Charlie plans to build a city. A number of houses are already constructed and more going up. He also owns half interest in the Futuristic Homes Corporation of Long Island, which has erected seventy-five Spanish and modernistic homes in the East during the past five years. Incidentally, he is more successful in his private ventures than he was in the famous farm where the white horses ate more than



MOTION PICTURE STARS WHO GO INTO BUSINESS

the black ones and they found out about the pigs in the spring.

Jimmie Gleason and Bob Armstrong not only staged a good fight with the brakeman in "Oh, Yeah!" but they put on regular boxing matches every week at the Southgate Athletic Club, which they own and operate.

Buster Keaton also goes in for commercial sport as he owns the Culver City baseball park. Fred Kohler, one of the screen's roughest he-men, also owns a semi-pro baseball club and raises peacocks on his ranch in the San Fernando Valley.

JACK MULHALL prefers to get his out of the ground and is president of the Mulhall Mining Company, operating in the Sierra Nevadas. He is also heavily interested in a Chilean nitrate mine from which a satisfactory check arrives quarterly.

Karl Dane (no, you wouldn't think it) is said to own a beauty shop somewhere in Hollywood, but he knows only too well what Hollywood's wise crackers would do to him if he revealed its name and location.

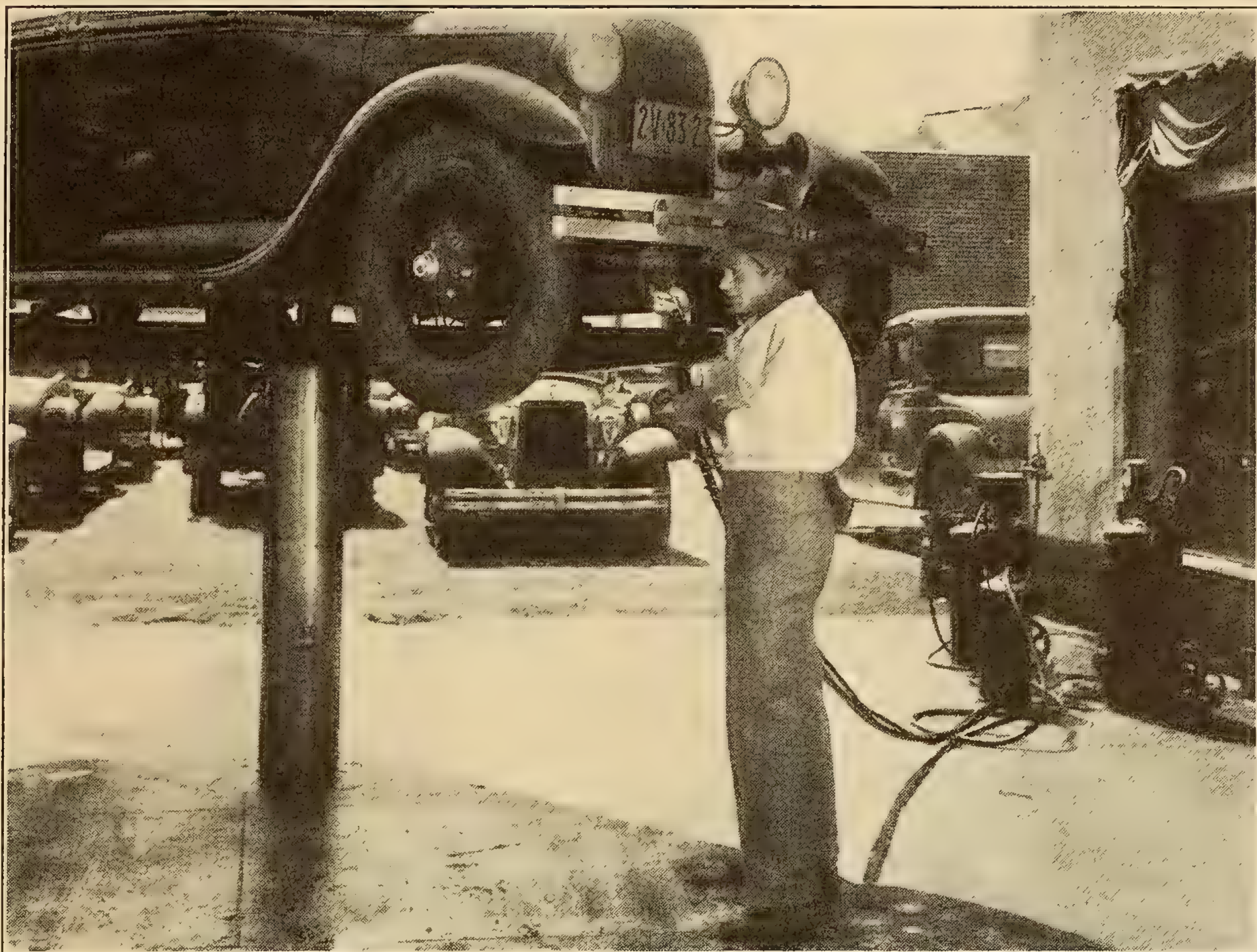
Everybody knows of Coffee Dan's café on Hill Street in Los Angeles, but few are aware that Buck Jones owns a substantial interest in it.

Hoot Gibson, just as you'd suspect, seeing that he's a crack pilot, owns the agency for the Blackhawk plane. Billy Bevan, the comic, spends his leisure moments supervising his ranch near Escondido, from which he ships hundreds of crates of avocados each season. If you think that Billy is headed for the poor farm, step out and buy a couple of avocados for dinner.

RAYMOND MCKEE now devotes all of his time to the Zulu Hut, a well-known eating place and night club on Ventura Boulevard. Hallam Cooley's real estate business has grown to such proportions as to force him to spend most of his time in the conduct of the business. Earle Fox's interests in the Black Fox Military School have proven so profitable that he also has withdrawn from the screen. Raymond Hatton has grown wealthy from his oil property. Wallace Beery is a heavy stockholder in the Maddux Air Lines and William V. Mong raises pigs on his ranch near Riverside. Merwyn Le Roy owns a knit-goods factory and J. Harold Murray a saw mill.

Huntley Gordon recently disposed of a large hosiery mill, which he founded and operated, and Neil Hamilton owns a half interest in Sherm's Magic Factory in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Harry Green once owned a bead factory in Vienna, a commission business in Paris and a clock factory in Germany. At present his only holding is a dress company in New York City. George Cooper owns a hair-tonic plant, and Allen Prior operates cattle ranches in both Australia and California. Lon Chaney owns a gas water-heater factory in Los Angeles, of which his son is general manager.

Of course, practically every star and director has



Charles Bickford not only runs three garages, but he owns a hog farm, a three-vessel whaling fleet, a wild animal business and a café. The garage above is just across from the Metro-Goldwyn studio and here Bickford spends his spare time oiling cars.

a ranch of some sort. Clarence Badger has a turkey ranch, William A. Seiter an orange ranch, and Edmund Lowe a 1200-acre ranch at Skyline, most of which was planted to grapes in 1870. The plants come from Spain, and many of the vines are now eighteen inches thick at the base. Ken Maynard, Hoot Gibson and Harry Carey own cattle ranches and Frank Lloyd grows walnuts. Cecil B. De Mille is interested in finance and is a vice-president of the Bank of Italy.

LEST you gather that all the outside business enterprises are the property of the masculine element, let us hasten to assure you that many of the most extensive and important are those which belong to the feminine stars.

Of course, Ruth Roland deserves first mention, for she, long before any of her fellow players realized that California real estate was not a bad thing to have, began investing her savings in property. Someone said not long ago that if all the real estate Ruth Roland has bought and sold were assembled into one tract, it would cover an area almost as large as the state of Rhode Island. She is said to be the wealthiest of all the stars, but whether this be true or not, she has accumulated a large fortune. She still owns extensive properties, the best known of which is probably the subdivision of Roland Square on Wiltshire Boulevard.

Bebe Daniels comes a close second, and there are some who call her the Hetty Green of Hollywood. Long before it was generally realized that the limited beach frontage would some day be tremendously valuable, Bebe quietly accumulated a number of sizable tracts. Upon most of these she has erected Spanish type beach homes which bring a high rental the year round. Exactly how much other property she owns, no one knows, but it is plenty. In addition to this she owns a headlight factory in the East and a costume designing shop on one of Hollywood's boulevards, operated by her former modiste.

(Continued on page 131)

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS



Nancy Carroll advances from mere flapper roles to a genuinely moving performance in Paramount's "The Devil's Holiday." This is the story of a mercenary Chicago manicurist and her reformation. James Kirkwood appears in this scene with Miss Carroll

Group A

Journey's End. One of the best war pictures yet produced. Splendidly acted by Colin Clive and Ian MacLaren. Plenty of emotional effectiveness, punch and action. *Tiffany Production.*

All Quiet on the Western Front. Here is a gruesome and bloody picturization of Remarque's detailed reaction to the World War. It is ghastly in its truth and is an everlasting sermon against war and its futility. *Universal.*

Sarah and Son. Ruth Chatterton in another "Madame X" of mother love. This will surely get your tears and hold your interest. *Paramount.*

Song O' My Heart. John McCormack makes his debut in this charming drama, in which his glorious lyric tenor is superbly recorded. He does eleven songs. The story is expertly contrived to fit the world-popular Mr. McCormack. *Fox.*

The Vagabond King. Based on "If I Were King," this is a picturesque musical set

"The Song of the Flame" is a colorful operetta based upon the Russian Revolution. It is one of the best of the recent Warner musical films. The principals, Bernice Claire, Noah Beery and Alexander Gray, appear right

telling of François Villon's career in the days of Louis XI. Dennis King and Jeanette MacDonald sing the principal rôles, but O. P. Heggie steals the film as Louis XI. *Paramount.*

Street of Chance. The best melodrama of the year. The story of Natural Davis, kingpin of the underworld and Broadway's greatest gambler. Corking performance by William Powell, ably aided by Kay Francis and Regis Toomey. *Paramount.*

The Rogue Song. A great big hit for Lawrence Tibbett, character baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House. The tragic romance of a dashing brigand of the Caucasus, told principally in song. Based on a Lehar operetta. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

The Green Goddess. Another fine performance by George Arliss, this time as the suave and sinister Rajah of Rokh, who presides over a tiny empire in the lofty Himalayas. You'll like this. *Warners.*

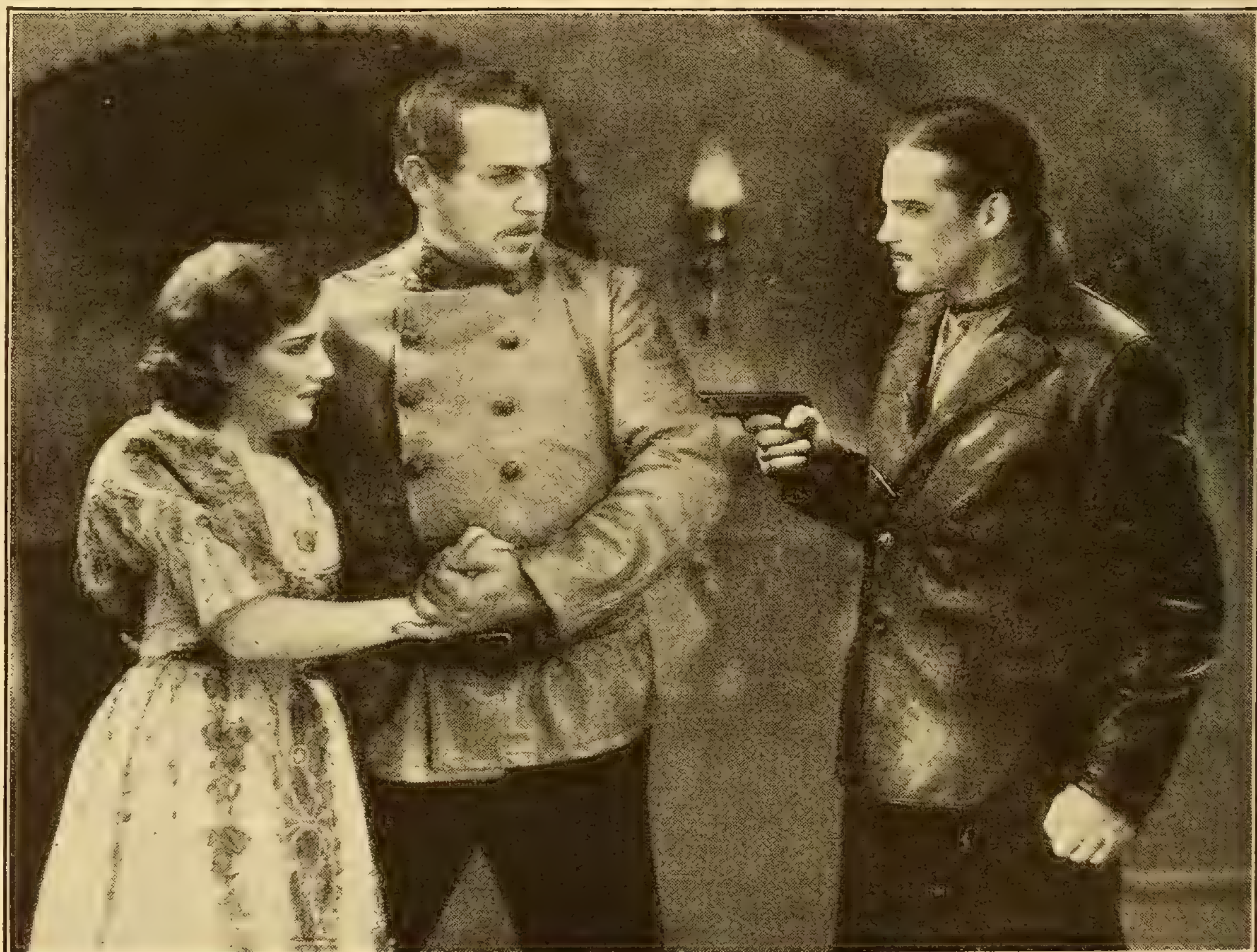
Anna Christie. This is the unveiling of Greta Garbo's voice. 'Nough said. It's great. We mean Greta's voice. Be sure to hear it. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Devil May Care. A musical romance of Napoleonic days, with Ramon Novarro at his best in a delightful light comedy performance. Novarro

sings charmingly. This is well worth seeing. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Lummox. Herbert Brenon's superb visualization of Fannie Hurst's novel. The character study of a kitchen drudge with Winifred Westover giving a remarkable characterization of the drab and stolid heroine. A little heavy but well done. *United Artists.*

The Love Parade. The best musical film of the year.



Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

Maurice Chevalier at his best, given charming aid by Jeanette MacDonald. The fanciful romance of a young queen and a young (and naughty) diplomat in her service. Piquant and completely captivating. *Paramount.*

The Show of Shows. The biggest revue of them all—to date. Seventy-seven stars and an army of feature players. John Barrymore is prominently present and the song hit is "Singin' in the Bathtub." Crowded with features. *Warners.*

Welcome Danger. Harold Lloyd's first talkie—and a wow! You must see Harold pursue the sinister power of Chinatown through the mysterious cellars of the Oriental quarter of 'Frisco. Full of laughs. *Paramount.*

They Had to See Paris. A swell comedy of an honest Oklahoma resident dragged to Paris for culture and background. Will Rogers gives a hilarious performance and Fifi Dorsay is delightful as a little Parisienne vamp. *Fox.*

The Trespasser. A complete emotional panorama with songs, in which Gloria Swanson makes a great come-back. You must hear her sing. Gloria in a dressed-up part—and giving a fine performance. *United Artists.*

Sunny Side Up. Little Janet Gaynor sings and dances. So does Charlie Farrell. The story of a little tenement Cinderella who wins a society youth. You must see the Southampton charity show. It's a wow and no mistake! *Fox.*

The Lady Lies. In which a lonely widower is forced to choose between his two children and his mistress. Daring and sophisticated. Beautifully acted by Claudette Colbert as the charmer and by Walter Huston as the widower. *Paramount.*

Group B

The Devil's Holiday. In which Nancy Carroll gives us a real surprise with her fine characterization of a gold-digging Chicago manicurist. Phillips Holmes' performance is also worthy of commendation. *Paramount.*

Bride of the Regiment. This was once the stage operetta, "The Lady in Ermine." Vivienne Segal, Broadway luminary, does well with her rôle as the countess bride. Walter Pidgeon and Myrna Loy are also members of the cast. *First National.*

So This is London. Undoubtedly you saw Will Rogers in "They Had to See Paris." Here's a sequel comedy which shows what went on when the Draper family visited London. Not as good as its predecessor. *Fox.*

Paramount on Parade. A series of specialties contributed by the company's various stars. Pretty dull entertainment. Kept alive by M. Chevalier who, with Evelyn Brent, furnishes one of the best bits in "The Birth of the Apache." *Paramount.*

Show Girl in Hollywood. Remember Alice White as Dixie Dugan in "Show Girl"? Well, this is her further adventures, showing the trials and tribulations of a newcomer seeking a break in pictures. Don't miss it. *First National.*

The Divorcee. Based on Ursula Parrott's "Ex-Wife." Norma Shearer gives a striking characterization and is



If you read the Dollar Thoughts page in NEW MOVIE, you know that Lawrence Tibbett's screen debut has caused a lot of discussion. He is shown above in a scene of "Rogue Song" with Catherine Dale Owen.

ably supported by Chester Morris, Robert Montgomery and Conrad Nagel. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Montana Moon. Presenting Joan Crawford as the spoiled daughter of a ranch-owner. She marries a cowboy and then decides to go her own way in New York. There is a song hit, "The Moon Is Low." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Ladies Love Brutes. Here you have George Bancroft as a builder of skyscrapers who falls in love with a beautiful young woman of wealth. Many humorous situations arise when George tries to make himself over. Mary Astor, as the young aristocrat, is excellent. *Paramount.*

Young Man of Manhattan. Adapted from Katherine Brush's best seller. The story concerns newspaper reporters. Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster have the leads. The honors go to Charles Ruggles. *Paramount.*



The best picture of Doug and Mary made in some years. They were snapped for NEW MOVIE at a Hollywood premiere just after Doug returned from his recent trip to England.

Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 23)

Whiting, by the way, is married to the first Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, mother of Doug. Jr.

* * *

Roy Neal, thirteen, hiked all the way to Hollywood from Bluefield, Virginia. He did it in three weeks and left home without a cent. He wanted to be a screen cowboy.

* * *

MARION DAVIES rushed to New York for the opening of "The Florodora Girl" and then unexpectedly sailed for Europe. She doesn't start a new picture for some months.

* * *

BETTY COMPSON is redecorating her big house on Hollywood Boulevard and expects to move in soon.

* * *

WATCH for Leslie Howard when "Outward Bound," a Warner Brothers' picture, is released. Mr. Howard is an English stage star and made a big hit in New York last year in "Berkeley Square." He isn't known yet to picture audiences but many regard him as the best actor around these parts. On the set the other day the whole troupe stopped to watch him work and they have been singing his praises ever since. Hollywood wishes he'd do "Berkeley Square" as a picture.

* * *

FOUR girls under eighteen went to the courts in Hollywood last month to get their contracts okayed. Lucille Powers, Joy Speare, Mary Wayne and Pauline Brooks have all been signed for five years by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

* * *

JETTA GOUDAL, ill and confined to her bed for the last two months, was finally allowed to get up by her doctor. And the first thing she asked for was permission to see a movie.

* * *

SUE CAROL had her tonsils out and caught cold. She was in bed for two weeks.

* * *

ESTHER RALSTON walked down Fifth Avenue, New York City, not long ago in a pair of street pajamas. She said that the present-day garb of women is too heavy and oppressive! Says Bill Haines: "I don't know where that gal has been, but it must be some place where they wear different clothes than those I've seen on the streets."

CONTEST WINNERS

NEW MOVIE is happy to announce that checks for five dollars are being forwarded to the following winners in the "Laughs of the Films" competition:

Avis Bellaire, No. 2217 Harriet Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

J. S. Banks, No. 100 No. Dooley Avenue, Richmond, Va.

Mary Hellman, No. 1166 Stebbins Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Lack of space prevents the publication of the winning letters.

EVANGELINE ADAMS

The World's Greatest Astrologer Starts in NEW MOVIE Next Month

MISS Adams is the world's most celebrated astrologer. During the 35 years of her active practice she has been consulted by a hundred thousand men and women. Among her personal clients have been John Burroughs, Enrico Caruso, James J. Hill, Mary Garden, three presidents of the New York Stock Exchange, and practically every celebrity of the stage and screen.

Miss Adams foretold the death of King Edward VII, as well as the death of Caruso and Rudolph Valentino. In 1912 she prophesied the World War in 1914. In 1928 she foretold a Wall Street crash in October, 1929.

In her first NEW MOVIE contribution, Miss Adams will discuss the month of October and the stars—and what they mean. She will tell you how the stars have affected the motion-picture careers of many favorites born in October, discussing Janet Gaynor and others in detail.



Evangeline Adams

Adventures in Interviewing

(Continued from page 43)

written and published an article about him two years before. He did not hesitate.

Within two minutes the fracas was on. It all happened with terrifying speed. The only words said as Jack was rushing toward me, were by my comrade, who has the appearance of a teacher who has lost his Sunday school class in the woods. The right side of his face was motionless. He snapped quickly out of the left, "On your feet! On your feet!"

Jack Gilbert, like all of us, has been criticized severely. No man can question his magnificent courage.

As always in such affairs, the waiters were dumfounded. Jack was taken from the place by Grauman and Miss Claire.

Grauman's fairness as a man was tested that night. He met Wilson Mizner at the Ambassador Hotel where they both live. They had been friends since the early Alaska days. Jack's close friend, he could easily have colored the affair when he told Wilson about it. Instead, he told the entire truth.

Many accused both Gilbert and me of seeking publicity. This is their answer.

Through the efforts of Wilson Mizner, Sid Grauman and others, the affair was kept out of the newspapers for ten days. We thought it was forgotten, when suddenly it "broke."

Offers of ring engagements came from all over America. One man offered a purse of twenty thousand dollars.

Gilbert is a warm impulsive fellow.

His friends are loyal to him. Many of them, including Paul Bern, King Vidor, Benjamin Glazer and Herman Mankiewicz, are my friends also. They arranged a meeting between us.

With a nature completely magnanimous he has not retained the least touch of bitterness. Of course, he would fight me in a minute—or Carnera for that matter.

Out of it has developed a fine friendship, of which I am glad.

ONE of the most charming and finest women I have ever known is Louise Dresser. Her father, William Kerlin, was for many years a railway conductor. He was killed in a railroad wreck when Louise was a child. So upon Louise Kerlin's fourteen-year-old shoulders fell the burden of bread-winning.

Some friends had joined a musical troupe in Boston. Remembering Louise's glorious singing voice, they recommended her for a position in the same company. She followed them to the eastern city.

Louise arrived in Boston with eight dollars. The "musical troupe" proved to be a second-rate burlesque company. As an immediate income was imperative, the girl accustomed herself to the prevailing coarseness. Her innocence was termed "greenness" by the burlesque habitues. After five heartbreaking weeks she was dismissed. She secured another position immediately as an understudy in a better company. Another dismissal followed.

Her money dwindled to fifty cents. Her landlady, an elderly widow, sensed

the girl's situation and invited her to share a Sunday dinner. The sight of appetizing food after a week of starvation was too much. Louise fainted at the table.

The next day a letter arrived from Mrs. Kerlin. She had enclosed a five-dollar bill. Disaster was temporarily averted.

With new hope Louise visited the theaters. She secured a rôle with a road troupe playing "Peck's Bad Boy." The salary was eighteen dollars weekly, plus transportation. Halcyon days at last.

She was retained for a second season's engagement. The salary was increased to twenty-three dollars per week.

While playing in Detroit she was interviewed by E. D. Stair, owner of *The Detroit Free Press*, a prominent theatrical manager of the day. He engaged her to play for a season with Ward and Vokes.

She followed this with a series of appearances at Ohio and Indiana summer parks. Her salary had risen steadily, and she was gaining in poise and technique.

At this time Paul Dresser was the most successful publisher of popular songs in America. Under a great, three-hundred-pound exterior he hid a heart as sentimental as his ballads. His real name was Paul Dreiser. His brother was later to gain world-recognition as a novelist, Theodore Dreiser. The latter has immortalized the ballad maker in one of his finest pieces of writing, called "My Brother Paul."

(Continued on page 104)

Herb Howe's Outline of Hollywood History

(Continued from page 37)



The Hollywood Athletic Club on Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Here live many of the bachelor stars and prominent players of the movies.

ried one of the extras, Wallace Reid.

Cecil De Mille In a Barn—Down in Los Angeles Colonel Selig had a studio as early as 1908. His first complete picture was "In the Sultan's Power." In 1910 the Biograph company arrived with D. W. Griffith as director. With him came Mary Pickford, her husband, Owen Moore, Mack Sennett, Arthur Johnson the matinee idol of the day, Florence Lawrence, Marjorie Favor and Lee Dougherty. One by one these too drifted out to Hollywood in later years.

The most important event since the arrival of the first padres was the coming of Jesse Lasky and Cecil B. De Mille. Mr. Lasky started his professional career as a cornet player in a San Francisco orchestra. Later he achieved

Last but not least, the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, on Sunset Boulevard. The Chamber of Commerce can be mighty proud of itself. Isn't Hollywood a household word in every part of the globe?

the distinction of being the only white man in the Royal Hawaiian Band.

In New York he entered the theatrical field in a bigger way. He was one of the promoters of the ill-fated "Follies Bergere" in that city. Upon its failure he decided to go West and try his hand at making movies. He wanted to engage William De Mille as a director. William already had shown his skill as a stage director. But William was engaged.

William's mother suggested that Mr. Lasky take young Cecil, who didn't seem to be amounting to much but who she was sure had great genius. Mr. Lasky was pardonably skeptical of a mother's endorsement. The De Milles, however, were a great family and so he figured that Cecil must have something in him.

They came West together, Jesse and Cecil, and leased

the old Blondeau barn in the middle of an orange grove at Vine and Selma streets. It was appropriate that the pioneer venture of these movie padres

should be an Indian picture, "The Squaw Man," which they made with Dustin Farnum as the star in 1914.

Cecil De Mille in a barn is a picture incredible. Perhaps it was rebellion against this stable environment that led him to glorify the bathtub and attendant luxuries. Certainly he, more than any other man, has advanced the standard of home comfort.

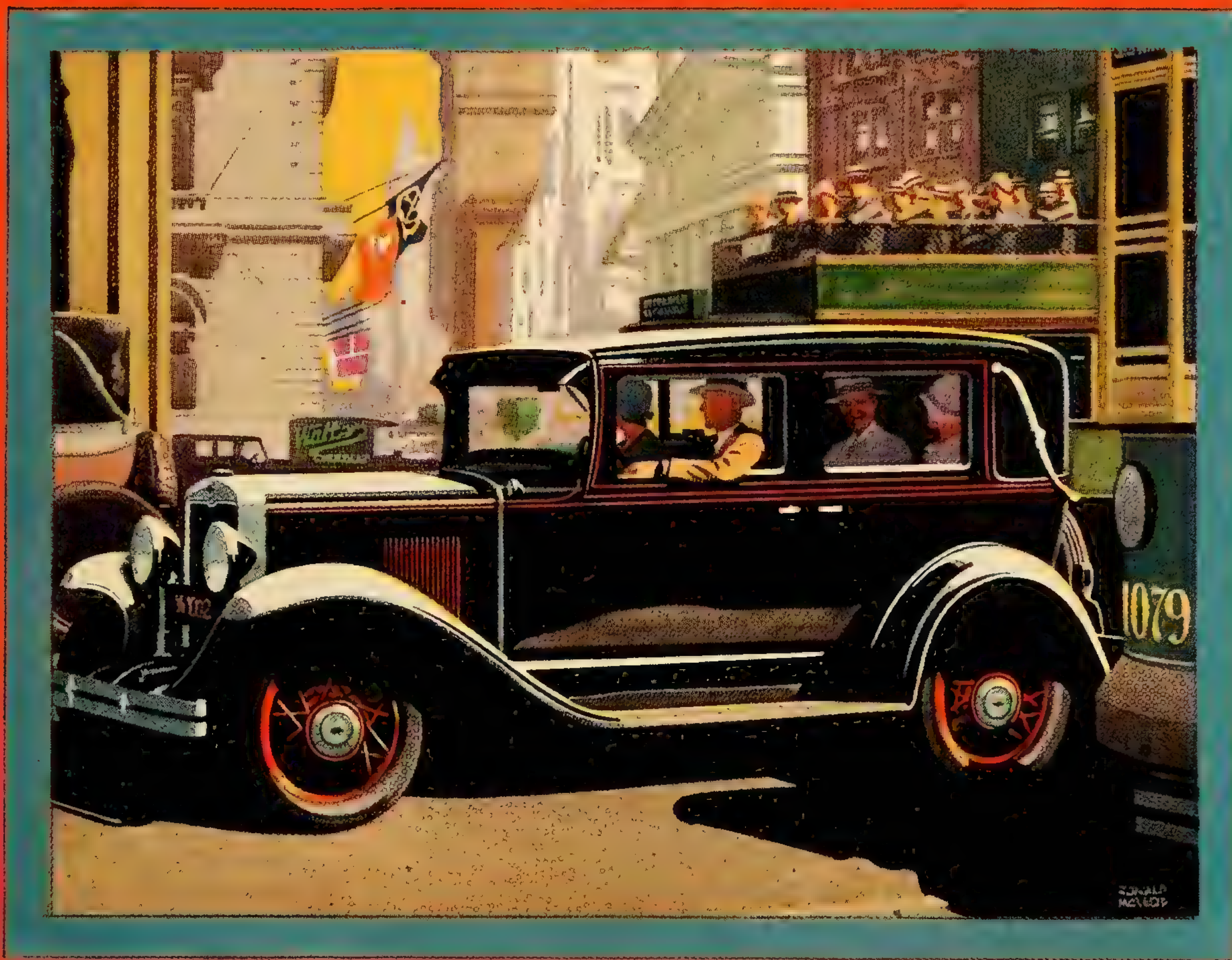
The New Athens—Hollywood today is a suburb of Los Angeles with a population of its own of about 150,000. I am not versed poetically enough to chant with a publicity pamphlet which says: "Hollywood has within it probably the greatest number of highly cultured, world-famous people any city of similar size has claimed since the Periclean age of Athens." I am not of the Periclean age, and I am not a biographer of Athens. Perhaps Will Hays or Conrad Nagel is equal to Demosthenes. I cannot off-hand pick a Hollywood successor to Socrates or even to Euripides. But time will tell.

I do declare that Hollywood has more spice in the way of variety, more color and romantic glamour than any city in this gawky new land of ours. Remember she is just seventeen, just a flapper of high-school age. And yet she exerts a world fascination comparable to that of such old sirens as Paris and Rome.

You must linger with her a while to know her. Don't judge her entirely by the studio rouge. Loiter along her peppered drives, penetrate into the Cahuenga hills, meditate a few moments in the Mission of San Fernando. Only through reverence for the knightly Cahuenga, the brave and gentle Father Serra, the hospitable dons and the spirited bandits can you come to appreciate fully the charm that springs from the ground of luxuriant Hollywood—once La Nopalera, field of cactus.



for Economical Transportation



IT'S WISE TO CHOOSE A SIX

Think how little it costs to have six-cylinder performance

Everyone knows that a Six is smoother, quieter and easier to drive. Everyone agrees that these are the qualities which add most to motoring satisfaction. And when you buy a Chevrolet Six, you get these big advantages without the slightest sacrifice of sensible economy.

Everything connected with Chevrolet ownership speaks in terms of thrift. Chevrolet prices are as low as \$495 at Flint. The down payment is small and the monthly terms are unusually easy. And

best of all, Chevrolet *costs no more to operate than any other car you can own!* Not merely for gasoline and oil. But also for tires and upkeep.

When you consider the long-lived satisfaction assured by Chevrolet's modern design and thorough-going quality—and when you think how little this really costs, you will agree with over two million others that it's wise to choose a Chevrolet Six.

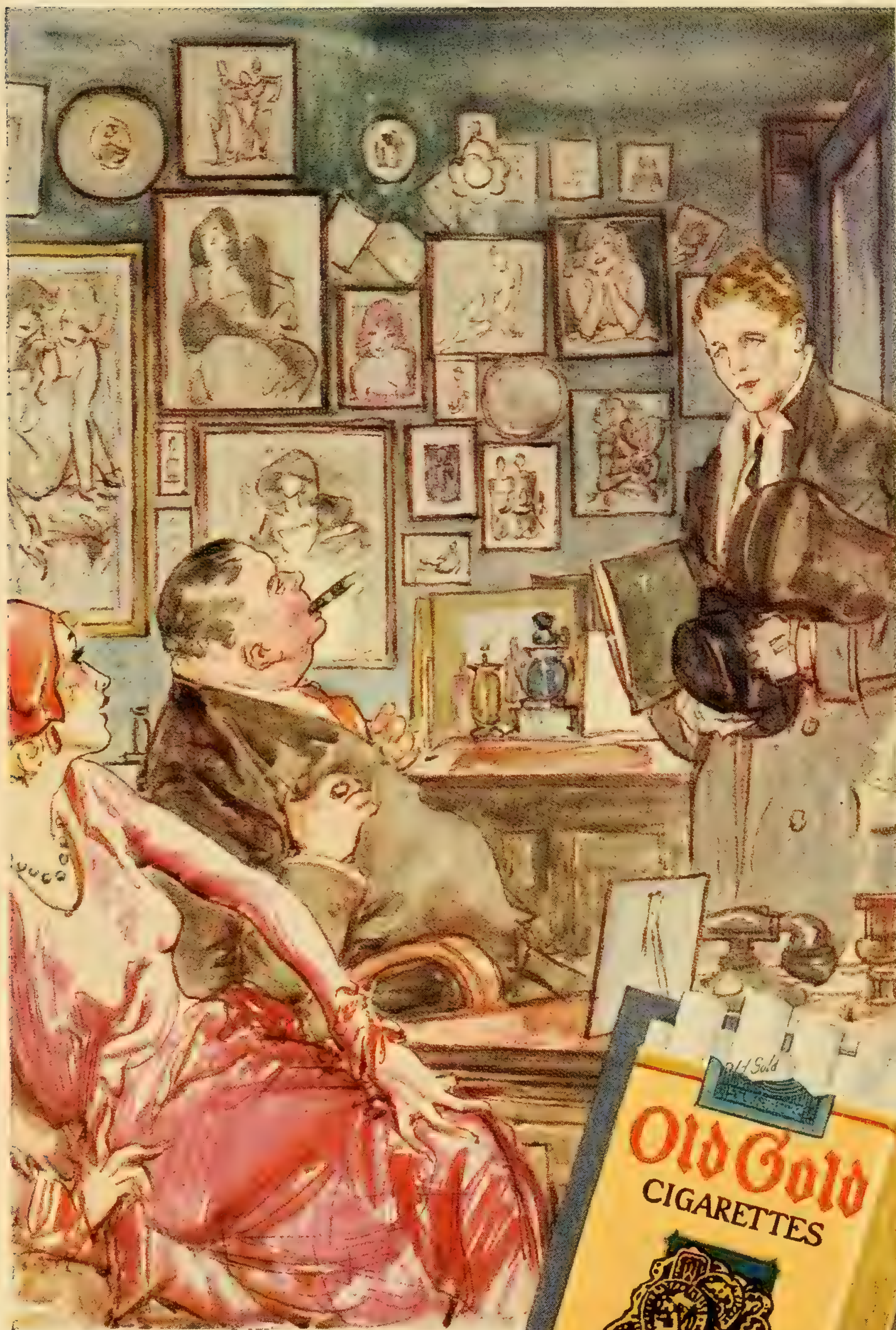
CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation

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Sport Roadster..\$555	Club Sedan....\$665	ROADSTER or PHAETON	Sedan Delivery..\$595	1½ Ton Chassis \$520
Coach.....\$565	Sedan.....\$675	\$495	Light Delivery	With Cab.....\$625
Coupe.....\$565	Special Sedan..\$725		Chassis.....\$365	Prices f. o. b. factory
Sport Coupe...\$655	(6 wire wheels standard on Special Sedan)		Roadster Deliv'y\$440	Flint, Mich. Special equipment extra
			(Pick-up box extra)	

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY



"So you're a saxophone player, eh? Well . . . make me weep!" "Do your stuff," said the vaudeville booker. Rudy did! And fame caressed him. The whole public succumbed in two short years.

© P. Lorillard Co.

RUDY VALLÉE

Two years ago he stepped into the spot-light on a little cafe floor and crooned a song called "Deep Night." Today deep night on Broadway sees his name blazed in electric signs.

. . .

It wasn't the cut of his clothes . . . or the break of his luck. This youngster just naturally delivered something that the public wants!

Just so OLD GOLD cigarettes have grown from a baby brand to a giant brand in record time . . . because they delivered a new enjoyment . . . they thrilled the taste and comforted the most sensitive throat.

Better tobaccos...that's why they win.

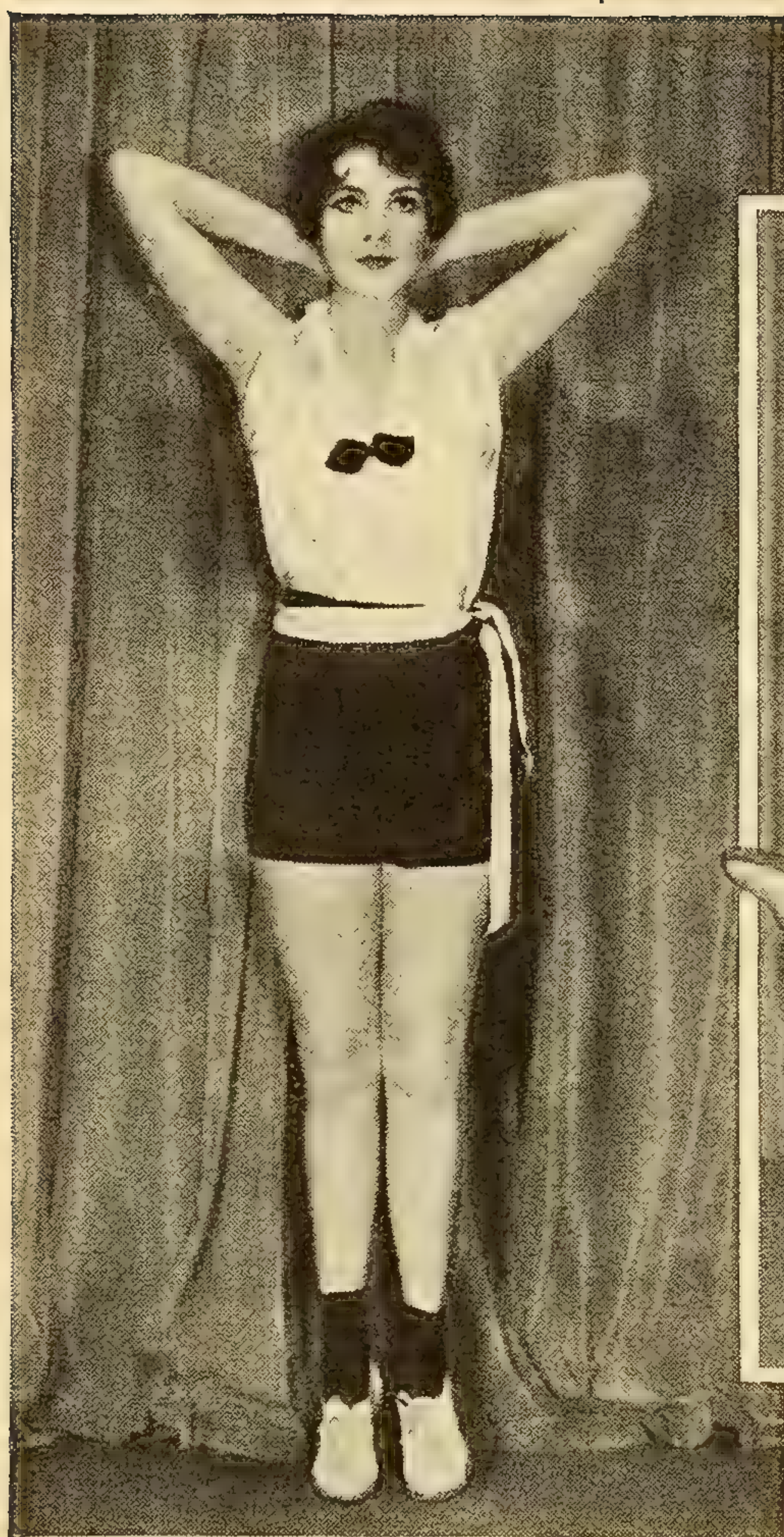


On March 7, 1927, OLD GOLDS were introduced in Illinois. Today, the city of Chicago alone smokes nearly 3,000,000 daily.

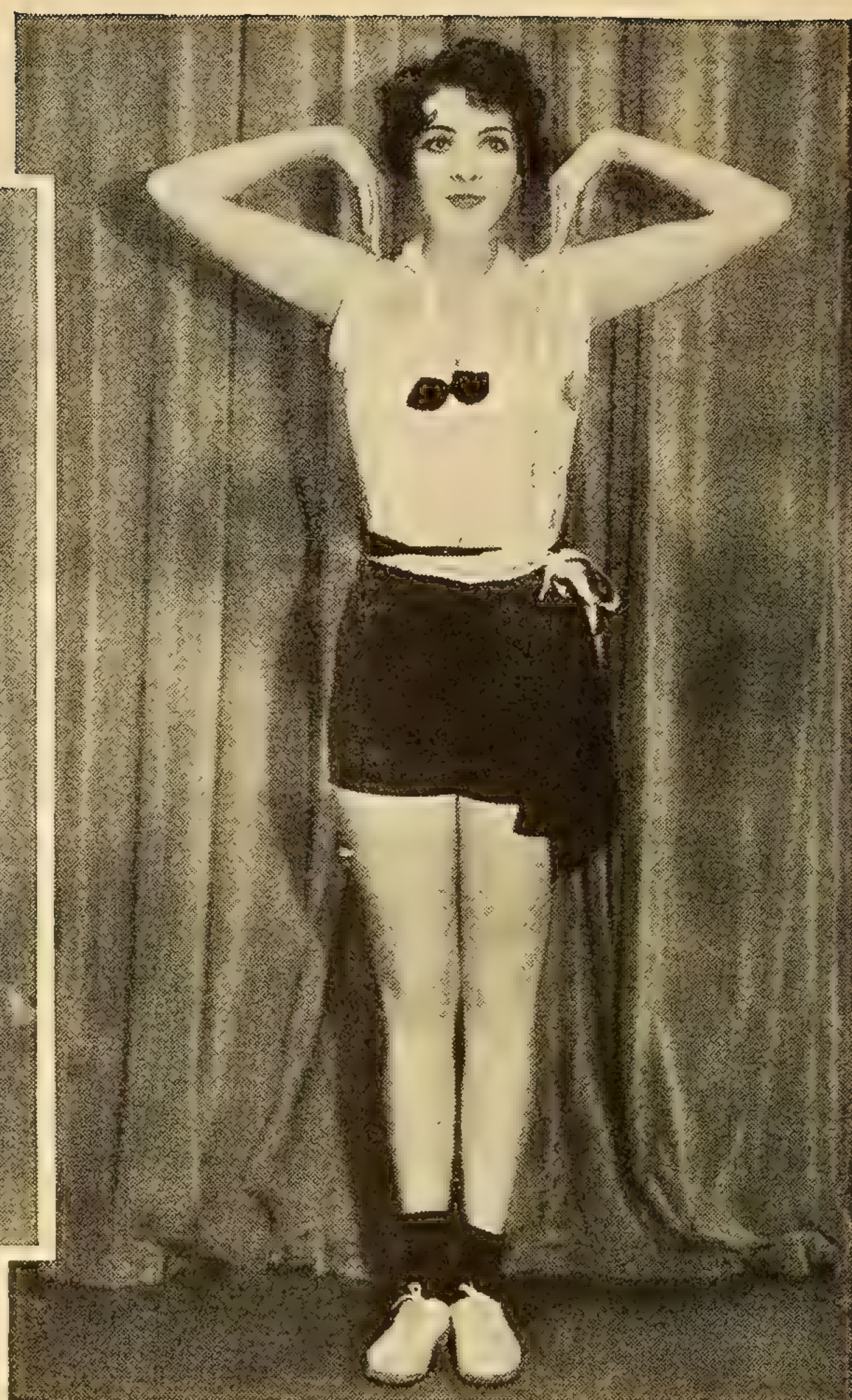
BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

What the Stars Are Doing

STAR	TITLE	DIRECTOR	KIND OF STORY	LEADING PLAYER
FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO				
Otis Skinner	Kismet	J. F. Dillon	Drama	Loretta Young
Richard Barthelmess	Adios	Frank Lloyd	Romance	Mary Astor
Jack Whiting	College Lovers	John Adolfi	Football	Marian Nixon
Ben Lyon	Hot Heiress	Clarence Badger	Musical	Ona Munson
Irene Rich	Father's Son	Harry Beaudine	Drama	Lewis Stone
Lila Lee	The Gorilla	Brian Foy	Farce Comedy	Walter Pidgeon
FOX STUDIO				
John Wayne	The Big Trail	Raoul Walsh	Pioneer Drama	Margaret Churchill
Milton Sills	The Sea Wolf	Al Santell	Sea Story	Ian Keith
Charles Farrell	Devil With Women	Frank Borzage	Drama	Rose Hobart
Edmund Lowe	Men on Call	John Blystone	Sea Story	Sharon Lynn
Lois Moran	Red Sky	A. F. Erickson	Northwest Drama	J. H. Murray
El Brendel	Just Imagine	David Butler	Comedy	Maureen O'Sullivan
Ted Healy	Soup to Nuts	Benjamin Stoloff	Farce Comedy	
HAROLD LLOYD STUDIO				
Harold Lloyd	Feet First	Clyde Bruckman	Comedy	Barbara Kent
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO				
Grace Moore	Untitled, based on life of Jenny Lind	Sidney Franklin	Costume Drama	Reginald Denny
All Star	Olympia		Comedy Drama	Maria Alba
John Gilbert	Way for a Sailor	Sam Wood	Sea Story	Leila Hyams
Buster Keaton	Forward March	Ed Sedgwick	War Comedy	Conchita Montenegro
All Dogs	All Quiet on the K-9 Front	Zion Myers and Jules White	Dog Comedy	
PARAMOUNT PUBLIX WEST COAST STUDIO				
Richard Arlen	Untitled	Otto Brower	Western	Rosita Moreno
Gary Cooper				Bill Boyd
Betty Compson	The Spoilers	Edwin Carewe	Alaskan Drama	Kay Johnson
Maurice Chevalier	The Little Café	Ludwig Berger	Farce Comedy	Frances Dee
PARAMOUNT PUBLIX EAST COAST STUDIO				
Nancy Carroll	Laughter	Harry D'Arrest	Comedy Drama	Fredric March
Buddy Rogers	Heads Up	Victor Schertzinger	Musical Comedy	Helen Kane
Jack Oakie	Sap From Syracuse	Eddie Sutherland	Comedy	Ginger Rogers
R K O STUDIO				
Irene Dunne	Leatherneck	Ed Kline	Comedy	Kenneth Murray
UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO				
Nothing in Production				
UNIVERSAL STUDIO				
Mary Nolan	Outside the Law	Tod Browning	Melodrama	Owen Moore
WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO				
Charles Bickford	River's End	Michael Curtiz	Northwest Drama	Evelyn Knapp
Joe E. Brown	Sit Tight	Lloyd Bacon	Comedy	Winnie Lightner
Leslie Howard	Outward Bound	Robert Milton	Drama	Doug Fairbanks, Jr.
Don Alvarado	Gay Caballero	Al Crosland	Comedy Drama	Fay Wray and Victor Varconi



An excellent exercise is shown at the right. Lie flat on the back. Raise one leg, bring it down riding-the-bicycle fashion.



Lila Lee's exercise for slenderness. Raise the arms straight upward. Bring the hands down so that the fingers touch the shoulders, as above. When drawing down the arms, pretend that a heavy weight is being pulled, so that all the muscles come into play. Then place the hands behind the head, as shown at upper left, rise on tiptoes, inhaling to capacity.

FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

By ANN BOYD

THIS is the time of the year when every girl should take stock of herself before the opening of the new season. She will find herself, these August and September days, a very satisfactory Summer girl. If she has spent her vacation wisely, she will have an even coat of tan and will be in far better physical condition than she was last Spring. For instance, if she has been too thin, she should have gained weight because sunlight, in reasonable quantities, is fattening—not the way heavy starchy foods are fattening, but a healthy weight such as cod liver oil furnishes. That is to say, it is an indirect additional weight brought about by a healthy appetite. On the other hand, if she has been overweight, a girl at the end of the Summer should find herself thinner because of the unusual opportunities she has had to exercise.

Now, granting that you are in the best of physical condition, what are your problems for the Fall? Perhaps you will find that your suntan is too heavy. But it isn't likely that this will bother you. You will be more apt to cherish your becoming tan. If it annoys you, however, there are bleaching creams and lotions that will do away with it in a week.

Your hair, if it is the shade that is easily bleached by the Summer sun, may need special washes to bring it back to its uniform color. If it has been dried and

made brittle by sun and wind, I recommend a treatment of hot oil shampoos. Or if, for the convenience of Summer sports, you have had a short bob, you will probably want to allow your hair to grow for the Winter.

THIS business of growing long hair is not a simple or pleasant one. But there are ways of minimizing the difficulties. When hair is at that awkward stage, it is best to use some sort of net to catch up the stray ends. There are also hair pins that will really hold both the hair and net in shape. Before trying to catch the short and reluctant hair into a knob, it is best to allow it to grow well down to the shoulders. By keeping the hair curled and by pinning it carefully, the effect is often so becoming that many women look best with their hair at the so-called awkward length. And remember, if your hair worries you, that the bob is by no means out. In fact, every day it is gaining in favor, for women are slow to drop such a convenient and becoming fashion.

Of course, you must decide on your Fall and Winter wardrobe. Probably you are debating the question of a fur coat. There are so many varieties of furs and so many variations of the standard furs, that even the experts have trouble keeping (Continued on page 129)

A DIAMOND AND AN EGG AND A BAR OF SOAP



ALL HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON « « «

If you were buying diamonds, you'd want the finest stones, not the greatest number of stones, that your money would buy. You'd look for a bargain in *value*.

When you buy eggs, you want the freshest, not the "most for your money." For freshness means *value*, and that's what you're after.

In buying soap, you again have your choice between a bargain in price and a bargain in value—between ordinary soaps and Fels-Naptha. The first may save you a penny or so at the store—the second will save you a great deal of work in your washing. And after all, isn't that the most important thing in a soap—the work it will do—the help it can give you?

Fels-Naptha gives you *extra* help. It brings two active cleaners to the washing job—good golden soap and naptha, instead of just soap. And there's *plenty* of naptha in each golden bar—you can smell it. Work-

ing hand-in-hand, these two busy cleaners loosen dirt and wash it away without hard rubbing. Your wash goes to the line clean through and through, with the fresh, sweet odor of home-washed clothes.

Fels-Naptha gives *extra* help, no matter how you use it. It's one soap you don't have to pamper. Naturally it washes best in hot water—all soaps do. But it also washes beautifully in lukewarm, or even cool water—whether you soak your clothes or boil

them—whether you use washing machine or tub. And Fels-Naptha does its work so swiftly that you don't have your hands in water so long, which helps to keep them nice.

Use Fels-Naptha for all household cleaning tasks as well as for the family wash. Get a few bars (or the handy 10-bar carton) from your grocer today—and learn about this bargain in value!

SPECIAL OFFER—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just decided to try its *extra* help, let us send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with a two-cent stamp enclosed to cover postage, and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!



FELS-NAPTHA
The Golden Bar with the Clean Naptha Odor

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FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose a two-cent stamp to cover postage.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Fill in completely—print name and address.

Adventures in Interviewing

(Continued from page 97)

LOUISE KERLIN was acquainted with Raymond Hubbell, Dresser's pianist. He arranged for her to meet Dresser. At the mention of her name the great maker of songs was immediately alert. He asked her where she had lived as a child, her father's name, his profession. Astonished at his interest, she told him. He requested her to sing several sentimental ballads. When she had finished, with no word of explanation, he turned to the phone. The startled young singer heard him say, "Dramatic editor of *The Tribune*, please. Bill? This is Paul. Say, my kid sister is in town. She's going to appear at the Masonic Temple Roof next Sunday night. Treat her right in the paper, will you? Her name? Oh, Louise Dresser."

Turning to the amazed Louise, he said, "I sold newspapers on Bill Kerlin's train when I was a boy. He was one of the finest men I've ever known—He was never too busy to say a kind word to a lonely kid. If my name is of any use to his daughter, she is welcome to it."

And Louise Kerlin became Louise Dresser.

During all the years that she made his name famous, Louise Dresser was Paul Dresser's constant friend. When discouragement and misfortune were his lot, she was an infallible source of sympathy and understanding. She was with him at the time of his death. It was her sad task to put his personal effects in order. In his pocket was one penny, his entire worldly wealth. Like her father, he had died poor in order that his fellow men might find the cruel journey through life a little more bearable.

After her appearance at the Masonic Temple Roof, which was America's foremost variety theater, she accepted an engagement with the leading American vaudeville circuit. For the next seven years she remained in vaudeville. During this time she became one of the most highly paid entertainers in the world.

Tiring of the constant travel of the road, she joined a musical comedy in New York. She appeared opposite the leading stars of the day, including Lew Fields, Barney Bernard, Alexander Carr and De Wolf Hopper.

In 1917, while playing in "Have a Heart," she was injured by a fall upon the stage. After spending a year in an Eastern hospital, she came to California to recuperate. Her mother, who accompanied her, was enchanted with the West. On Mother's Day, 1920, Miss Dresser presented her with a beautiful home in Glendale, a suburb of Los Angeles.

Several seasons passed during which she worked once more in New York productions. Then, weary of theatrical success and lonely for her mother, she decided to live permanently in California.

SINCE 1908 she had been Mrs. Jock Gardner. They furnish evidence that marital felicity is not entirely incompatible with stage life. Many years of domestic contentment had proved to Miss Dresser that her happiness was not dependent upon dramatic

triumphs alone. She came to California with the resolve to abandon her career permanently, and devote her time to her husband, himself a former musical comedy favorite and now the efficient casting director at the William Fox Studios.

She had no thought of entering films. Pauline Frederick, an old friend, was making "The Glory of Clementina." At her insistence, Miss Dresser assumed a role in the picture. Despite the concerted praise of her friends, she was convinced that her performance had been a failure. Reluctantly she consented to accept a part in "Burning Sands" for Lasky. At the finish of this picture she decided to return to New York. Her work before the camera had awakened a desire for dramatic expression, but she was convinced that there was no place for her in films.

When she was preparing to leave, the opportunity came to play in "Ruggles of Red Gap." James Cruze was the director. He sensed as no one else had, her great screen potentialities. He was successful where others had failed. Miss Dresser's self-confidence began to revive. Cruze's understanding and encouragement overcame her preconceived delusions of inability. For the first time she wanted to remain in pictures.

The next picture she made was "The Goose Woman," directed by Clarence Brown. He completed what Cruze had begun. The last of her mental fear was banished. She is still convinced that without Cruze and Brown she would never have found the courage to continue a work that had her spiritually defeated.

After years as a singer, Miss Dresser has become famous as a film player. Her sense of rhythm and tempo is so unerring in her film work that one is inclined to attribute it to her life-long association with music.

THE early struggles of Louise Dresser reminded me of the first woman I ever interviewed. Her name is Helen Holmes. She was famous for her daring in "The Hazards of Helen," the railroad thrillers of yesterday.

Miss Holmes entered pictures by way of the Chicago Art Institute. Talented and ambitious, she was going without meals and proper clothing to pay for her lessons. She lived in a cheap little rooming house with a basement dining room. On Thanksgiving Day Helen had lain long abed so that one meal might take the place of two. The landlady came to her door to tell her that Thanksgiving dinner was ready. Feeling that she should not spend any money for food that day, Helen made her way to the basement. Almost overcome by the aroma of turkey and "trimmings" she ordered tea and toast. The landlady insisted that she fill up her plate. Helen answered that she wasn't hungry and did not feel well and doubted that she could eat even what she had ordered.

Too proud to admit her financial distress she finished the tea and toast. Still hungry, she went to the cashier, only to find that, for the regular guests, Thanksgiving dinner was "on the House."

The next week Helen got a chance to act as model for Loreda Taft. She posed for many of the figures that made his work famous. A cold barn-like studio that would keep clay in a workable state and drapes wet enough to cling properly, threatened her with tuberculosis. Her brother took her to Death Valley, California.

The accidental death of this brother left Helen with her mother and grandmother to support and she came to Hollywood.

Mabel Normand got Helen her first chance in pictures. Sennett put her in stock at thirty dollars a week guarantee. Thirty dollars did not go very far towards supporting herself and family. One day she was offered twenty-five dollars for falling off a horse. She needed the money. She did not know anything about falling off a horse. And it looked easy.

Never had anything looked as high as that horse once she was on him. She determined that nothing in the world would induce her to make the fall. She would not even start, career or no career. But the horse was picture-wise. When the director yelled "Come on" the horse started. Helen hung on with both hands. Just as the assistant fired the pistol which was the signal, the horse stepped in a gopher hole and threw Helen for one of the prettiest falls that had ever been photographed.

Her utter surprise that such a thing could happen and not hurt, killed her fear. It was, perhaps, the thing that made possible the feats which made her first among stunt actresses.

Doubles were little known during the early "thriller" days. Most of the sixty-two stories which comprised the "Hazards of Helen" were written by Miss Holmes. Several of them she directed. Leaping from bridges to moving trains or from moving trains to horses and automobiles or being bound and snaked out of car windows was all in a day's work.

The plot of one story hinged on the fact that the heroine was tied to the drive shaft of the locomotive. The engineer refused to do it, claiming it was too dangerous. The director bullied and cajoled. Finally it was agreed that such a thing was possible if the locomotive did not go over twelve miles an hour. Helen was tied on. The director speeded the train to thirty-eight miles an hour. Apparently he had not known—or cared—that, at thirty-eight miles an hour, a dummy would have done as well. She went to the hospital for four months with a shoulder, collarbone and every rib on her right side broken.

With such a background of excitement and action, it was surprising to find her reserved and unassuming. Intensely emotional, she has deep spiritual feeling.

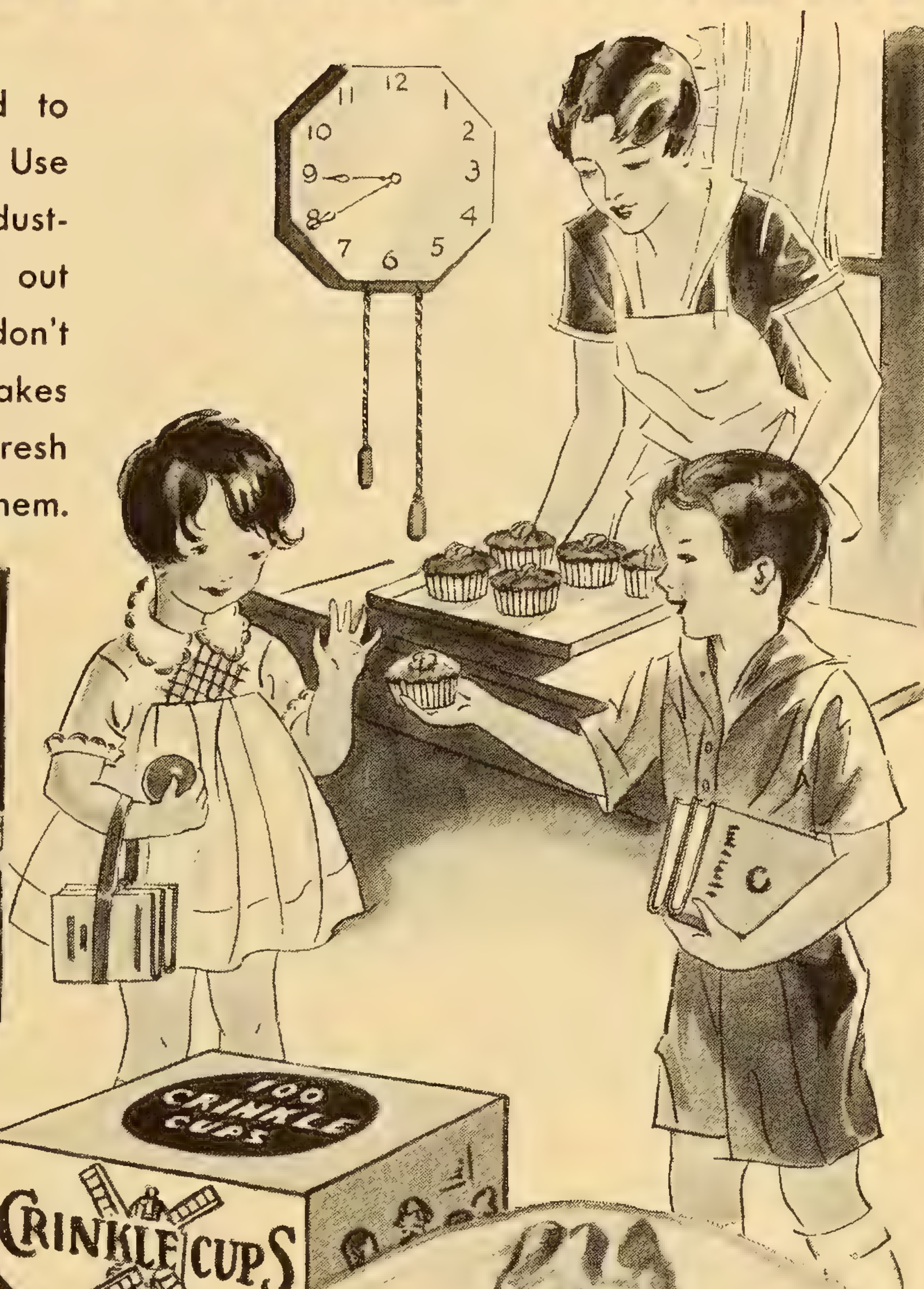
After years of fame and success Helen Holmes is no longer active in pictures. Her infrequent visits to Hollywood are unheralded, known to only her closest friends. Perhaps something of her pioneer ancestry—those gallant souls who rounded the Horn and crossed the plains and fought in the wars, makes her happy on the ranch which is now her home.

DAINTY HOME-BAKED CAKES ARE A LUNCH-TIME TREAT

Home baking is easier, now. No need to bother with greasing and washing of pans. Use Crinkle Cups just as they come from their dust-proof package and every cake will come out evenly baked and perfect in shape. Cakes don't stick, in Crinkle Cups. Leave the lunch-box cakes right in their Crinkle Cups and they will be fresh and whole when the time comes to eat them.



Use Crinkle Cups just as they come from the package. Your cakes won't stick or break.



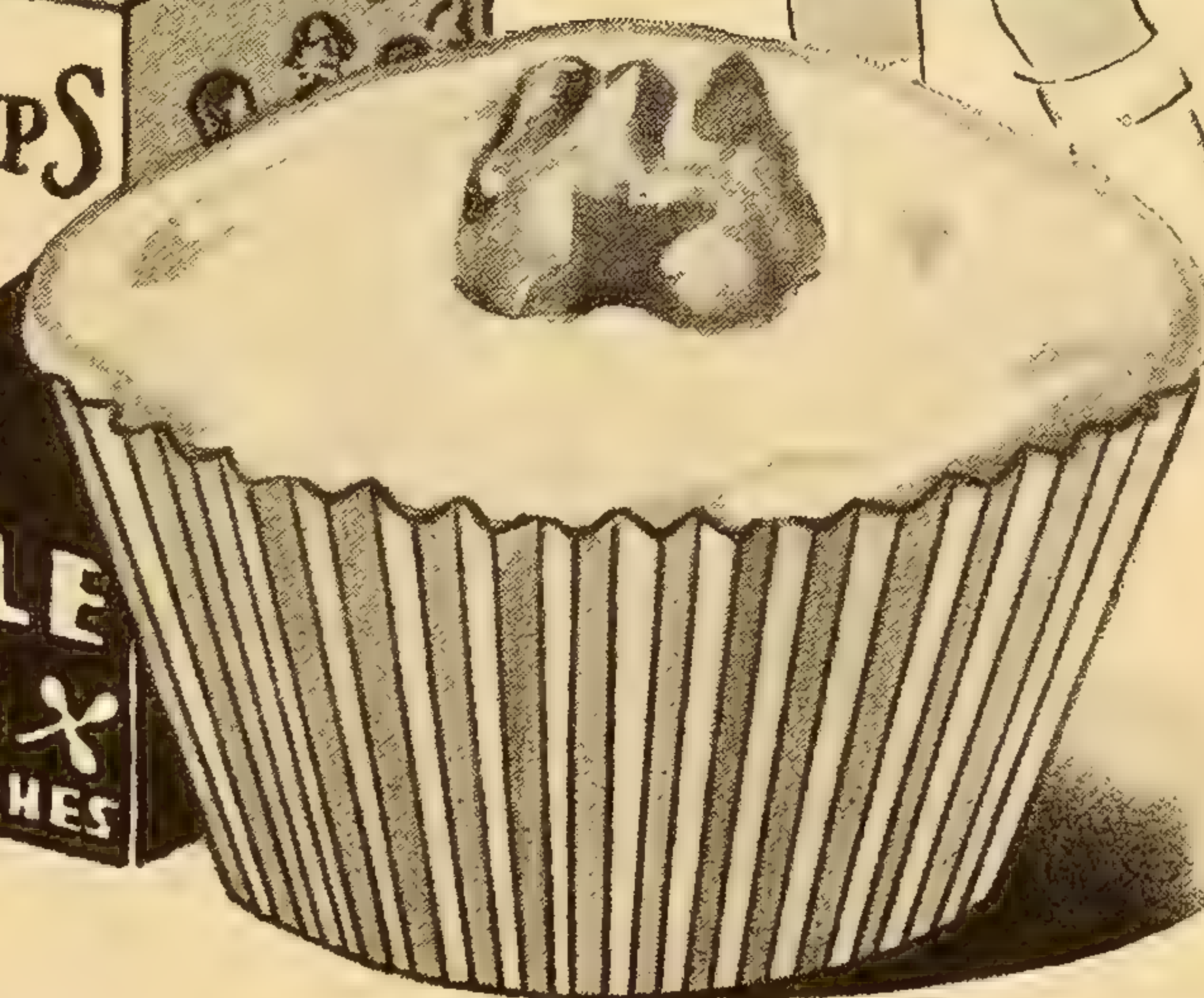
SPONGE CAKE

2 eggs 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 cupful sugar 5 tablespoonfuls cold water
1 tablespoonful vinegar $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoonful salt
1½ cupfuls pastry flour

Beat the yolks of the eggs until thick; add the sugar gradually, continuing the beating. Add the vinegar and cold water. Mix and sift together the pastry flour, salt and baking powder, and add to the yolk mixture. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff and add to cake mixture, cutting and folding them in carefully. Pour into Crinkle Cups and bake at 320° F. for thirty minutes.



In every package of Crinkle Cups there is a booklet of easy and delicious cake recipes.



A package of Crinkle Cups contains a generous supply. Buy them at F. W. Woolworth Co 5 and 10 cent stores. Use them for easier baking.

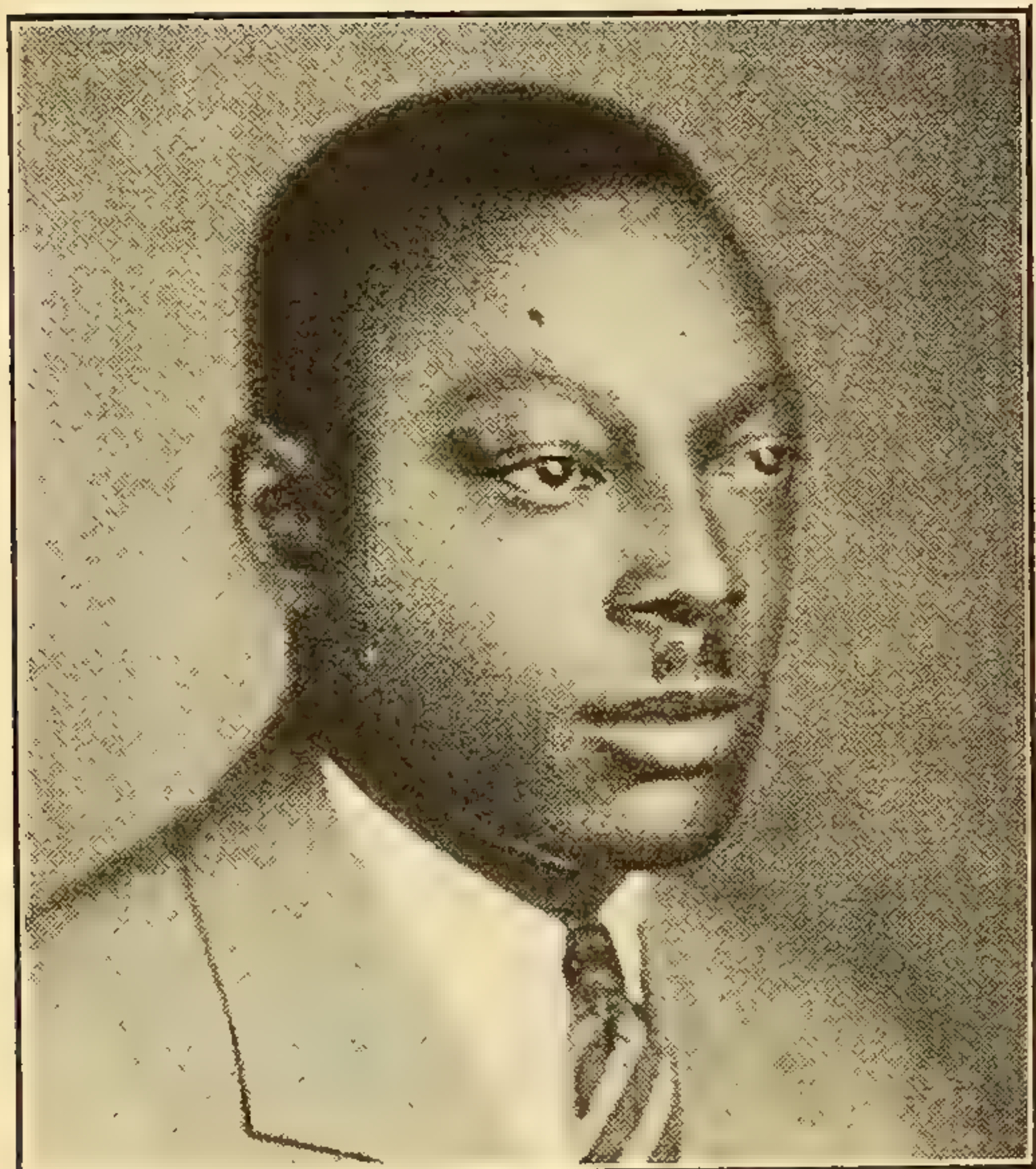


Old Mill Paper Products Corp., Dept. T-9-30, Linden Street corner Prospect Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HomeTown Stories of Amos 'n' Andy

The Story of Amos (Freeman Gosden)

(Continued from page 24)



"Snowball" Garrett Brown, the inspiration of the character of Amos, as created by Freeman Gosden. If Snowball hadn't been adopted into the Gosden household, Amos might never have existed. What would have happened to Andy?

was next oldest of the family and then a brother, sixteen years Freeman's senior. At this period a young negro was bereft of his parents and was adopted into the Gosden household to run errands and do general chores about the place. Immediately he became known as "Snowball." The two boys, of the same age, became almost inseparable companions.

THE Gosden family then lived on "Navy Hill," at 711½ East Marshall Street, now the centre of Richmond's theatrical district. W. W. Gosden, the head of the family, was one of "Mosby's men," the famous Confederate organization that refused to surrender in '65 and which fought its last battle on the day after Appomattox. The father and mother were strict disciplinarians and devoutly religious. All the family attended the Second Presbyterian Church, of which the Rev. Cecil Russell, D.D., was then pastor. "Snowball" was permitted to choose his own church, but the family required him to attend service regularly.

Life in the Gosden household was of more or less the same routine. "Curley" got his early education at the Ruffner School, just five blocks from his home, and his companion attended a negro school near by. Just as sure as the sun set each day both boys knew they had to recite their lessons at the knee of the head of the house or take the consequences. For two years this task was Mr. Gosden's and, at his death, when Freeman was twelve years of age, Mrs. Gosden took over the job. Mrs. Gosden was as strict as her husband, and "Snowball" says, "sometimes we learned our lessons standing up" after failing to recite them correctly the first time.

As a boy, Freeman Gosden was not athletically inclined. He did indulge in baseball, football and other sandlot

pastimes, but his preference was dancing. At twelve he joined the Y. M. C. A. and learned to swim and often played handball. Like the character he now portrays, "Curley" became very industrious in school.

Meantime, "Snowball" branched out as a pugilist. Often he would take on other negro boys of his own size at boxing carnivals that were staged at the time in the basement of many residences throughout the city. Unlike the legalized affairs of the present day, these contests were "to a finish, winner take all." The purses were contributed by the onlookers and often they were large. Of the outcome of the bouts, "Snowball" says: "We always had money."

"Curley," of course, did not participate in any of these affairs, but was always present when his companion was on the card. Sometimes, however, Freeman got a beating as a result of these bouts. Whenever the negro returned home with any marks of battle, it was taken for granted around the Gosden home that "Curley" knew the why and was not far away at the time they were administered. Needless to say, marks of disapproval were also registered on "Snowball."

DAY by day Gosden grew more studious, until one of the boys called him "teacher's pet." That taunt started things. Freeman and his tormentor met at a school social and the bully became so unruly "Curley" proceeded to "put him in place with his dukes," classmates say. And the best of it was, he got away with it. Like his kind, the bully was unable to take his beating as a sportsman, but immediately reported to the teacher: "Freeman Gosden hit me."

"Incredible! I don't believe it," was the bully's only consolation.

At another time, however, "Curley" did not get off so well. He and "Snowball" and some others of the gang were walking along the street one day when the darky got the notion that Freeman's head offered an irresistible target for a lime he had in his pocket. "Snowball's" aim was good and the lime found its mark. Then began Freeman's second recorded fight. For many minutes the two youngsters lambasted away at each other, and "Snowball" says when both were too tired to continue any longer the best he could give himself was a draw.

That was the only difference between "Curley" and his playmate, and their friendship grew with the years. After ten years in the Gosden home, the negro and a companion went North to make their fortunes. But even then he found himself still under the Gosden influence, and an indication of the esteem in which he was held may be gleaned from the regularity with which the family wrote him urging him to "be a good boy and don't get in any trouble."

Then came the World War. "Curley" enlisted in the Navy and Garrett indicated he preferred terra firma by joining the Army. It was not a case of beating the draft with Gosden, for less

than a month after Uncle Sam joined the allied forces found him aboard *The U. S. S. Montgomery*. His first act after signing up was to notify his old playmate.

"Dear Snow," he wrote Garrett at Roseton, N. Y., on May 2, 1917, "I leave for the Navy at 12 o'clock today. Sorry I could not see you. Will let you hear from me. Best wishes, Freeman."

"Snowball" spent the next eighteen months in the Army.

GROWN into a sturdy youth, Freeman Gosden returned from the war well versed in seamanship and radio-telegraphy but with a hankering for the stage. His mother and sister had been killed in an automobile accident while he was away, and W. W. Gosden, Jr., the brother who assumed the head of the household at the father's death, had married. Another brother, Harry, was in the West. Freeman got a job in a drugstore, then went with a Richmond shoe manufacturing concern as shipping clerk. A few months later found him in the tobacco business and then with an automobile sales agency. None of these appealed to him.

Freeman Gosden just could not get the stage out of his head. "Curley" had appeared on the stage twice as a boy, once at ten years of age in an amateur diving act staged by Annette Kellermann in which he won a prize. His first real experience, however, was as a dancer with a "semi-pro" outfit. This was soon after his return from the war. The company, composed of "Slim" O'Neill, "Nubby" Brauer, Johnny Kohler, "Sugarfoot" Drinard and Gosden, staged shows in and around Richmond. They had a dilapidated automobile in which they travelled, and often had to "make-up" before leaving home as the barns and stables in which the production was sometimes staged did not afford facilities. Gosden, O'Neill, and Drinard were dancers, and the others were singers and blackface men.

Then came the break that eventually led "Curley" Gosden to important contracts, big money, and urgent engagements. The Joe Bren outfit was staging an amateur production in Richmond under the auspices of an Elk lodge. Charlie Correll was at the head of the outfit that was training the amateurs and he needed assistance. None was to be had from the home office. Before Correll left Richmond he met Gosden. He wired Bren of his discovery and was told to give "Curley" a tryout. The home-town boy made good and a fast friendship grew up between the two directors.

THE rest you know. With the advent of the radio, the amateur show game passed on. One day the Edgewater Beach Hotel radio station in Chicago needed talent. The manager met Joe Bren. Bren suggested that Correll and Gosden be given a tryout. They put on a singing act. Scared green at the silent audience, Correll could hardly play the piano and Gosden thought his vocal chords were not func-

(Continued on page 111)



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The book of books for motion picture fans—a gallery of sixty-two photographs of the famous stars. With every photograph there is a life story in brief—accurate facts about your favorites, their lives and film careers. You won't want to miss the New Movie Album . . . better buy your copy now at your nearest Woolworth store.

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By Popular Request

(Continued from page 30)



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Tangee is entirely unlike any other lipstick. It contains no pigment. Magically it takes on color after you apply it. It leaves no greasy smear. It is permanent. And because of its unique solidified cream base, it soothes and protects.

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Tangee Lipstick, \$1. The same marvelous color principle in Rouge Compact, 75¢ . . . Crème Rouge, \$1. Face Powder, blended to match the natural skin tones, \$1. Night Cream, both cleanses and nourishes, \$1. Day Cream, protects the skin, \$1. Cosmetic, a new "mascara," will not smart, \$1.



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. T.P.-9
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Name
Address

It seems so silly to me. Do you understand me?"

"Yes," I said, "but please go ahead."

"I just believe that right down underneath all women are looking for the kind of happiness I've had. A fine man who loves and cares for you, in return for what you do for him, a home, and splendid children. That's real happiness—not what you youngsters would call synthetic happiness, like night clubs and jobs and those things."

"A woman has to have a man to love. It's nature. I've seen women who made excitement pass among their friends for happiness, but in their lonely hours they cried plenty of tears. Other things are pretty futile, especially as you get older. No woman's life is full unless she has one man to love and to love her. And she can always have it if she works at it, and makes a good home and pleases her husband, as we were told to do from the beginning."

DO you think it's impossible for Buddy to find the girl he wants—a girl like you must have been?"

"Oh, no," she said, vehemently, "I know it isn't. The girls today are coming to see that fundamentals, as my husband says, don't change. They've tried this other thing, this freedom and equality, and now they're getting normal once more. I was just a normal girl. That's all Buddy wants. They're different, as their clothes are different, they ride in automobiles instead of buggies, but they're real underneath. A girl in love naturally has the wisdom of the ages. When real happiness comes she'll recognize it, I'm sure, and be willing to do all the big share a girl must do to keep it. I hope he'll find her soon. I'd like some little grandchildren and so would

my husband. We both love children."

"You think your method would work with Buddy?"

"Of course it would. Buddy's just like his father, I'm glad to say."

I felt that I had snooped all I needed on that side of the family, and learning that Buddy's father was out in the garage looking at a new car, I decided to go a bit further and see if he agreed with the things Mrs. Rogers had said.

Bert Rogers, after nine years of school teaching, bought a newspaper in Olathe and was editor and business manager of that until he retired and moved to Hollywood a few months ago. He can think and has proved it. He's been successful, both with his business and his family.

"Your wife tells me that she has spent about twenty-five years of her life trying to please you," I said.

"She's done it," he answered.

"How?"

"Dozens of ways. Which ones do you want?" His newspaper training provoked that last. He knows an interview when he sees one.

"Any of them," I said. "Preferably some old ones."

"Well, she knows when to keep quiet even when it is hard for her to do so. I remember one time I came home from the school. Things had gone wrong all day. I had heard nothing but chatter since eight o'clock in the morning. When I got home I said 'Hello!' and that was about all."

"Now I know some women who would get on their ear and ask you if you did not love them any more when you greeted them like that. But Mrs. Rogers did not. She kept quiet, knowing I was tired. After dinner, when an hour's peace had made the world look brighter to me, I found out that she had been bursting to tell me some news she picked up during the day. It



Constance Bennett in an intimate scene of Warner Brothers' "Three Faces East." This gives you a vivid idea of the way such a scene is made, amid a battery of directors, assistants, electricians, cameras and lights. If you think acting is easy, try this.

was pleasant to hear—then. It would not have been when I first came home. That what you wanted?"

"One of them. Any more?"

PLENTY. Another thing sticks out because it meant a real hardship for her to do it. Every Saturday she used to cook up a big picnic dinner and come into the newspaper office with the kids. That was to help me, because we lived about an hour out of town and it would have been hard for me to go home and back to the office afterwards. I had to be there because Saturday nights all the farmers came to town. It meant news and business."

"Have you ever tried to please her?"

"Of course. Who doesn't try to please the woman he loves?"

"How did you please her?" I was determined to get this or die in the attempt.

"Oh, I dunno. Doing things for her, things she wanted me to do. I remember thinking one Saturday night as we drove home from the office that a hard-riding, iron-tired buggy was not good enough for a woman who loved me as much as she did—and proved it by doing so many things for me that I wanted her to do. So I scrimped a bit here and there on my personal things, did some extra work, and bought her about the first rubber-tired promenade buggy we ever had in Olathe. It was a classy one and she got a big kick out of it. Want any more illustrations?"

"Yes."

He gave them to me. A dozen or more. They all pointed the same way. Mrs. Rogers tried to make him happy—and did. Being grateful, he did his best to make her happy by giving her what she wanted. She met his moods, he met her desires.

ON the way home I did some thinking. Ruth M. Carter, of Middleboro, Massachusetts, must have been correct.

Buddy said he wanted a girl who was reasonably good looking. His mother most certainly is that. She most surely has the sense of humor he demanded. She does not wear make-up to any extent and, from what Mr. Rogers said, I don't think she ever did. Which fits in with Buddy's idea. She, if only by the illustration of Bert Rogers going home tired and getting what he wanted, is a good listener and sympathizer. She has never shown Bert Rogers a jealous outbreak, although she told me that, in common with all women, she had one.

IN other words, Buddy Rogers has been brought up in a happy home. Twenty-four years in that atmosphere have impressed certain things—perhaps subconsciously—upon his mind. Things which, in those twenty-four years, have been proven right.

Buddy Rogers asks no more from the girl he will eventually marry than his father has received for a quarter of a century from the girl he loved and married.

Buddy's mother says that is not too much to ask. She says further that if the girl he marries will give those things to him, make him happy, Buddy in turn will make her happy. Even as Buddy's father has made her happy all these years.

I thank you, Ruth Carter. It was a good thought.



NANCY CARROLL, the bewitching little Paramount star whose charm has won the hearts of millions, says: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap!"

You too must pass the Close-up Test

AN EXQUISITE complexion spells romance! A skin so lovely it can pass the cruel close-up test is a necessity for any star, 45 Hollywood directors say.

And the watchful eyes of millions are no more critical than the eyes that look at you. The appeal of lovely skin is important, whether you are winning the heart of millions—or of ONE.

So well do the radiant screen stars who hold the world breathless with their charm know this, that 511 of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood use Lux Toilet Soap for their skin.

Use this fragrant white soap for the close-up complexion every girl wants. Order some and begin today.

98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen and the radiant skin of lovely girls everywhere are kept exquisite with

LUX Toilet Soap • 10¢



Screen stars must captivate millions when the revealing close-up is flashed on the screen. You must pass the test of critical eyes, **CLOSE TO YOU.**



Youth Lives in these Beauty-Shades

Pearly blonde, dreamy brunette and the maid with coppery curls, find in Phantom Red Cosmetics the true accent for individual charm. Instantly, with these new, different beauty helps, you have a rose-fresh glow of lips and cheeks, romantic eye-shadows, dark, curling lashes that frame sparkling eyes.



BLONDE OR BRUNETTE

Because they harmonize with every type of beauty, Phantom Red Cosmetics have set the fashion of make-up in New York, Hollywood and Paris. Mary Philbin and Marion Nixon, whose pictures are shown here, as well as Dorothy Mackaill, Loretta Young and scores of other film stars, find Phantom Red truly expressive of their personal loveliness.

2 Minutes to Beauty

For business smartness or party fascination make every item yours. Inexpensive to possess, easy to apply, Phantom Red gives that artful, tantalizing touch you so desired.

LIPS

Almost magically Phantom Red Lipstick lends its seductive flame, yet reveals the petal-soft texture of the lips. It is lasting, healing, kiss-proof.

CHEEKS

The true blush of youth lives in this different rouge. Its delightful harmony with your own complexion makes it—you. No other color can equal in living naturalness Phantom Red Rouge.

EYES

Phantom Eye Shadow in neutral blue or brown alluringly achieves expressiveness of the eyes, and with Phantom Brow liquid, lashes take on new life and lustre.

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Vanity sizes of the Phantom Red line are sold at Woolworth's and other leading chain stores. For free Make-up Brochure, address

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In the original, full-size packages, as shown, Phantom Red Lipstick, Rouge Compact and Eye Make-up may be had at leading toilet goods counters



Home Town Stories of Amos 'n' Andy

The Story of Andy (Charles Correll)

(Continued from page 25)

during his last two years of school. Throughout his school years, he displayed an interest in drama and rarely a stock company passed thru town, without Charlie's having seen it.

Many of the veteran theatrical enthusiasts will remember Mr. Churchill, father of Marguerite Churchill, the screen star, who incidentally is also a former Peorian. Mr. Churchill, owner of a chain of theaters in the United States and South America, operated the Main Street Theater, where Charlie was employed as an usher.

Now Mr. Churchill had ample grounds for complaint when he called Charlie on the carpet one day. It seems that Charlie was spending altogether too much time backstage, conversing with the actors. The encouragement and inducement he was given by the show people, however, are partly responsible for his not being a bricklayer, instead of an actor under contract, and radio star.

BEN BUTLER, former fire chief of Peoria, took an interest in young Correll and one day, while the lad was yet in high school, he arranged a minstrel show and gave Charlie a part. The same slow lazy drawl, that is so well known today, seemed to destine his future and blackface negro impersonations became his lot. Mr. Butler, who had played in minstrel shows for years as a young man, shaped the raw Correll into a finished minstrel actor and Charlie's present career found its inception.

While all this was good fun, it failed to bring home the bread and butter, so Charlie capitalized on his musical talent and accepted a position as piano and organ player in the Columbia "nickelodeon" in Peoria. Synchronized

music, of course, didn't come until years later so Charlie had to keep an eye on the screen to render the proper atmosphere.

About the same time young Correll learned newspaper work from the mail-room angle. His job was to slip the papers off the conveyor where they were given to the newsboys or sacked for delivery. He held this position at both newspaper offices. Many of his former companions are still employed by the newspapers.

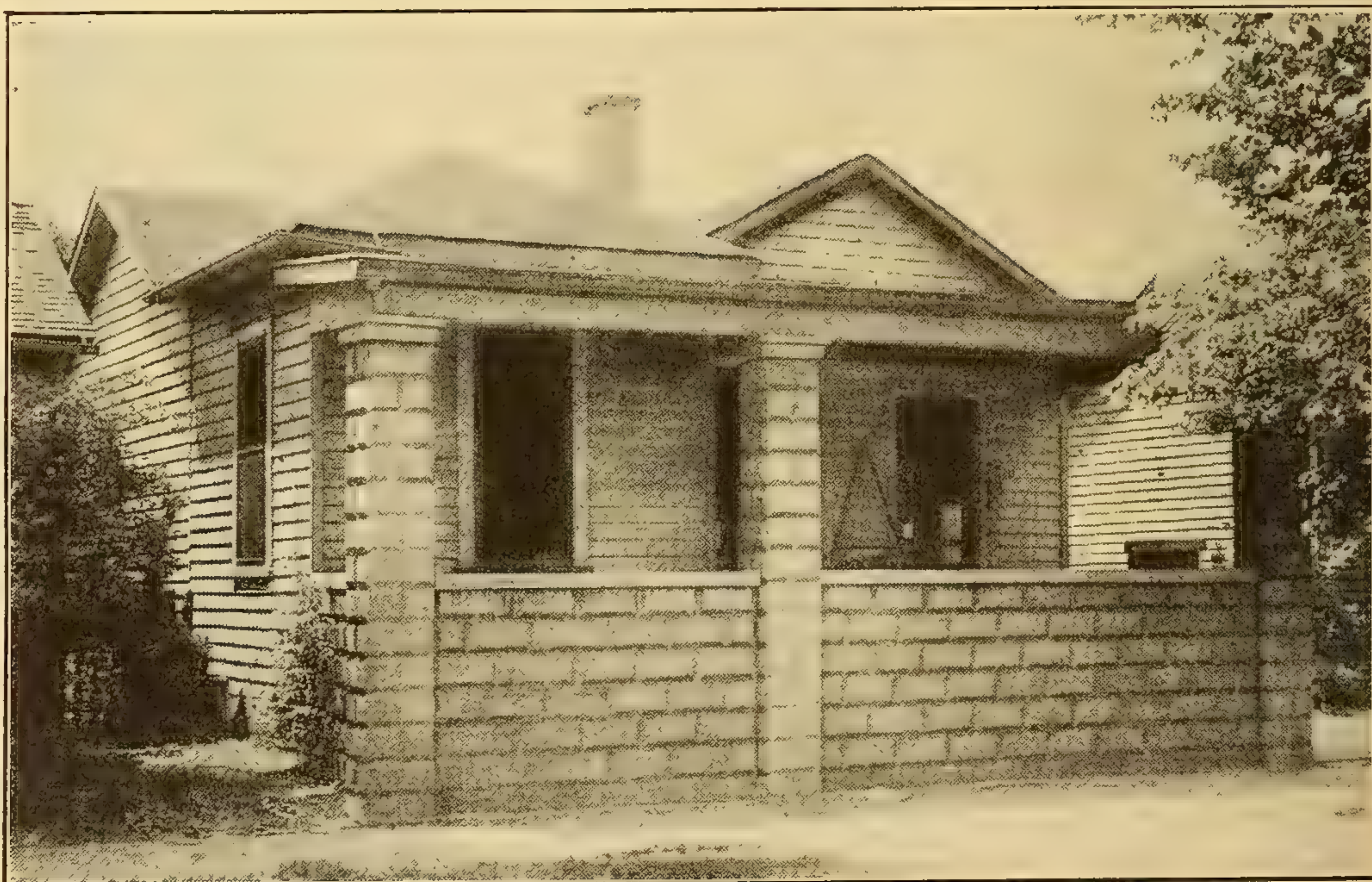
Charles Malm, *Journal-Transcript* pressroom superintendent and close friend of Mr. Correll's while he was employed by the paper, is an enthusiastic follower of Amos 'n' Andy on the air and is eager to see their new *R K O* movie, "Check and Double Check," which they are under contract to make.

Mr. Malm is confident Mr. Correll will be a bigger hit in the talkies than over the radio. "The boy is a born actor," Mr. Malm says.

Young Correll had a habit of trying to "get Mr. Malm's goat," as the phrase has it and succeeded rather well at times. When, occasionally, Mr. Malm would unearth the hatchet, young Correll would regard him solemnly and pipe up in his deep voice, "Now you ain'ta gonna be mad at me, are you, pal?" These words didn't always have the desired effect and on several occasions Correll was obliged to retire at top speed to the haunts of the mail room.

Because the elder Correll was a brick mason contractor and brother Joe followed in his father's footsteps, it was only natural that Charlie would be a bricklayer too. He worked at the brick-mason trade, but never lost interest in plays and public appearances.

Work in Peoria became slack, so



The birthplace of Andy, otherwise Charles Correll, at Peoria. The address is No. 713 Hancock Street. A sister, now Mrs. Alice Roszell, who still resides in Peoria, was also born in this house.

Charlie went to Springfield, where he helped to build the Superior Court building, under the supervision of State Architect Jim Cole. His work carried him around different places in the state, principally Rock Island. Charlie didn't object to laying bricks for a living, but the urge of the stage stayed with him.

Whenever the Rotary club, Elks or any other group sponsored entertainment, Charlie was always near by ready to take part, whether there was any pay involved or not. One day, while doing a song and dance in a home talent production, a certain gentleman noted his work with approval. Charlie didn't see him and wouldn't have known him if he had, but that person was Joe Bren, owner of the Joe Bren Production Company of Chicago.

"WHY not join up with the company?" Mr. Bren urged, but Charlie didn't need any urging. "Just give me the chance," he breathed and there we have the first step in Mr. Correll's rise from newsboy to radio star. Charlie was hot on the piano and clever with his feet, but Joe Bren, an expert in his business, saw the greater possibilities in the blackface. Joe decided, Charlie agreed, and from then on Charlie appeared in blackface. He didn't chuck the song and dance, but used them in the other acts. An actor in the Joe Bren company played many rôles, as Charlie soon learned.

The troupe criss-crossed the country, as their engagements were scattered. During an engagement at Richmond, Va., Charlie met Freeman Gosden, and the inimitable radio team had its origin. The sledding wasn't smooth, from the start, and the boys worked together with the company a long while before they became really famous.

Two years ago grief came to the Correll family, with the death of Charles' mother.

Charlie is such a busy man that he doesn't visit Peoria more than once or twice a year. When he does drop down from Chicago, he is greeted by "Tommy," his youngest brother, who is athletic coach at Averyville High School, located in a Peoria suburb; his father, brother Joe, and sister, Mrs. Alice Roszell, all of Peoria.

HomeTown Stories of Amos 'n' Andy

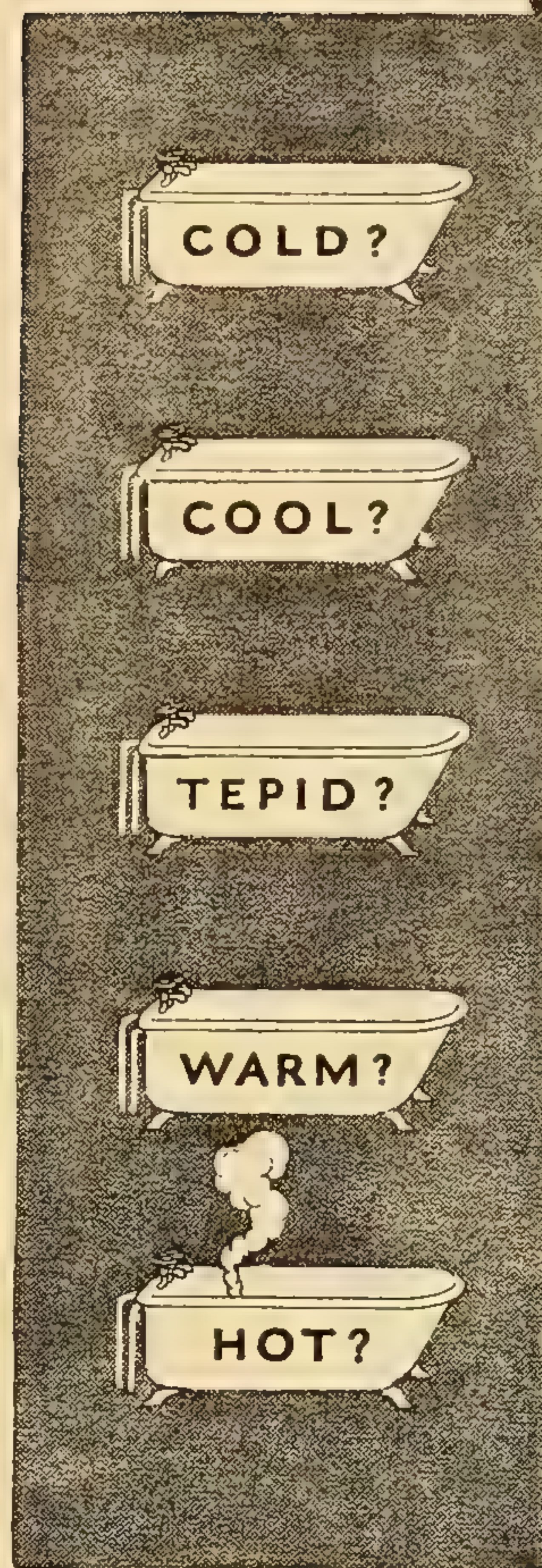
The Story of Amos

(Continued from page 106)

tioning as they should. However, the act "got over" and the boys were thanked.

Later they were offered time each week on another Chicago station. The pay was exactly nothing. They went on occasionally, and then got their break as "Sam and Henry." From then on their paths were strewn with roses. "Sam and Henry" grew into "Amos 'n' Andy" and "Amos 'n' Andy" grew into the most expensive feature on the air.

But with all his success, "Curley" Gosden has not forgotten "Snowball" and the home-town folks. Frequently in his dialogues, he refers to some old and fast friend in Richmond, and regularly does he write the companion of his boyhood. Just recently he sent him an autographed copy of the book, "Amos 'n' Andy."



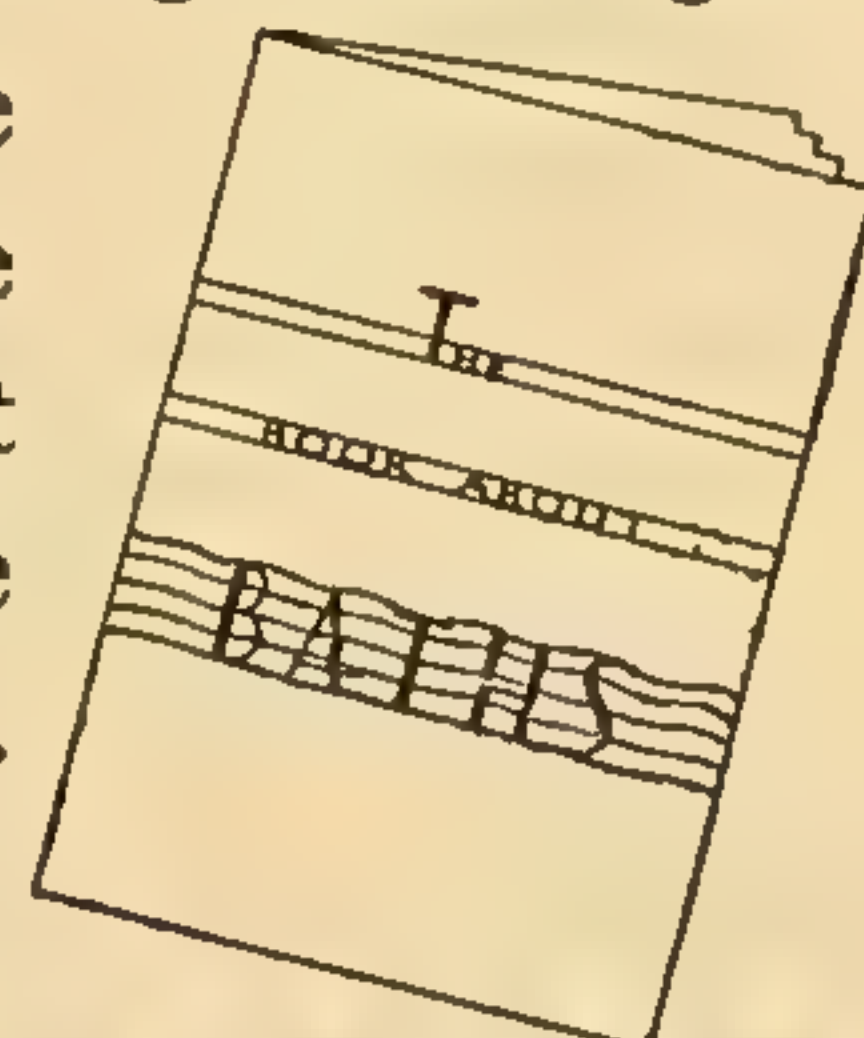
What kind shall I take ??

"I've just read the most astonishing booklet...about *baths*! Imagine a book about baths being so *interesting*, and so *helpful*!"

"But when I think of all the sleepy, 'no-account' mornings I have had; the evenings spoiled by being *inexcusably* tired; and the nights I've been too excited or nervous to sleep! And then to learn (among lots of other things) that the right kind of baths probably

would have saved many of those precious hours . . . well! . . . I can't tell you how sorry I am this little book wasn't published a long time ago".

You'll feel the same way about it, we are certain, when you get your free copy of "The Book About Baths". So use the coupon.



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Important: Perhaps you also would be interested in "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock", or "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test." These, too, are free . . . a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.

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Please send me free "The Book About Baths." It sounds interesting.

Name

Address

Where is Anna Q?

(Continued from page 27)



**\$1500 for Pearls
but only
10c for Her Rouge**

Looped around her lovely neck is a strand of matched pearls that adorn her beauty with their cool, restless fires. They are worth a king's ransom. She is a woman of wealth and of discriminating taste. Yet... she pays only 10c for her rouge. To her cheeks it brings just the right tone... an alluring, harmonious shade that never varies. Its texture is cobwebby and it is so pure that it cannot harm the most delicate skin. Her rouge is Heather Rouge.

This rouge that has been popular for 25 years is sold by all 5 and 10-cent stores. From among its numerous shades select the tint that flatters your type of beauty. If you want the loveliest complexion use it faithfully.

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE

HEATHER
10c NATURAL
everywhere! ROUGE
(15c in Canada)

Other famous Heather Cosmetics of fine quality and low price are: Lip Stick... Cosmetiko, a mascara... Eyebrow Pencil... Eye Shadow... Powder Compacts... Puffs.

quiet sanctuary men have gained new courage to go on with the fight. No one, I think, can look upon Anna Q. lying there smiling, after all she has been through in the last few years, and not go away with a determination not to seek softer ways but to measure up to the hardest tests life gives.

THE room is bright with flowers every day and Anna Q. loves the color and the grace of each one of them. There are new books and magazines scattered about. A radio brings to her the new tunes from George Olsen's, and the news of the world, and the reports of contests and gay happenings. Every gallant effort that she could think of, Anna Q. has ordered, to make her prison homelike.

Brilliant dressing-gowns cover her shoulders. Her old hairdresser makes the trip twice a week after hours to keep the pretty blonde hair curled and shining. Her fair skin is powdered and her lipstick hasn't rusted.

Perhaps those things sound easy, helpful, alleviating. So they are. But they have been done at the cost of such effort, with the need of such sheer grit to carry them through, that one wonders if one would have been able to do likewise.

For from her ankles to her waist, Anna Q.'s splendid young body has for many long months been held by a heavy plaster cast. An instrument of torture, the doctors tell me, which in spite of all they can do is almost as bad as a strait-jacket. When she reads, the book is placed on a small stand in front of her. Somehow, she has forced herself during the weary days to keep up, to keep her mind active, to be interested and happy, when almost any other woman would gladly have given in to the pain and weariness and monotony.

When you go to see Anna Q. it is a rare visit. You don't come away feeling depressed and irritated with questions about the unfairness of life. She doesn't let you. Never once has anyone heard Anna Q. cry out. Never once has she weakened. There isn't in her manner a tone or a look that reminds you of how much she has suffered. Not a trace of irritability. No hopelessness, because she is so long in getting well. No worry or fear as to the ultimate outcome of the operation—a very serious one—which the doctors hope will some day soon allow her to walk again.

Of course, when you go in you ask how she is and how she's getting along. She says, "Fine, darling. Everything is going along splendidly. I'm so happy about it. Do tell me all about Bebe's wedding. She was in last night and I never saw anyone look so radiant. If ever a girl deserved to be happy, she does."

So you talk, for hours. She tells you what her other visitors have told her—funny stories, a bit of harmless scandal. New books are discussed. New pictures. The arrival from New York of this stage star and that. The increased ego of an over-night success. The kindness of some old friend.

HER appreciation of every little thing which is done, of thoughtful gifts and remembrances, of visits from

busy folk in the film colony, is sweet and spontaneous. She is amazed that everyone remembers her and that so many of her more casual friends love to come to visit her.

I am not amazed. It isn't a duty to visit Anna Q. Its a privilege.

Almost three years ago, the foolish accident happened which was to have such disastrous consequences. On location up in the mountains, Anna Q.—a splendid horsewoman—went for a ride. Coming down a narrow mountain trail, the horse shied suddenly at a snake and threw her, and in a panic trampled on her hip and leg.

"What I told that horse in Swedish!" said Anna Q.

The hip was broken badly, it was four days before they finally got her to a hospital in Los Angeles for proper treatment—and the fracture had grown so bad that it has never knit properly. Now the great surgeons of the West have operated, re-set the bones, and are keeping her in the cast until they find out whether it will finally join properly—or not.

Three years of hospitals, of breaking and re-breaking, of heavy steel braces. Three years since Anna Q.—who had always been so active, so full of life and movement, has taken a step without crutches or a cane. Three years since she began the long fight.

WHEN the thing happened, Anna Q. Nilsson was one of the most popular actresses on the screen. She loved her work passionately. She loved life—in all its phases. There had always been a vivid, vital robustness about Anna Q. Dancing, swimming, tennis, riding—all these things were necessary to her. Now, for three years, in the very prime of her young womanhood, she has been held prisoner.

During the first weary weeks she fought the thing out alone. In a terrible loneliness. Hollywood is so busy. No one realized what had happened. They expected to see her up and about any day. Because she was out of the swim, momentarily she was forgotten.

It hurt. But it brought no bitterness. Anna Q. understood.

"Everyone is so busy," she said. "I know how it is. I've been just the same myself."

But it is very different now. Hollywood woke up. Once they understood what Anna Q. was facing, they rushed to her side. And she took them back gratefully, happily, without one word or look of recrimination for their desertion.

Last summer, Anna Q. lived in her little house at Malibu Beach. After much treatment and many consultations, it had been conceded that the hip was not mending. The doctors determined to try a summer of sunshine and diet, to build up her general health for the dangerous operation which must be performed.

There *must* have been despair in Anna Q.'s heart. The time had been so long. The anguish of hope, disappointment, renewed hope, new delays, must have worn upon her. To move slowly and with pain where once she had run like a Viking maiden. To look continually upon a future in which she might never walk again.

Jo-cur offers \$1000.00 for Beautiful Hair!

FIRST PRIZE

\$250.00 and a portrait of the winner by Charles B. Ross, famous painter of beautiful women

SECOND PRIZE \$100.00

2 Prizes \$50.00 each
4 Prizes 25.00 each

10 Prizes \$10.00 each
70 Prizes 5.00 each

ARE you going to be one of the prize winners in the Jo-cur contest for beautiful hair? If you have beautiful hair, attractively finger-waved and smartly dressed, it may win for you one of the prizes. Your chance to win is just as good as anyone's. Think of it! You may win the money for a glorious trip — a new outfit — or some other luxury you have always wanted. Just read the simple rules of this great contest — and enter today.



CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

All you need do to enter is shampoo and finger-wave your hair attractively. Then send a photograph showing your hair, to Miss Jo-cur, Curran Laboratories, Inc., New York City. With the photograph, send a brief note telling whether you used Jo-cur Shampoo and Jo-cur Waveset, the original finger-waving liquid, in dressing your hair. That's all there is to it. Judges will consider only the beauty of your hair as shown in the photograph. In awarding prizes, equal consideration will be given all contestants regardless of the preparations used in dressing the hair. But, don't think you must submit an expensive photograph. A good, clear snapshot is all that is necessary. Photographs cannot be returned and the right is reserved to publish any photograph submitted. The contest closes September 30th.

HERE ARE THE JUDGES

These experts in feminine hair beauty will pick the lucky winners in this contest. Their names guarantee that the judgment will be fair and impartial. ALICE WHITE, First National Star, whose beautiful, wavy hair is the envy of millions. CHARLES B. ROSS, famous painter of lovely women. HAZEL KOZLAY, Editor of American Hairdresser Magazine, an authority on beautiful hair.

FOR BEST RESULTS

You will be delighted to see how easily and beautifully you can shampoo and finger-wave your own hair with these famous preparations.

Jo-cur Shampoo Concentrate—lathers luxuriously, brings out the hidden gold in your hair, and leaves it soft, silky and easy to finger-wave. It should be your first thought in hair dressing.

Jo-cur Waveset—sets natural-looking waves quickly and is beneficial to hair and scalp. Its use is simplicity itself. Millions of women recognize Jo-cur Waveset as the one ideal finger-waving liquid.

OTHER JO-CUR BEAUTY AIDS

Jo-cur Hot Oil Treatment corrects scalp disorders.

Jo-cur Brilliantine—adds the finishing touch to the coiffure.

Simple directions for shampooing and finger-waving the hair come with each of the Jo-cur Beauty Aids. If you wish to use Jo-cur Shampoo Concentrate and Jo-cur Waveset in this contest, you will find trial sizes at most 5-and-10-cent stores—regular sizes at your drug store.

If your nearest 5-and-10 or drug store is out of Jo-cur Beauty Aids, we will mail you trial sizes of all four products upon receipt of 50c in stamps.

Remember the contest closes at midnight September 30, 1930. Be among the first to enter your photograph in this nation-wide search for beautiful hair.

CURRAN LABORATORIES, Inc.
485 East 133rd Street, New York, N.Y.



Yet I don't think any of us ever spent happier week-ends than when we were fortunate enough to have Anna Q. ask us down to Malibu from Friday to Monday. If there were shadows, they never came from Anna Q. The shadows came from our own realization. Sometimes I used to sit and look at her in sheer amazement. How could any woman carrying that burden, facing the uncertainty, be so strongly cheerful, so consistently gay?

A FEW days after Christmas—it was characteristic that she waited until Christmas cheer was over to tell us—she said that she was going to the hospital that week.

She told only a few close friends, didn't want it in the paper.

"I don't want anyone to worry or be unhappy" she said.

But news travels fast in Hollywood.

If ever the motion picture colony has prayed, it prayed for Anna Q. in that journey into the valley of the shadow. Before the altar of the Blessed Virgin many a candle sent up its plea to the Mother who comforts. In the stately little Church of Christ, Scientist, in Beverly Hills, many a famous star listened to the encouraging word of the lesson-sermon and sent thoughts of faith to Anna Q. And those who went to no church, prayed in that fashion which comes to every human heart in time of need—in everyday words made beautiful by the love that gilded them.

Then word came that all was well. Now began that period of waiting. Anna Q. had been waiting five months. Without one word of complaint, without one protest—with that strong smile.

DIRECTORS have told Anna Q. that just as soon as she is well there will be parts waiting for her. If, when the cast is taken off, Anna Q. can walk, we shall once more see her on the screen.

But I cannot help hoping that she knows what she has meant to all of us in these last years. Whatever she has endured, it may be some small compensation to realize how much of beauty she has brought to others.

It can't make up to her for these years out of her life, but it can help a little if she understands that her courage, her laughter that has taken the place of tears, her never-failing interest, her splendid faith that all will, in the end, be well, have been written in immortal memories upon many sad and burdened hearts in this "hard, fast race," which is Hollywood.

"Trained upon pain and punishment, I've groped my way through the night, But the flag still flies from my battle tent And I've only begun to fight."

Whatever the answer to our waiting, that flag will always fly. And the sight of it upon gray days will strengthen many a weary traveler to carry on to their goal.

How dare we fail to give our best if Anna Q.'s weary, smiling, courageous eyes are upon us?

Whether she comes back as a star or not, whether she walks again as of yore or whether the break goes against her, these years have made of Anna Q. Nilsson a great woman. And the fight of life—the fight to be strong, courageous, fine—has been won and will continue to be won through the days that lie ahead.

STARS of TODAY

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TIME and again the question pops up in the conversation at Hollywood dinner tables . . . "What are the five 'Big Moments' of motion picture history?" It's a new way to look back over the work of the stars . . . and a fascinating new game for movie fans.

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Coming in the
**NEW MOVIE
MAGAZINE**

On Sale September 15th

Mighty Lak' a Pose

(Continued from page 47)

preliminary scenes, indicated the proper delivery of each line, and then proceeded to put his cast through their paces to the grouping and gestures. Aside from the item of language he labored like a sergeant with an awkward squad, and it was plainly apparent that "Too Good To Be True" would cause Mayfair and Park Avenue to think they were looking in a mirror. The monitor man settled himself in his plate-glass booth, a brace of reel-enclosed cameras were brought into range and, as a gong rang four times in warning, the recording commenced. Mr. Smeck, who had climbed to his favorite perch on an iron gallery far above the zone of sound dispersion, was surprised to see the satin-clad Cherry following him.

"They won't need me all morning," she breathed. "Oh, Nebby, I'm as twittery as a bride!"

The production manager scowled. "That's all right for working hours," he hissed, "but after you peel off them phony eyelashes just remember that your contract holds a no-marriage clause hiding down in the small print."

"But you wouldn't stand in the way of true love, Nebby?"

"Sure, I would, for the sake of true profits. Say, the way I'll build up this Double W will be like running a toothpick into a lumberyard! Anyhow, I notice he hasn't given you much encouragement."

"That's right," pouted Miss Dorval, "though I'm certain it's only bashfulness. He's taken me to supper a few times, but just as soon as dusk comes on and things take on a romantic aspect he goes back to that horrid Muscle-bound Arms. And you know, Nebby, even the best of us girls need the mystery of moonlight to help us along."

"The same as a spider and its web," nodded the callous Mr. Smeck. "Well, baby, this Alastair's not bashful; he's careful. Maybe he's been caught before." He eyed his star craftily. "Or maybe he's afraid that his wife, the duchess, will pop in on him."

"I—I never thought of that," faltered Cherry. "Already married! Oh, I can't believe that, not after the way he looked at me over the artichokes last Tuesday."

HER employer started to reply, but broke off as the action on the stage below came to a halt on a signal from the director. Mr. Weems-Wembley, brown and rangy in tennis flannels, had risen from his chair.

"If I may offer a suggestion," he said pleasantly, "there should be a slight change in the lines of that decorative lady playing the Countess of Blubington."

"Huh?" gulped the actress in question, startled out of her accent. She was an ex-show girl whose passion was to be called sophisticated because she knew two French cuss words and could make cigarette smoke come out her ears. "What's wrong? This is the fourth time I've done titles, kid, and I'm lathered with class."

"You, yourself are perfect," bowed the Englishman, "but in that speech where you ask a guest whether she prefers cream or lemon, you should add

on there the words, 'or ginger.'"

"Ginger?" chorused everyone.

"Absolutely," said Alastair blandly. "Small cubes of Chinese ginger are always served in the best families. The latest wrinkle, I assure you."

"Make the change, then," chirped the director excitedly, "I certainly appreciate that little touch, and what's more I'll tell my wife about it so she can have the bulge on the neighbors."

Up on the balcony the jubilant Mr. Smeck rocked with ecstasy. "You hear it?" he chuckled. "May my bridgework buckle if Cosmic's Pilkington ever gave them any inside stuff like that."

"Sh-h-h-," warned the starry-eyed Cherry, as Alastair's golden tones floated upward once more.

"Another point, Mr. Director. This young lady is far too beautiful for a *bona fide* countess. The real article, you know, runs more to holding in the wattles with a black ribbon, and similar camouflage. Not precisely sirens, if you know what I mean."

The counterfeit noblewoman twinkled her thanks as the director wriggled uncomfortably.

"We can't change that," he said apologetically. "I guess you know what's correct, but in this business a countess can't be homely unless she's a comic character. This one's dignified, so she's got to be a pip; that's one of the unwritten laws of the movies, and I don't dare break it. But you and I are going to be friends, my boy. Never mind the mister; just call me Achtung Von Eisenbahn."

"Right ho," smiled Mr. Weems-Wembley, and the scene proceeded with all hands respectable beyond recognition.

"I'M telling you," husked Nebuchadnezzar, "this Alastair's so regal he almost makes me feel inferior. Honest now, baby, don't you think he's a bit too ritzy for even a Southern belle? Furthermore, guys like him don't stay put, if I've read my newspapers correctly. They toy with the gals, and leave 'em in hysterics all over Europe."

Miss Dorval sniffed haughtily, but her voice belied her manner. "Love conquers all in the sixth reel," she said without conviction, "and what is life but—oh, Nebby, you're disheartening!"

Mr. Smeck watched her disappear, spent some time applauding himself for his cleverness, and then registered surprise as Alastair mounted to the little gallery. A few casual remarks, and then Mr. Weems-Wembley blurted: "Charming girl, Miss Dorval."

"Not bad," said Mr. Smeck airily, "but Hollywood's full of live wires. Good thing, too, because it saves having to look at song writers. Listen, there's a dame from Vienna up at the Slotkin Studio that would make you miss the last train. No kidding, was I single and sound I'd be camping on her doorstep."

"Indeed? But Miss Dorval has the loveliest, most languorous voice I've ever listened to."

"Cosmic's got a real gurgly Parisienne," said his discoverer desperately, "not to mention a Boston bricktop that would be suffocated to meet you. Nice

(Continued on page 119)

The Drama of Lila Lee

(Continued from page 80)

a year he suffered from the effects of his terrible accident. His strength came back very slowly. He wasn't like the old, gay Jim Kirkwood.

As soon as he was well enough, they left the bridal suite of the Beverly Hills Hotel where they had begun their married life and moved to a rented house on Argyle Street, a few blocks above Hollywood Boulevard.

"That house!" Lila said, looking into the past with eyes in which there was some vague terror. "It was a strange house. I found out later that everyone who lived in it had been unhappy. Mary Miles Minter lived there once, during some great trouble. It had a very tragic history.

"I don't know whether houses are ever haunted by ghosts. But some of them do seem to be haunted by—unhappiness. The fears and disappointments which have come to the people who lived and suffered in them linger.

"That house—our first home together—was like that. A beautiful house, full of lovely things, yet the very air seemed charged with gloom and depression. I—hated it."

Few guests were ever invited to the house on Argyle Street. The group of girls who had been such close friends of Lila's and with whom she had spent so many happy hours, never saw her. And Lila was young enough to miss gaiety and friends and social life.

They made two or three pictures together at the Ince studios in Culver City. But the pictures were not particularly successful. Neither of them, perhaps, were in to give the best to their work. Neither of them were very happy. Lila was confused, at sea, hadn't found herself in this great change. Jim hadn't entirely recovered from his illness.

THEN all these things faded into insignificance. Lila knew she was going to have a baby.

To some women, children are the beginning and end and aim of existence. From the time motherhood enters their lives, every other thought and interest is secondary. There are other women who adore their children, but who never give up the wider scope of intellectual and emotional interests.

Lila is the latter type. But she wanted a baby above everything on earth. Because she is and always will be essentially dramatic, she embodied all the feelings and thrills, the beauties of motherhood, to the *nth* degree. A career ceased to have any importance.

(Continued on page 122)

Turn to page 83 and read the new style

MOTION PICTURE REVIEWS

by Frederick James Smith

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Gay Grandmothers

(Continued from page 41)



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It was a white-faced doll. "Now, I show you." She swished the dress over its head and behold, it was a black-faced mammy. We both laughed. "Bebe, she geev me the leetle house. Eet ees Spanish. You see? Here ees the patio and bedroom and bath. And thees ees the kitchen," nodding to a miniature darky cook and her child.

"Did you ever cook a special kind of dish for Bebe when she was a youngster?"

"I never cook. But yes," remembering. "I make a Spanish candy. In my country we call it 'manjar blanco.' You call eet in Engleesh white nectar. Eet ees so simple, just sugar and milk, but when you make eet—ah," slyly, "that ees what make it so good."

BEBE enjoyed acting even when she wasn't cavorting behind the footlights. She used to entertain the family with a "one woman" operetta of her own creation. She sang the tenor rôle. Then she stuffed a sofa pillow in her dress and warbled as the soprano. Jerking this out, she slouched into a do-or-die pose and boomed forth the basso notes.

"She was a beesy child," Mrs. Griffin reflected.

"Didn't you teach Bebe how to read fortunes by the cards?"

"Oh, yes. I learn how from my crazy Swedish cook."

"Crazy?"

"She was crazy. I keep her a long time, but when I find she make mash potato ice-cream I let her go."

"Mashed potato ice-cream!"

"It was good," she admitted, "but there was no telling what she might do next, so I have to let her go."

Mrs. Griffin is renowned for her card reading. Charlie Chaplin waylaid her one Sunday at Bebe's beach house and begged her to read the cards for him. He was in his bathing suit and ready for a swim, but for two hours the two sat off by themselves on the sands, their heads close together, and Mrs. Griffin told him what the future had in store for him. She knows how to keep her man, does this señora!

SHE is very proud of her granddaughter. She doesn't admit it in so many words. She never would. Bebe is like her in this respect, too. She shields her emotions. She is embarrassed by "I's."

Yet you get glimpses of Mrs. Griffin's pride when she smiles mockingly at the memory of those who had forgotten Bebe is a stage veteran and who wondered if she would be able to talk in pictures. She smiles mockingly at those who think Bebe is along in years because she has been on the screen so long.

"Bebe, she Harold Lloyd's leading lady when she thirteen years old. Bebe was a beeg girl then. She just grew,"

gesturing quickly. "Then she don grow any more."

As I was leaving, Mrs. Griffin recalled a story that Mrs. Daniels had once told me. Her eyes twinkled as she talked.

Mrs. Daniels was in an automobile accident. At the receiving hospital, they asked who her nearest of kin was.

"Bebe Daniels," she said.

"Not the motion picture star?" the nurse exclaimed.

"Yes."

"I didn't know she had a mother. I thought she only had a grandmother."

A darling precious, Mrs. Griffin. Still the belle of the family, despite Bebe's popularity. Still the regal little tyrant who demands implicit obedience and permits wicked teasing from a limited few. Bebe's friends pay chivalrous court to this silver-haired little lady. She raps them smartly when they deserve it, but finally beams her infectious smile and with the hauteur of a spoiled empress grants them forgiveness. But with the tacit understanding they are more her faithful subjects than formerly. The Hollywood that knows Señora Eva Guadalupe Garcia Hil de Tehada Soto Sorio Algo Pelasco Cresto Bonito de la Plaza Griffin adores her.

BLANCHE SWEET'S grandmother, Mrs. Blanche Alexander, is the personification of the flapper.

I met her in the lobby of her apartment house and as she fumbled to insert her key in the keyhole, she fussed:

"There's no sense not being able to find a keyhole this time of the morning, is it? Here," to the elevator boy following with groceries, "just set them on the table. Lawd, I about bought out the store. I've got company coming for dinner."

Mrs. Alexander adores parties. She is never so happy as when she is hostessing to her friends or Blanche's. Her light blue eyes bubble merriment. She's petite and slender, white-haired and Irish. She will tell you quite blandly that when it comes to holding her own she knows her "onions."

Blanche gave a dinner party at the Château Elysee and Mrs. Alexander helped her receive the guests. At least, she was supposed to, but while the party was still young I saw her dancing with Clarence Badger. Two minutes later, there she was whirling a waltz with Tom Moore.

There are pictures of Blanche all around her apartment. Blanche, as a child actress. Blanche, when she first went into the movies. Blanche, of the long tresses. Blanche, today. She is the only mother Blanche has ever known. Mrs. Sweet (her daughter and Blanche's mother) passed away when Blanche was twenty months old.

"I'm still Blanche's mother," Mrs.

(Continued on page 117)

THE STORY OF BEVERLY HILLS

BY HERB HOWE

In Next Month's NEW MOVIE. After reading his brilliant history of Hollywood this month you will want to read this feature. Watch for it!

Gay Grandmothers

(Continued from page 116)

Alexander says. "I'm not old enough to be her grandmother."

I wouldn't dare give her age away. But I can say this much. She is quite a few years past seventy and for pity's sake don't say I told you. Her face is wrinkled, but the eyes are young.

"I can't tell you anything about Blanche and me that I haven't told before," she discouraged, rocking comfortably and adjusting her glasses. Mrs. Alexander was on the stage years ago.

The telephone rang. "I'd better answer that," busily. She returned, beaming. "That was Blanche. She's rushing again. She'll forget half her engagements," placidly. "Every year Blanche buys a new diary and writes each day's appointments down. But she doesn't remember to look in the book half the time. My memory's bad but not so bad as hers."

"You're always picking on Blanche," I chuckled.

"She needs it. I don't pick on her nearly enough."

I remembered the luncheon at which Blanche ordered rye bread and then didn't eat any. Mrs. Alexander reared her chin at that pugnacious angle she has perfected and cried:

"Look at that. There you go ordering something and don't eat a speck of it. Indecent extravagance, I call it."

In self-defense, Blanche ate a slice of rye bread!

THEY'VE won through thick and thin together, have these two sturdy troupers. Blanche was very young, though an experienced stage actress, when she signed with the old Biograph company. In those days, eighteen years ago, members of this company spent six months at the New York and six months at the Los Angeles studio. There was no Hollywood, except in name.

Mrs. Alexander recalled with a shudder the first time Blanche had to go on location to Laurel Canyon. The troupe rode to the end of the only street car line that threaded into Hollywood. Passengers still shot jack rabbits from car platforms. Later, a law was passed forbidding this sport. The law still stands in the Los Angeles statutes.

After reaching the end of the line, Mrs. Alexander recounted, the players changed to horse-drawn hacks that carried them to the Laurel Canyon location.

"It was a dangerous trip," Mrs. Alexander nodded vigorously. "There was just a lick-and-a-promise of a road and the hills were pretty high."

"Were you frightened?"

"Scared out of my wits," candidly.

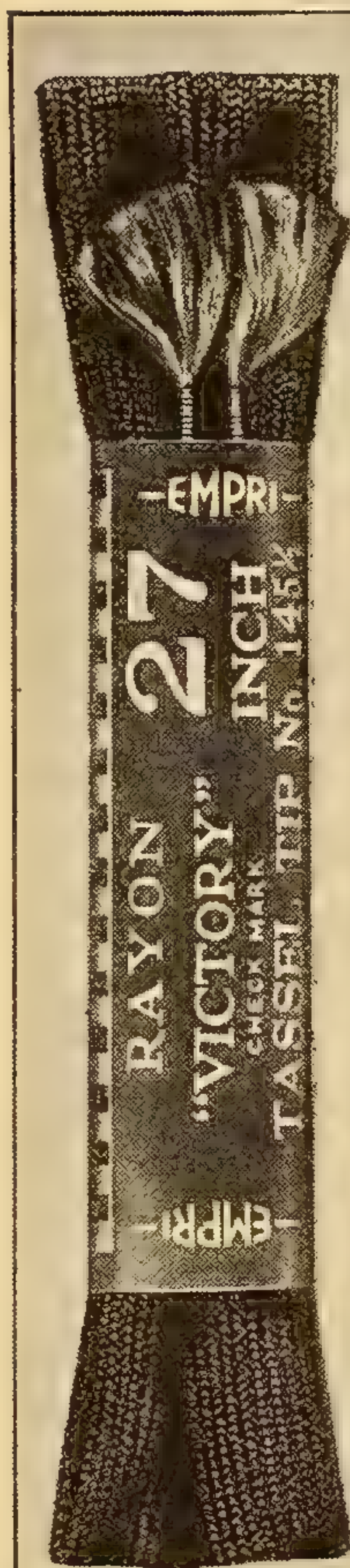
"Were there any Get-Rich-Quick Wallingfords hounding the picture folk in those days?"

"Thicker than flies, just like now. I once invested in an olive grove syndicate that sounded good to me. Dorothy and Lillian Gish invested in it, too, but Lillian drew hers out before she returned to New York. She had sense," sighfully. "The rest of us never saw our money again, much less made any. And we couldn't do a thing about it. You can't squeeze money from a turnip."

Returning to New York after one of these six months' stays in Los Angeles, the company stopped off in Albu-

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querque to make an Indian thriller.

"Mabel Normand was supposed to be the only white girl in it," Mrs. Alexander reminisced. "The rest of us were made up as Indians. I was a pretty good squaw," chortling. "I had to put stuff on my face to make it dark and wear long, black braided hair. A wig, you know. I looked a sight, but I got my five dollars a day."

Mary Pickford and her mother were also in the company. The mothers banded together and all in all it was a comradely group of hard workers in the beginning.

They separated finally, many of these pioneering Biograph players becoming stars in their own right: Blanche, Mary and the Gishes.

AS Blanche scaled the stellar heights Mrs. Alexander scaled right along with her. They lived together until Blanche married Marshall ("Mickey") Neilan. After that, Mrs. Alexander had her own apartment, her own car, her own activities, but she saw Blanche every day.

The two live in an apartment house, now, each in her separate apartment, but within easy calling distance. And so it is that Mrs. Alexander still keeps an eye on this granddaughter of hers and still sees that she toes the mark as she should. There's sprightliness and humor and depth in the love each has for the other. One of these days, Mrs. Alexander is confident, Blanche will get the chance to portray a rôle in the talkies that will re-establish her among the foremost actresses, for, as Mrs. Alexander says, without prejudice:

"I don't care what any of these near-sighted producers say. Blanche is one of the best actresses in Hollywood."

Mrs. Alexander is right. But Autumn or Spring, these two go sailing along, singing a song, laughing above their hurts, richly Irish to the end of the reel.

CURIOSLY enough, Alice White's grandmother is also named Alexander. She is Italian, is Mrs. Sanfelici (Erselia) Alexander, with the infectious gusto of the Latin. Quick gestures. Animated voice. And a blunt humor.

She married in Milan when she was twenty—forty-eight years ago. Together with her husband, she migrated to America. They settled in Paterson, New Jersey. Mrs. Alexander is the mother of six children, three girls and three boys. The girls have passed on. Marian, the last to go, was Alice's mother. Alice was named Alva, but it is as Alice that we shall know her here.

Marian Alexander married Audler White. She had one child. The Whites separated and Marian went on the stage. Mrs. Alexander took Alice in charge. A lad named Bert Wheeler lived four blocks from them. Strange as it may seem, they never met in Paterson. They haven't even met in Hollywood!

Alice attended a convent in East Orange, but she week-ended with her grandmother. Mrs. White died in 1915. Shortly after this, the Alexanders went a-traveling, Mr. Alexander having retired from the commercial world, turning his fruit business over to his sons. When the Alexanders reached California, they liked it so much that they decided to make their home there. They did. Alice came out to live with them two years later. She

had to have another year in high school before she could graduate, so she enrolled in the Hollywood High. Before the year was out, she became restless and told her grandmother she wanted to earn her own living.

"Well, it's your life," Mrs. Alexander reckoned, in her quaint accent. None of the family speak Italian. Mrs. Alexander didn't want them to. She wanted to learn English from them. She did.

ALICE quit high and went to business school. Some months later, equipped with shorthand and typing, she sought a job. She landed one in a real estate office. It turned out to be a house-to-house canvass job, Alice ringing doorbells to learn if the owners wanted to lease their homes.

"I came home that first day dead tired," Alice said. "Grandmother looked me over:

"Tired, are you?" she asked. "Isn't so easy to earn a living, is it?"

"I didn't give her any sympathy," Mrs. Alexander commented. "It was her idea to be on her own and she had to learn."

After a time, Alice became secretary at the Writers' Club. Through this position, she met a director who gave her a chance as his script girl and Alice got her first taste of grease paint. Mrs. Alexander helped her type out the action of the day. She read. Alice pounded the typewriter.

Mrs. Alexander watched her struggle along in her jobs. She shrugged when Alice ventured into acting. She watched her climb to near-stardom on the First National lot and when First National decided not to renew Alice's option after loaning her to Paramount to play Dorothy in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," Mrs. Alexander merely remarked:

"I suppose you were too fresh. That's why they let you out."

But she was pleased, just the same, when First National changed their minds and re-signed Alice. She went into joyous details with the neighbors. Not a word to Alice, though.

ALICE lived with her grandparents until two years ago. At that time, one of her uncles came to visit them. Alice volunteered to move to a hotel and let him have her room. She did. She liked having her own place and suggested to her grandmother it might be best if she took an apartment. Mrs. Alexander didn't object.

"It's your life," she said, as she had said before.

She's proud of her granddaughter, is Mrs. Alexander, but her chief concern is whether Alice is saving her money. She insists upon seeing her bank book every so often, and she highly approved when Alice told her one day that an antique dealer had 'phoned to offer her a bargain.

"The only antiques I'm buying," Alice said, "are bonds."

"Good," Mrs. Alexander applauded. Not that she is more deeply concerned with Alice's finances than with her own. She isn't. She and her husband are independent. But she likes the idea of saving for stormy weather.

These grandmothers. They're pretty swell, they are, and even if they don't permit themselves the luxury of being publicly proud of their grandchildren, they can't stop the grandchildren singing their praises, which they do, with superlatives. And for once, the superlatives fit those intended to wear them.

Mighty Lak' a Pose

(Continued from page 114)

girls, and not so high hat as Dorval, neither.

"Worse than that," croaked Mr. Smeck, making the plunge. "First and last she's an actress, see? But she comes from an old aristocratic Louisiana family which hates the English, so although she's polite to you for business reasons, well—, you know how it is."

ALASTAIR gazed moodily into space. "Aristocratic family!" he said bitterly. "I was afraid of that. Well, there's something else I want to ask."

"Anything you like," beamed Nebuchadnezzar, secretly pleased at his downcast expression.

"I'm fed up with living at that raucous Musclebound Arms. Far too public for one's peace of mind. So what I'd like is a cabin in some quiet valley or at the shore—anywhere that's off the beaten track, because I simply must have privacy."

"On the level? You mean the real thing; not just a phony place to talk about? Why, sure, I'll find you one, or even build it for you, and throw in a noiseless Filipino cook. But why?"

"Whenever I change my shirt, socks or what not in the Arms," stated Mr. Weems-Wembley, "I feel as though the entire place knew about it even before I entered the elevator. I'm not accustomed to that sort of vulgar display. Besides, I have some—er, some important experiments to carry on which make it necessary for me to be alone."

"Different publicity at last!" exulted Mr. Smeck. "I can see it now—HANDSOME HERMIT HIDES IN HIDDEN HARBOR—WEEMS-WEMBLEY WEDDED TO SCIENCE! Say, I'll bet you smoke a pipe and are happiest in your rock-garden, too."

"How did you guess it?"

"I've read about guys like you, but I never believed they could be real. Listen, what kind of experiments are you going to try?"

ALASTAIR blushed, mumbled something, and descended to the stage, where he went through a rehearsal or two with the eager Cherry. And, though neither seemed to have suggested it, they strolled into lunch together and later were able to find their way to the Dorval landaulet without any assistance.

As they swept through the wrought-iron studio gates onto Santa Monica Boulevard the impeccable hyphen relapsed into the slightly pop-eyed state that betrays the ravages of love. "I'm interested in all sorts of American things," he ventured.

"Y-e-e-e-es?" lured Miss Dorval. "For instance?"

"You. Er—and of course, New Orleans, with its filigree balconies, its Spanish-French heritage, its bayou lights gleaming through the mist. You see, I've been reading up about it."

"And don't forget our old families," said the girl quickly. "We're just as proud of them as you are of yours. Every bit."

"Quite so," agreed Alastair without enthusiasm.

"I've been reading about England, too. Gorgeous town houses in Lon-

don, ancestral castles with lawns like green plush, yacht racing off the Isle of Wight. I suppose," fished Cherry, "that you know all those things as a matter of course."

Mr. Weems-Wembley's clear blue eyes froze for an instant. "I do," he said sharply, "but—but I'd prefer to forget about them, if you don't mind. They're all very tiresome."

The little actress's heart sank. Was there, after all, some discarded duchess drooping in the background? Then the cool crisp voice cut across her thoughts.

"No," it assured her, "I'm not married."

"Good heavens! How—why—"

"I've seen you register that brand of doubt in so many films that I couldn't help recognizing it."

The overjoyed Cherry faced him squarely. "Is that all you see?"

Alastair's gaze sought the winding ribbon of road, and he slipped under his cloak of aloofness. "I've noticed some of your other poses," he said stiffly. "Now, suppose we talk over tomorrow's love scenes before you drop me at the Musclebound Arms. What did you say?"

"Oh, nothing," drawled Cherry. "Only it does look as though certain people had the same affliction."

THE days wore on, vaulting from "Too Good To Be True" to bigger and better opera, and in six months' time Alastair was co-starring with Cherry. Each new picture saw the Weems-Wembley vogue get a fresh stranglehold on the willing necks of a feminine public, and his image stared with polite disinterest from the vantage point of a million boudoirs. Giving the impression of a highly satisfactory wooer who refused to be hurried, this blase attitude intrigued the worshipers far more than could the chest heavings of a mere inflammable sheik. Letters poured in, publicity rolled out, and Mr. Smeck began to refer to himself as Columbus the Second.

In front of the cameras life and love cascaded to the inevitable clench without the slightest sign of jealousy by either principal, and gossip had it that their kisses held that loud and earnest smack that is so hard to counterfeit. Yet off screen Alastair and Cherry seldom were together in the evenings. They appeared devoted up to a certain point; dining and swimming in double harness, and occasionally indulging in the futile fozzling that the film colony imagined to be the game of golf, while the insinuating Nebuchadnezzar continued to joggle Cupid's elbow.

Miss Dorval took to wearing trailing black dresses and tried hard to compose her piquant little face into a strained mask of one who suffers in secret, while Hollywood quirked a knowing eyelid. True to his declaration, Mr. Weems-Wembley spent his leisure hours at a log cabin hideaway in the Verdugo Hills, guarded by a pair of wooden-faced Filipinos. But insidious rumors began to be circulated, and finally Mr. Smeck undertook to ask a question.

"Listen, Alastair," he croaked, "I got

(Continued on page 120)

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Mighty Lak' a Pose

(Continued from page 119)

inside dope that there's mysterious screams and yells coming from that hermitage of yours. Noises like a blonde was being strangled. Of course, I don't believe it, but—"

"It's nothing," snapped the hyphen, turning lobster color. "I told you I was making experiments. There may be a few sounds, but as to screams and yells, never! It's a libel, Nebby, and I won't have it."

"Yeah, and if it's scandal, I won't have you have it!" bellowed Mr. Smeck fearfully. "Them experiments could maybe concern blondes; it's been tried before. Understand? If there's anything shameful going on, I'll be as groggy as a deep breather in the subway and you'll be washed up with the public."

Mr. Weems-Wembley assembled every ounce of his dignity. "Think whatever you like, you potty old idiot," he shouted, and marched away. His scenes that day were played with a vehemence that astounded Miss Dorval, accustomed as she was to the ardency of her celluloid cavalier. Alastair courted her just as though they were not surrounded by a retinue of gaping and unlovely mechanics, and yet she knew that five o'clock would transform him into a correct young man of incredible shyness. Nevertheless, she met him half way.

DURING a lull in the afternoon an assortment of frankly curious visitors were herded into a corner of Stage F under the escort of two vice-presidents. This marked them as extremely important, but the players, aside from Alastair and Cherry, who were practicing soulful glances, regarded them with veiled belligerence. These excursions, happily growing rarer in the days of sound pictures,

seldom failed to produce some irritating episode.

In the forefront of the intruders sat a beefy gentleman with the inflamed complexion that comes only from peering earnestly and often through the bottoms of upturned glasses. He wore a badly fitting suit that could have been transformed into a snappy horse blanket, his Homburg hat looked as if Marie Dressler had just risen from it, and yet he had the air of one born to command.

Four clangs of the gong. Everyone was shushed, the director distributed a supply of dirty looks, and Alastair and Cherry commenced to saunter after a pair of wheel-mounted cameras which retreated slowly before them.

"But I cannot lose you now," throbbed Miss Dorval in her role of society manhunter. "You must not—dare not leave me."

"Ah, my sweet," replied Mr. Weems-Wembley, using the stylish form of address so popular in films that really matter, "only Fate can intervene. If some hidden power would—"

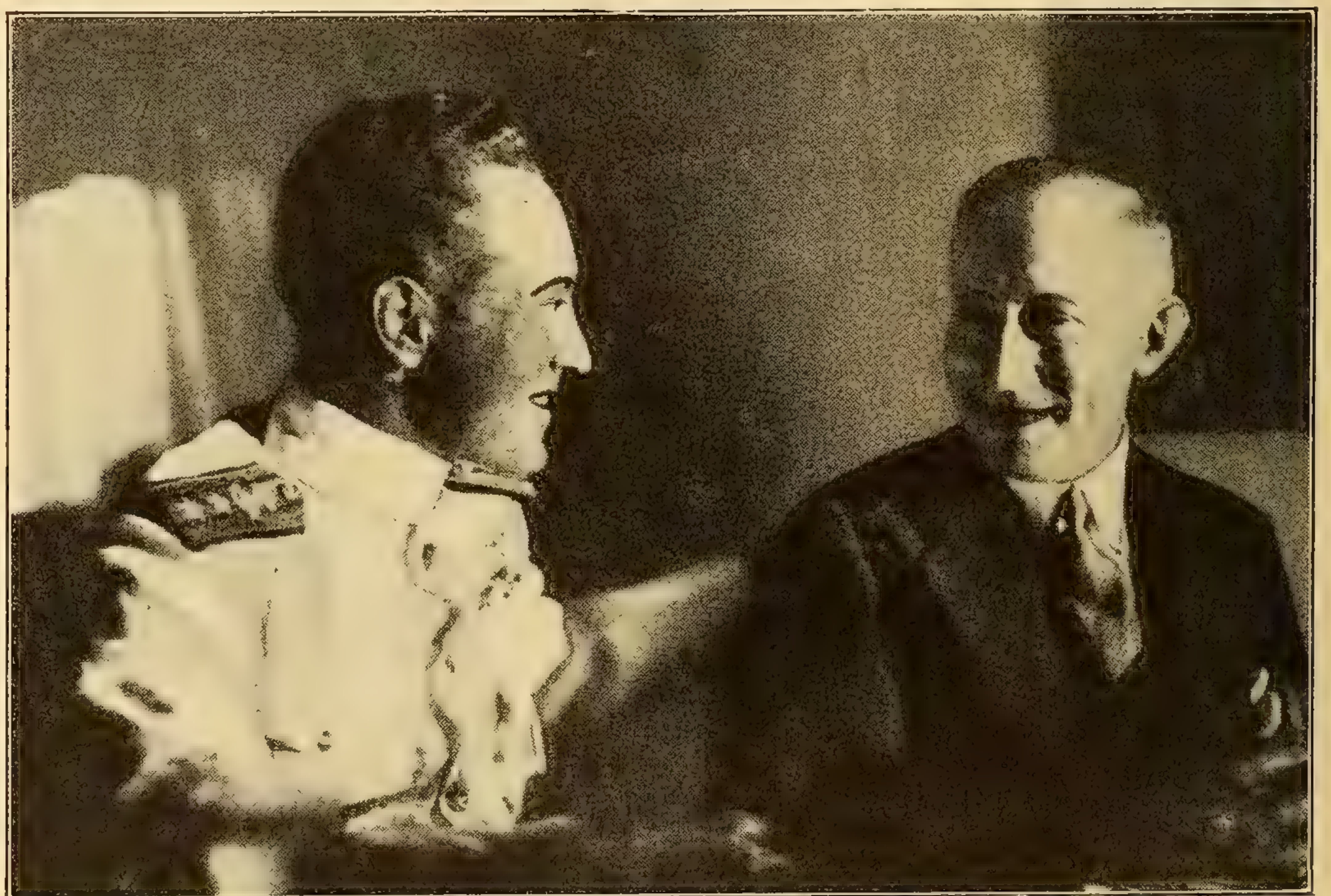
"Muggins, old fruit!" boomed a thick and malty voice. "I say, Muggins, what silly rot is this?"

IT was the beefy gentleman, more rubicund than ever, stumping forward heedless of the director's anguished wails. A clammy silence wound its coils about the onlookers as the principals faced him, Alastair looking remarkably like something kidnaped from a department store window.

"How do you do, sir," he said shakily. "Quite well, I hope?"

"As though you cared, you scoundrel, after leaving me in the lurch! Disappearing a year ago and—"

"Please," urged Cherry, taking in the



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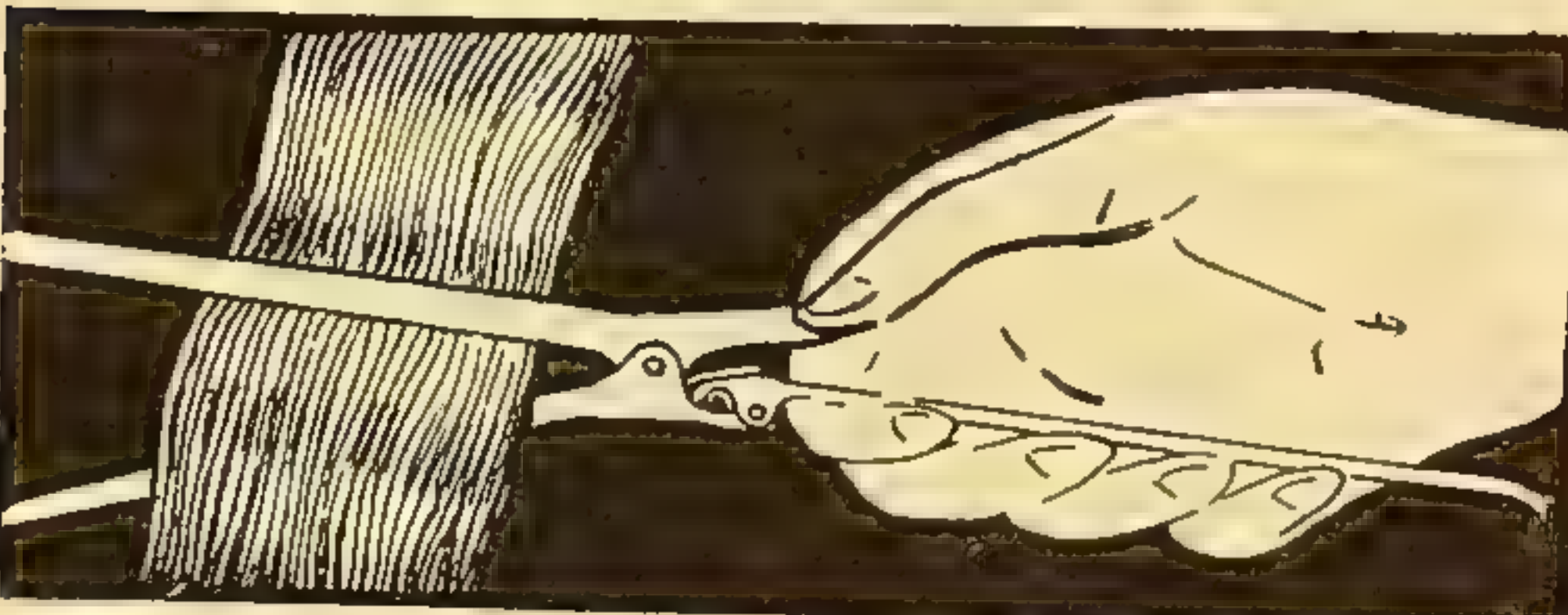
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avidly listening ensemble. "You mustn't quarrel before all these people. Come in here." She led the way to a half-empty storeroom opening off the far wall.

"A year ago," resumed the badly tailored one, when he had reached it. "And why? All because I insisted on putting ginger in my tea and you claimed it was making my gout worse. Whose gout was it, I ask you? And now I find you posturing in the cinema! I never attend the beastly things, else I should have seen you before now, I suppose. Well, well, it must be better than attending to business for a battered old hulk like myself. What?"

"I—I simply couldn't stand you any longer, sir. You were turning me into a dummy."

"Don't blame you a bit," said the claret-colored gentleman, favoring Miss Dorval with the glad eye. "Best secretary I ever had, young woman, but I don't wonder at him deserting my ghastly estates for all this loveliness. My friends and relatives are pretty frightful to live with, you know, and I expect it got on Muggins' nerves. The rascal looks the way nobility is supposed to—but seldom does."

"How did you happen to come here?" asked Alastair, looking everywhere but at the trembling Miss Dorval.

"Oh, curiosity, that's all, the same as going to the good old zoo. Collection of wild life, what? Haw, haw, Muggins, old boy, I'm proud of you." He turned back to the actress. "In England the ordinary people seem to have all the good looks," he told her, "and after seeing some of the peculiar specimens of upper class in America—Why—who is this—er person?"

The door crashed open and in tumbled a frenzied Mr. Smeck. "And who are *you*?" he screeched. "Busting onto the set, the director tells me, and calling my Double W a mulligan, or something. Now, listen, mister, you better breeze out into our swell climate and quit annoying Alastair Weems-Wembley. Aha! I thought you'd be surprised."

The beefy gentleman deepened from claret to a rich purple, and seemed to have trouble with his breathing as his shrewd eyes searched the faces of the young people. He read them accurately, then advanced upon Nebuchadnezzar.

"Would you be astonished to know," he said cuttingly, "that Alastair We—Wu—, that Alastair and myself are old chums? And that Muggins is my pet name for him? And may I inform you that I am the Earl of Buff Orpington, and that my lack of interest in you is positively enormous?" From the corner of an eye he saw Alastair relax thankfully, and that Cherry's hand was stealing into his.

"A N oil?" leered the unbelieving Mr. Smeck. "Say, I ain't entirely subnormal. No oil would wear rags like that."

"You're out of your depth, Nebby," advised Alastair. "A man who will never be a tramp isn't afraid of dressing like one. This gentleman is an earl—and the best friend I've got!"

"Very well put," beamed the chief of all the Buff Orpingtons. "And now, my man, suppose we leave Alastair alone with this absorbingly beautiful woman. Why should we want to look at your nebulous visage, not to mention my own, when this alive and warm ivory cameo is so close? Poetic, what? See you later, Alastair."

When the door closed Mr. Weems-Wembley bowed his well sculptured head. "Nebby wanted to think he'd found a blueblood," he muttered, "so I led him along. I suppose you think it all a great joke."

"I certainly do," said Cherry, coming closer, "particularly as he thinks he's got a Southern society girl in the bargain."

A grin that no camera had ever caught spread slowly across Muggins' face. "You mean that you're ordinary, too?"

"A certain Lizzie Mimms used to slave in a Carondelet Street candy store, but she's as dead as a certain Mr. Muggins. And why not? We've made our careers, our names and our reputations, so we'll hang onto them. My, but it's wonderful not to be in awe of you any more."

"I KNOW how it feels," said Alastair thankfully. "I've been repressed long enough, so here goes. It's after five o'clock, and I'm going to kiss you and then ask you if —."

"The answer is yes," fluttered Cherry. "Oh, honey, how foolish we've been with our poses. I'll marry you right—no, no, wait—what about those dreadful stories of screams in the night at your cabin?"

The debonair Mr. Weems-Wembley shuffled uneasily. "You might as well know that it's at an end," he blurted. "You see, darling, when I became independent I tried to gratify my desires. That's only natural, isn't it?"

"Ye-e-es, I suppose so." "And all my life I've wanted to be a ventriloquist, so I began taking lessons, but it's no good. My voice rather gets out of control at times, and that's what started the rumors. I didn't deny them because I was afraid I'd be laughed at, but it wasn't a blonde. So could you, would you—, oh, dash it, I've done it so often on the screen, but this is different."

"Never mind the words," crooned Cherry shyly. "Just hold out your arms!"

FIVE minutes later they floated past the dizzy Mr. Smeck, who watched them suspiciously, then hopelessly with a haggard stare.

"It's the blow-off!" he wailed. "They're goggling at each other just like they were common. 'S'too bad. I bet you, oil, that what you done was to bring him news from his old man, who's maybe a baron, that all is forgiven. That means he's told Cherry, and I'll lose 'em both. Say, be a sport and tell me who he really is."

The Earl of Buff Orpington dropped a mysterious eyelid. "Between ourselves," he said meaningly, "there are some things it is better not to discuss, in case they should cause distress in high places. A man of your perception must understand? Ah, I thought so! Now, I fancy that Alastair will remain here as long as you wish, so mind that you appreciate him. As to his identity—shall we let it go at Muggins?"

Nebuchadnezzar threw up his hands. "Have it your way," he said helplessly. "Maybe, after all, getting married won't wreck their team work, because they're an exceptional couple. She's a society gal—well, anyhow, look at 'em! The original model for class and distinction! I ought to know, because I discovered 'em and," chortled Mr. Smeck, as he exchanged winks with the slightly delirious earl, "nobody can kid me!"



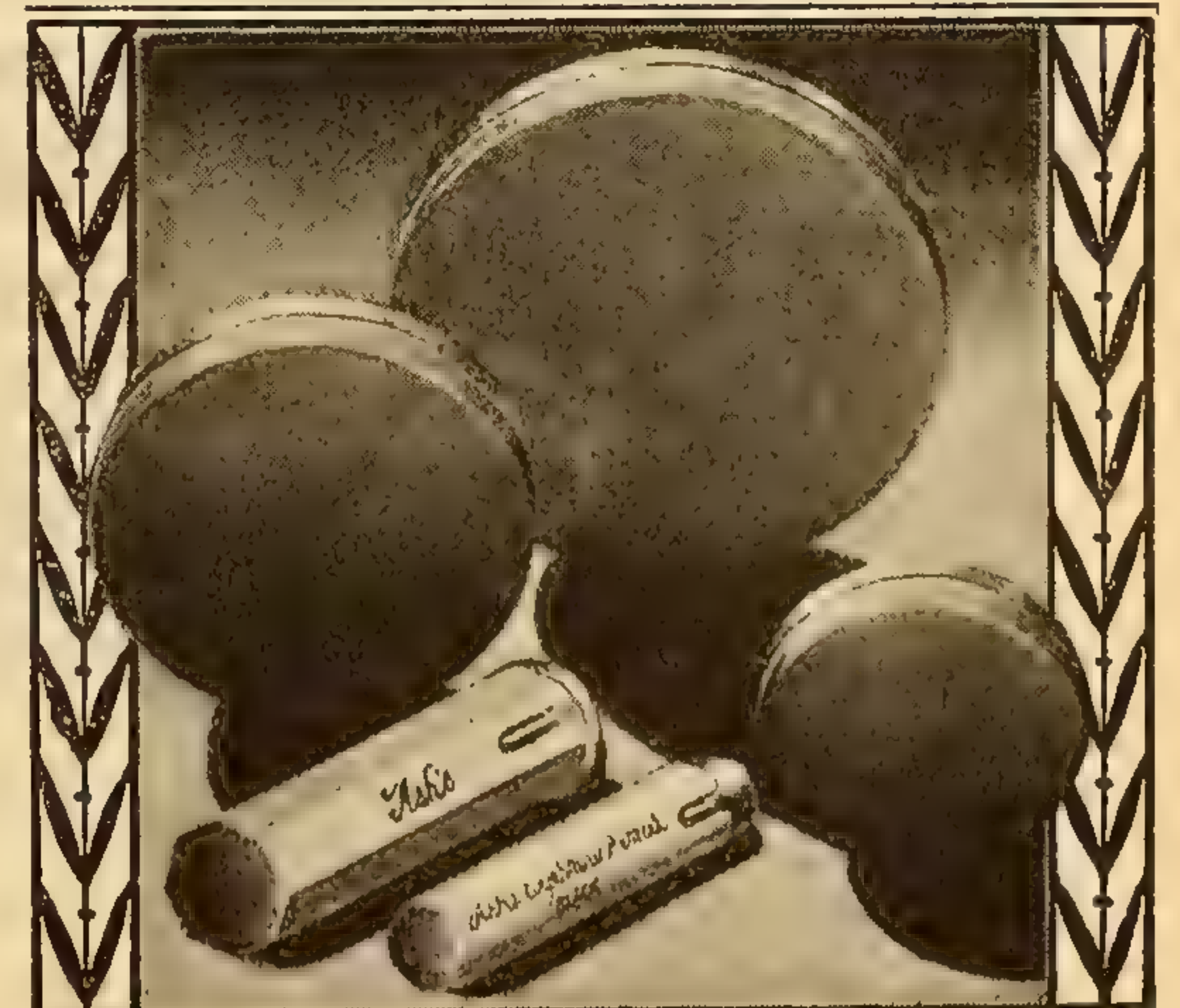
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# The Drama of Lila Lee

(Continued from page 115)



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Social life was a tedious bore. All she could think of was her baby.

It was the age-old, vital instinct of womankind, without which the race could not survive. It swept over Lila Lee and engulfed her completely. All the interests, all the training, which had made her what she was and which were really dominant in her character, were buried from sight. She had been trained, educated, lived, as an actress—a professional woman. But she forgot that entirely.

Those were her happiest days. Leatrice Joy, who had married Jack Gilbert, was also expecting a baby. The two drew very close, spent many hours together.

"We must have been frightfully dull," Lila said. "We—we knitted. Neither one of us had ever had a needle in our hands before, but we insisted on knitting and sewing our own things. They were amazing garments. We sat for hours and talked nothing but babies. We read books about how to bring up babies. We read poetry out loud to each other, and Leatrice played the piano. It was wonderful. I know it was the happiest time I'll ever have."

In due time, young James Kirkwood arrived upon the scene, a beautiful, sturdy little boy, the idol of his parents. From that day onward, little Jimmy became the center of his father's existence. It was and is the sort of father love that is written about and seldom seen—a deeper passion than any man can ever know for a woman.

Lila Lee was able to enjoy two glorious months in California, as Jimmy's mother. Then came a telegram which changed all their lives. New York wanted James Kirkwood—he had been on the stage originally—to play the leading rôle in a new play "The Fool."

IT was a tremendous opportunity for Jim Kirkwood.

So he and his wife left Hollywood for New York, taking with them their two-months-old son. Lila had no plans of any kind for her work. She wanted to be with her husband and baby, of course. For that she was perfectly willing to pass up her own career.

But she didn't like New York very well. After Hollywood, it seemed to her crowded and noisy. They lived in a hotel. But Jim was happy. The play was a success. So she settled down for a while. But idleness was new to her. She had worked since she was five. The baby was too little to give her companionship. A good nurse did for him and did more ably than Lila could have done.

When Famous asked her to come back and make another picture with Tommy Meighan, she went gladly. There was no chance for her to star now. She had been off the screen over a year. But it was work.

Eventually, she, too, tried the stage again. A play called "The Bride Retires." Her speaking voice was lovely and her old ability to catch audiences was as potent as it had been when she was a youngster. Critics began to predict a big future for her on the stage.

In the middle of the run of her play, Jim Kirkwood decided to produce a play of his own. The vehicle he had selected was Catherine Chisholm Cush-

ing's "Edgar Allan Poe."

Lila left her play to take the part of Annabelle Lee. It wasn't a very big part, but she wanted to be with Jim. Began long weary weeks of rehearsals, tryouts, re-writing, costuming, scenery. Jim was not only directing the play and acting the star rôle, he was helping to rewrite it, designing costumes and sets, and also he was financing the production himself. It was a very expensive play to put on, especially with the long and careful preparation they were giving it.

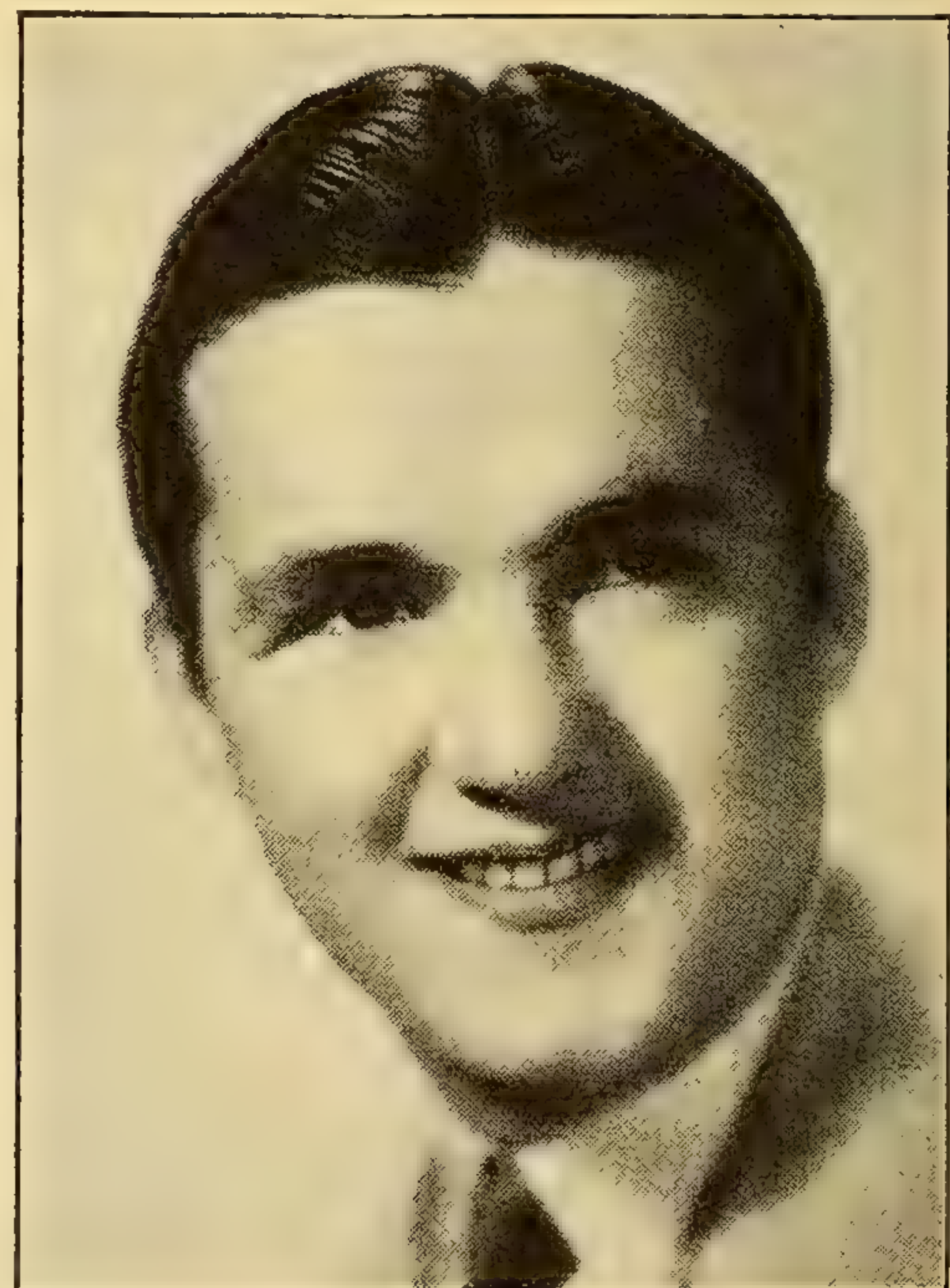
For the first time in her life, Lila was really ill. The change of climate so soon after the birth of her baby, the long strain following her marriage, had brought her almost to the point of collapse. The endless rehearsals in an arduous dramatic play, the cold theaters, the long hours Jim was giving the production, wore her out.

As a matter of fact, in Pittsburgh, where they opened first, she did collapse and was under a doctor's care for the entire week.

But the out-of-town notices were marvelous—and hope sang high. The play was tragic, heavy, written in a sort of blank verse. Lila as the poetically immortal Annabelle was lauded to the skies and Jim, playing America's great poet, was hailed by everyone as one of the great actors of the decade.

NEW YORK. The opening night. Lila fighting desperately to hold up. Jim in a frenzy of anticipation. Both sure of success. Sure that the morrow would see Kirkwood hailed as the American actor-manager. The audience was wildly enthusiastic.

The two principals went home to their hotel, utterly worn out, but entirely happy. They had won. They had conquered New York. Fame and



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fortune—beyond what pictures could give, way beyond the hundred thousand dollars they had sunk in the play—would be theirs.

The blow which fell in the morning was therefore even more awful, since it was totally unexpected. For the New York critics united to condemn the play, the star, the cast, and the production. No play in the history of Broadway has ever been more thoroughly, more drastically panned.

"When I read those notices," Lila said. "I just couldn't believe my eyes."

The play ran one week.

So Jim and Lila found themselves in New York, having failed so completely that every manager in the city knew about it. Most of the money they had saved during their picture careers was gone. There was only one thing left to do—go back to Hollywood.

Soon after their return, Jim bought a big ranch a few miles out of Hemet. It was a three and a half hours' drive from there into Hollywood. He intended to become a gentleman farmer. There were orange orchards planted and he had other plans. He remodeled the old farm house and Lila Lee, who all her life had lived in the world of the theater, who all her life had been in close contact with people, who had always worked, went to live on the ranch.

They had no neighbors. The drive was so long that they seldom came into town. Occasionally friends came out to spend a week-end. Jim made an occasional picture. But for two years Lila did nothing. The ranch did not pay and money ran low.

Lila was thoroughly miserable. Loneliness and idleness preyed upon her. Many things had contributed to making her lose her love for her husband. None outside can explain the death of love. But Lila's friends all felt that the life she was leading, so utterly foreign to her nature, burying a really fine talent and a strong ambition was one which must result in disaster. She was, after all, only twenty-one, when she went to Hemet. Jim, at forty-three, having lived a full life, might be ready to retire. Lila wasn't.

IT is not the purpose of this life story to attempt to uncover all the many factors that contributed to bring about the separation and finally the divorce of James Kirkwood and Lila Lee. Those can be known, in all their facts and truths, only to the two persons involved.

But I should like to remind you that a woman in Lila's position faces many more problems than the average woman. Public opinion, certain kinds of publicity, all must tend to influence a girl like Lila Lee. She had a living to make. She still has. There are private matters which she, in loyalty to herself and her marriage and her child, cannot handle as she would if she were a private citizen.

This much, however, is certain. In 1923, when the marriage took place, no one expected it to succeed. When, in 1928, Lila left the ranch and came with her boy to Hollywood, no one was surprised.

In the minds of those who know them both, no blame attaches to either of them. They were unsuited in age for successful matrimony. Lila did her best. Jim did his. They failed. The facts as presented give a fairly clear picture of why they failed. Jim Kirk-

(Continued on page 127)



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## SPEAKING OF CONSTANCE BENNETT

Adela Rogers St. Johns has written a corking story about this radiant star. If you want to know the real Constance Bennett . . . read this vivid personality story in the next issue of

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE  
124

# She Didn't Want to Work

(Continued from page 53)

Kathryn Crawford went up by leaps and bounds.

She came to California from New York when she was twelve years old. Her voice, naturally true and easy, attracted attention in church choir and school entertainments.

When she was fifteen, several different voice teachers wanted her to start studying seriously for grand opera. But she said, “No, I don’t want to study. It’s more fun just to sing.”

**S**OON after she left high school, while she was at home wondering what to do, Lillian Albertson heard of her. Miss Albertson is the biggest producer of musical comedies in the West. She always is seeking new talent—and she offered Kathryn Crawford a job in the chorus.

“I thought it would be fun,” said Kathryn. “I liked the idea of the lights and the music. It sounded like more fun than working in a store or something. I had never thought of it, but when she asked me I decided it was all right.”

The second production saw Kathryn Crawford playing a part and doing some dancing. She hadn’t danced before in her life. But she wanted the part and said to Miss Albertson, “Sure, I can dance. Other girls do. I’ll get it. It looks like fun.” So she danced.

Finally, she understudied for “Hit the Deck.” On the day before the opening the girl playing the lead fell down a flight of iron steps in the theater. She was unable to appear. The opening night Kathryn Crawford stepped into her part and made an instantaneous hit.

In her own league, in one year, she had become queen. It was no small league. She had the star dressing room, flowers were always coming across the footlights from her hosts of admirers.

**T**HEN she got her Universal contract. Things didn’t move so fast. She’s an independent, quick tempered kid, ready to fight for her rights. She wasn’t happy. She felt that she wasn’t given a chance to show what she could do, particularly in the talkies.

But Kathryn wasn’t very diplomatic. She’d never had to be. She has earned her own living and supported her family since she left high school. But she had made the mistake of allowing herself to become lazy. She had failed to work at her singing and dancing. Like a kid who skipped grades in high school, she doesn’t want to go back and make up the lost work.

When the casting for “Naughty Marietta” came up, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sent for Kathryn Crawford. Mariferti, the great singing teacher, who coached Caruso, listened to her sing.

“A beautiful, and exceptional voice,” he said. “But—you must have work. You have not the technique to stand a long difficult role. You could not sustain. The voice is not in shape. You could not handle difficult music. In two months—three months—with hard work—you could sing anything. But you must work.”

Another part. A director who said, “You are perfect, except that you are

out of condition for dancing. You need good dancing lessons. You need systematic exercise.”

**K**ATHRYN faced it at last. She had gone just as far as natural talent and facility would carry her in the field of movie musical comedy. The easy days were over. Work loomed.

“And now?” I said.

She stared at me. Her eyes were very blue in her tanned face, under the dark brown hair.

“Now, we’ll see,” she said. “If I’m any good, I’ll go to work. These knocks will make me work and learn and next time when I get up, I can stay there. Everyone says I have natural ability. But this work business—I’ve never done it. Everything has just been fun. Well—look around two years from now. If I’m on top, I’ve proven that I can stand the gaff. If I’m not—they spoiled me with all that easy money and easy notice at first. Only time will tell.”

She’s got a good jaw, and steady blue eyes. So we’ll see—in two years.



The newest thing for beach wear is the pirate boot, introduced on the Pacific coast by Mary Doran, Metro-Goldwyn player. The boots lend a swashbuckling air to the bathing ensemble.



## Bebe Gets Married

(Continued from page 50)

at La Crescenta with her Dad. Of course Bebe and Mae Sunday are the inseparables. You never see them apart. That's been going on for over ten years. And Diana Kane—she's George Fitzmaurice's wife, lived with Bebe for two years in New York. They call each other Sister. Lila and Betty and Bebe were all together on the old Famous-Players-Lasky lot when they were just starting, and have been friends ever since. And, of course, Louella and Bebe are very close. Everyone adores Louella.

Then they said it was time and we all went down in the hall. The music began. The ushers passed in first and then the girls—two by two—with their flowers and their long trains. The altar was all of Easter lilies and white blossoms, and only candles were lighted. The girls ranged themselves on both sides, the pastel colors all blending. Then Louella, alone, and then—Bebe, on the arm of her grandfather's dear friend, and her own lawyer, Chester Morris.

**T**HE service was simple. In fact everything was done with simplicity and dignity—nothing theatrical. In fact, Bebe just wouldn't even let the girls walk that step they usually do, for fear it would be theatrical. There were about a hundred guests in the wedding room. And then about 400 came to the reception and supper downstairs.

Marie Mosquini caught the bridal bouquet.

It was really beautiful to see that group of girls, who have been friends so long and through thick and thin, all so loyal to Bebe and so happy in her happiness. Well, I'll be crying for joy again in a minute, so I must stop. But nobody anywhere ever had such a *loving* set of attendants, I know. And no wedding ever was surrounded by more love in every way. Good-bye. I'll write soon. Sally Eilers is going to marry Hoot Gibson next month, and I'll tell you about that, too.

*Your Daughter.*

## The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 56)

seem to prefer them to the old human stars. For one thing, they do not require expensive voice teachers. Metro-Goldwyn is making dog comedies. Human voices are doubled in, but one dog can actually say "mama," "papa," and "hamburger." Not the best of English, true, but understandable.

"Ingagi," a big monkey picture, has been a box-office sensation. The rumor around Hollywood, pretty well substantiated, is that the ape playing the lead was actually a man. Bull Montana said this couldn't be, as he was in Chicago when the picture was made.

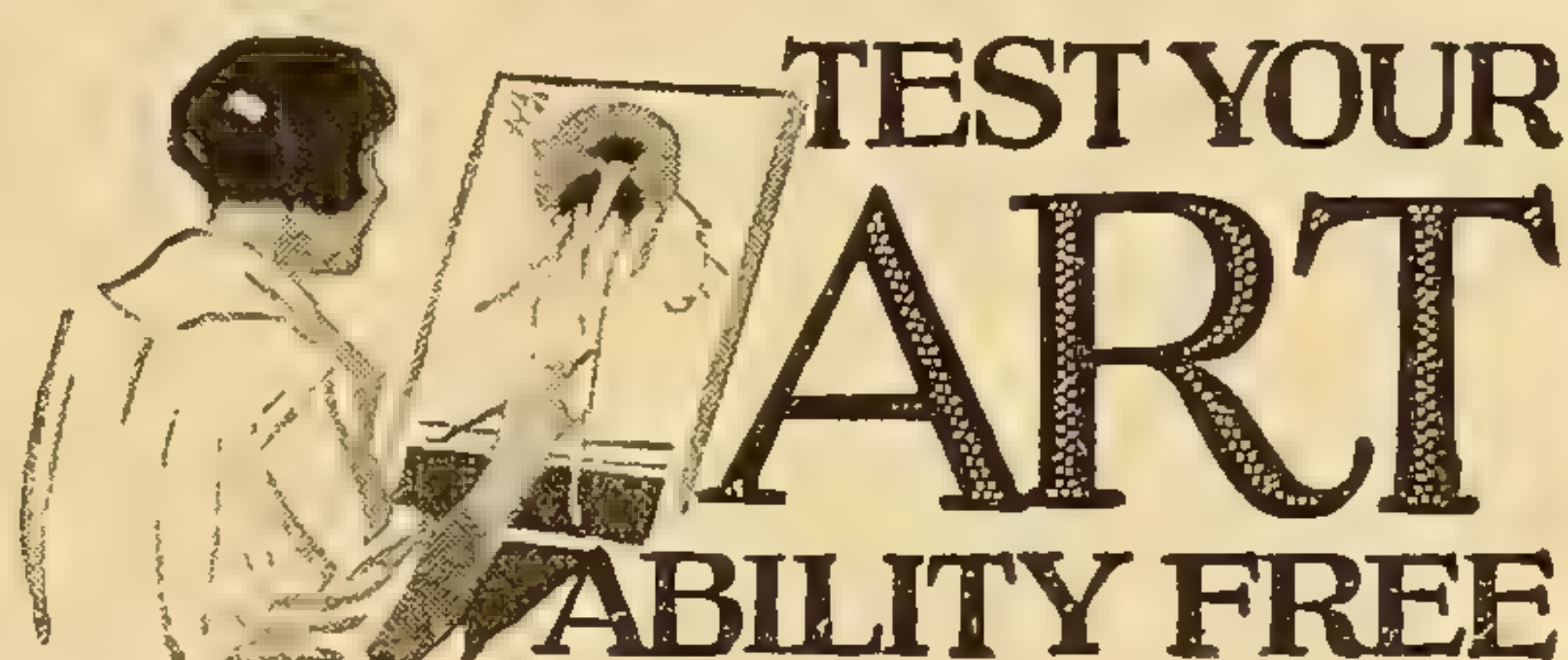
At any rate the talkies are proving a boon to the jungles where business for some time has been rather slack, the Wall Street collapse having curbed the big game expeditions.

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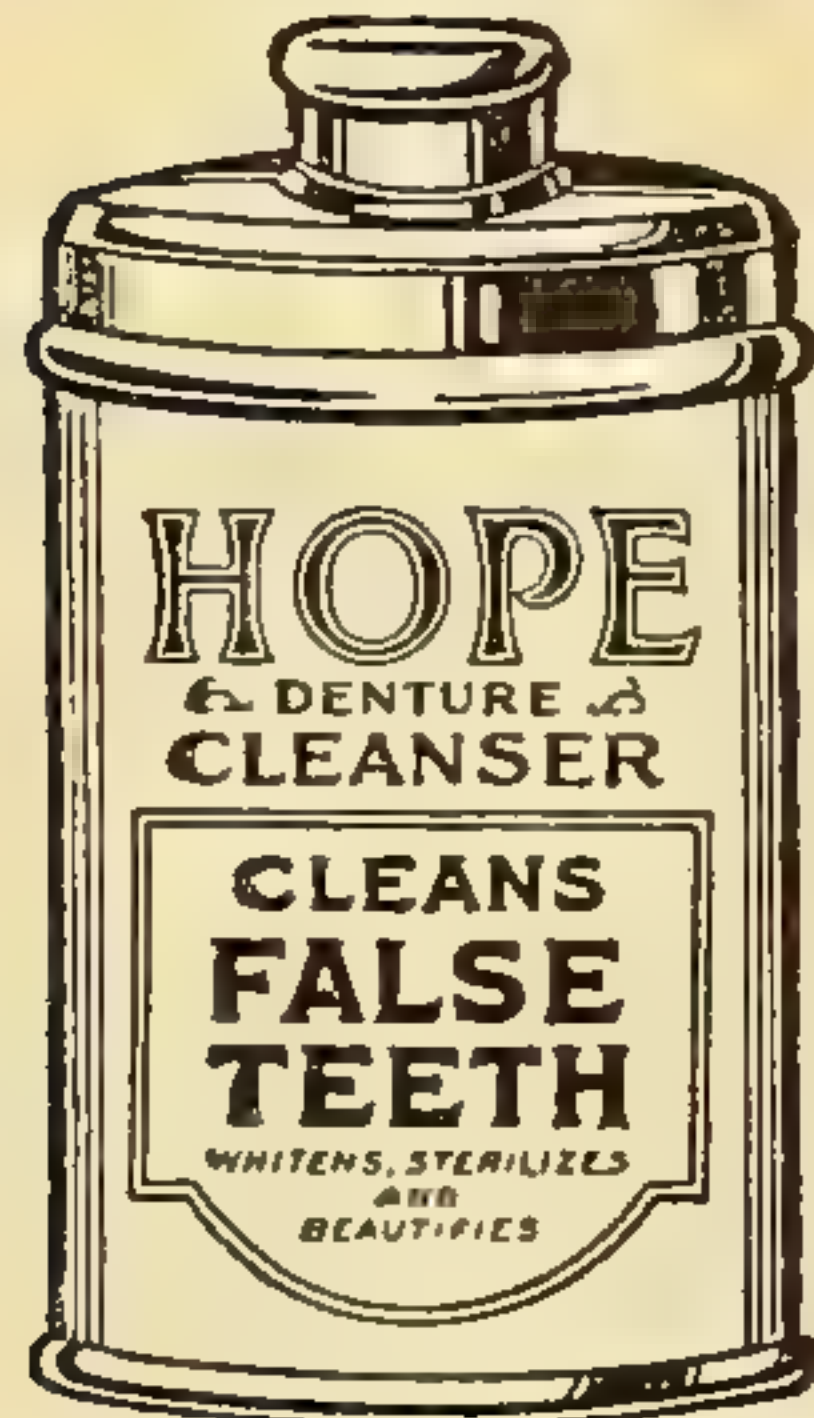
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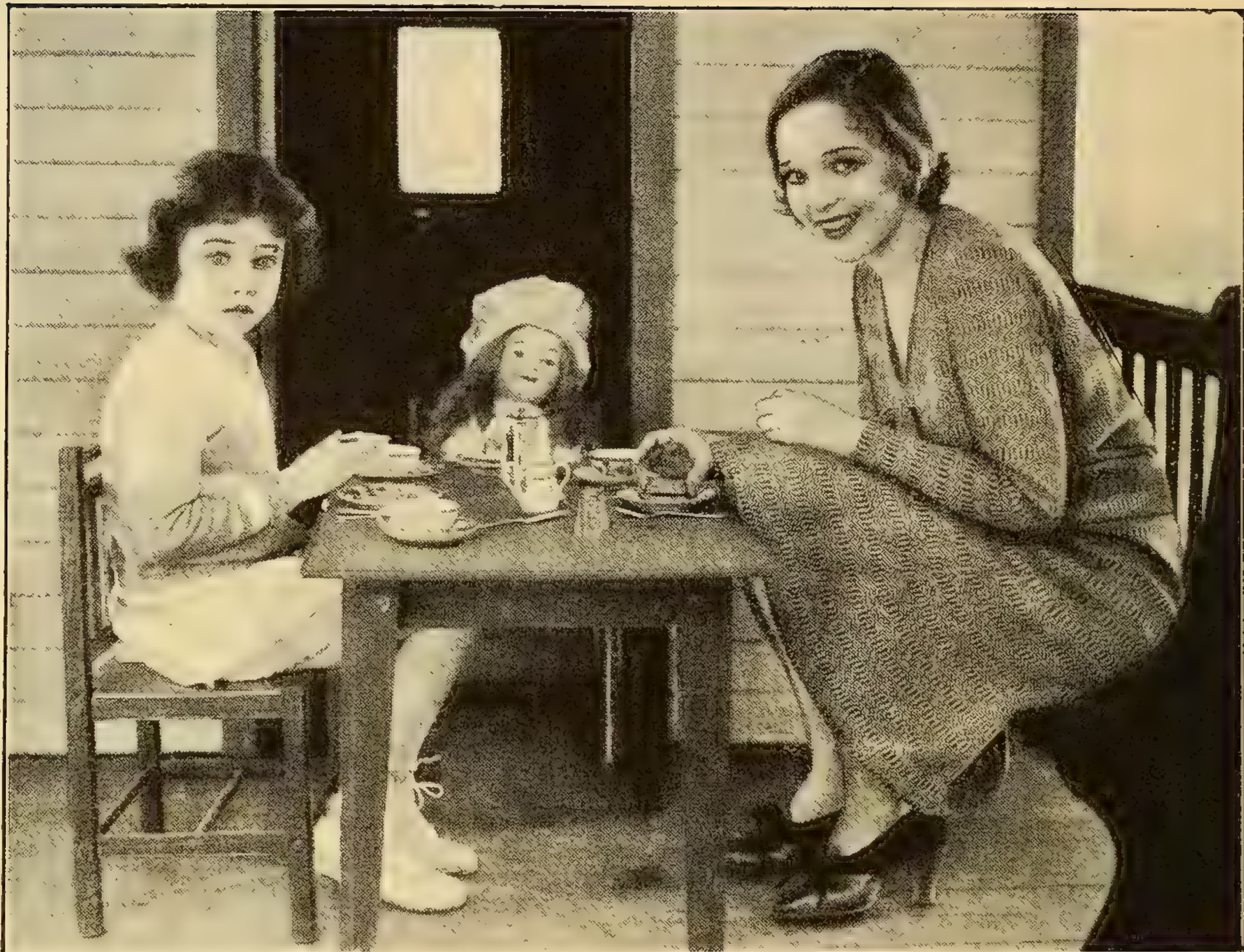
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Loretta Young and Sally Blaine have still another sister, little Miss Georgiana. Above, Miss Georgiana, aided by her doll, is entertaining big sister Sally at tea. Sally is a favorite with Georgiana and can you blame her? Sally gave Georgiana this beautiful play house.

## Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 58)

Carroll has replaced Clara Bow on the screen? Ramon Novarro has the silver voice of the screen? Opera pictures will never become popular? Too many revue pictures have been made? Charles Farrell is the boy personality of the screen? Bebe Daniels will never score again as she did in "Rio Rita"? William Powell can't be beat? "Hallelujah" was a wonderful picture? Janet Gaynor is the screen's loveliest star? Grant Withers has a good singing voice? Richard Arlen is a better actor than Gary Cooper? Billie Dove is everybody's idea of beauty? El Brendel and Marjorie White should be billed as stars? Jack Oakie has stepped into William Haines' shoes and wears them well? "Anna Christie" is far overrated? Lawrence Tibbett's type of singing does not appeal to about ninety-nine per cent. of the American people? "Untamed" and "Montana Moon" were both good pictures? "High Society Blues" was the best Gaynor-Farrell picture since "Street Angel"? (But they are all GRAND.)

James G. Eady,  
608 17th Pl. S.W.

### Anent Giraffe Voices

Pendleton, Oregon—

In a recent article by Douglas Drew on "They Do Their Bit" I would like to question his assertion of a giraffe "squealing" as he calls it. Does he not know, or your office, that a giraffe has no vocal cords at all and utters no sound? But, for all that, your magazine is all right.

George W. Davis,  
Hotel Pendleton.

### Wants More Phonograph Records

Miami, Florida—

I'm sure that the fans of John Boles and Maurice Chevalier are happy that they can now hear the songs of their favorites any time they wish. When the stars began making Victor records of their theme songs, they brought a new joy to a host of admirers, so why can't Ramon Novarro, Dorothy Jordan, and Bebe Daniels—whose lovely singing voice was such a happy surprise in "Rio Rita"—make records for their fans, too?

Mildred Brickman.

### Bring Bill Hart Back

Babylon, N. Y.—

Why are we denied the pleasure of seeing and hearing in today's Westerns, William S. Hart, the only real two-gun cowboy of the screen? I heard him recently in a newsreel and his voice recorded perfectly.

Robert W. Hulse,  
35 James Street.

### A Word About Lip Varnish

Santa Monica, Calif.—

Constructively speaking, can't you do something about the lip varnish which the movie stars use? Surely there is a shade that doesn't appear like violet red paint. I've often pondered over the question, and wish you'd inaugurate some kind of reform, as much of the pleasure I might get from the movies is taken away by seeing our beautiful young girls looking so unnatural.

Sheila MacCulla,  
463 Lincoln Blvd.

(Continued on page 128)



## The Drama of Lila Lee

(Continued from page 123)

wood has been fine in many ways, in regard to the separation. And Lila has also been fine.

In 1928 Jim Kirkwood went to London for the English production of "The Fool." When he returned, he found that Lila had left him. He made every effort to get her back, but she was through.

And so began her second comeback. She had been off the screen for two long years. She was broke. She didn't have a job. But she started out to get one, with her old dogged determination. She had no illusions about herself. The days when she was offered a starring contract were long ago. The whole industry had changed. The talkies were coming in.

She took any job she could get—she had to. The first was in Texas Guinan's ill-fated cinema venture. But that did one thing. It established that Lila Lee had a speaking voice. The talkies, which she had dreaded when she first came back, were actually to be a fairy godmother where she was concerned.

Months went by and she did a few small parts. But she kept at it.

**F**INALLY, Richard Barthelmess sent for her to do "Drag." It didn't seem a very big part, in the beginning. Like Tweenie, in "Male and Female" with De Mille, it just grew. With one of the leading directors, Frank Lloyd, handling the megaphone and with Barthelmess, who knows pictures as well as acting, she got a break. They soon saw how much the picture could be improved by having more and more of Lila Lee. As her work went on, the story was changed and the part developed.

"Drag" brought Lila Lee back with a bang. I think, and many people in Hollywood confirm me, that Lila has the best speaking voice of any actress now on the screen.

"Flight" helped to re-establish her. And now, once more, she is playing big parts and a starring contract with First National has been given her.

The Lila Lee of today is a much more intelligent woman than was the girl of eighteen. In the language of the modern, she has her feet on the ground. Her possibilities are limitless.

She lives simply, in a bungalow court in Hollywood. She goes out socially, as she used to do, but not when she is working. Her career is, from choice and from necessity, paramount with her these days. At twenty-five she is a camera veteran, with stage experience to aid her.

No girl in pictures deserves more credit for comebacks.

Her life story is one of strange ups and downs, one of crowded events and violent experiences. After all, twenty-five is young for a life story. Much must still lie ahead. Let's hope it will include the fruits of her twenty years of work and the rewards of her generosity and sweetness.

[As this issue of NEW MOVIE goes to press, news comes that Lila Lee has had to give up her screen work temporarily and go to a sanitarium in Arizona for a six months' rest. She has suffered a breakdown from overwork.

NEW MOVIE, realizing that its readers will want to know all about Miss Lee's illness, will tell you more about her condition from month to month.]



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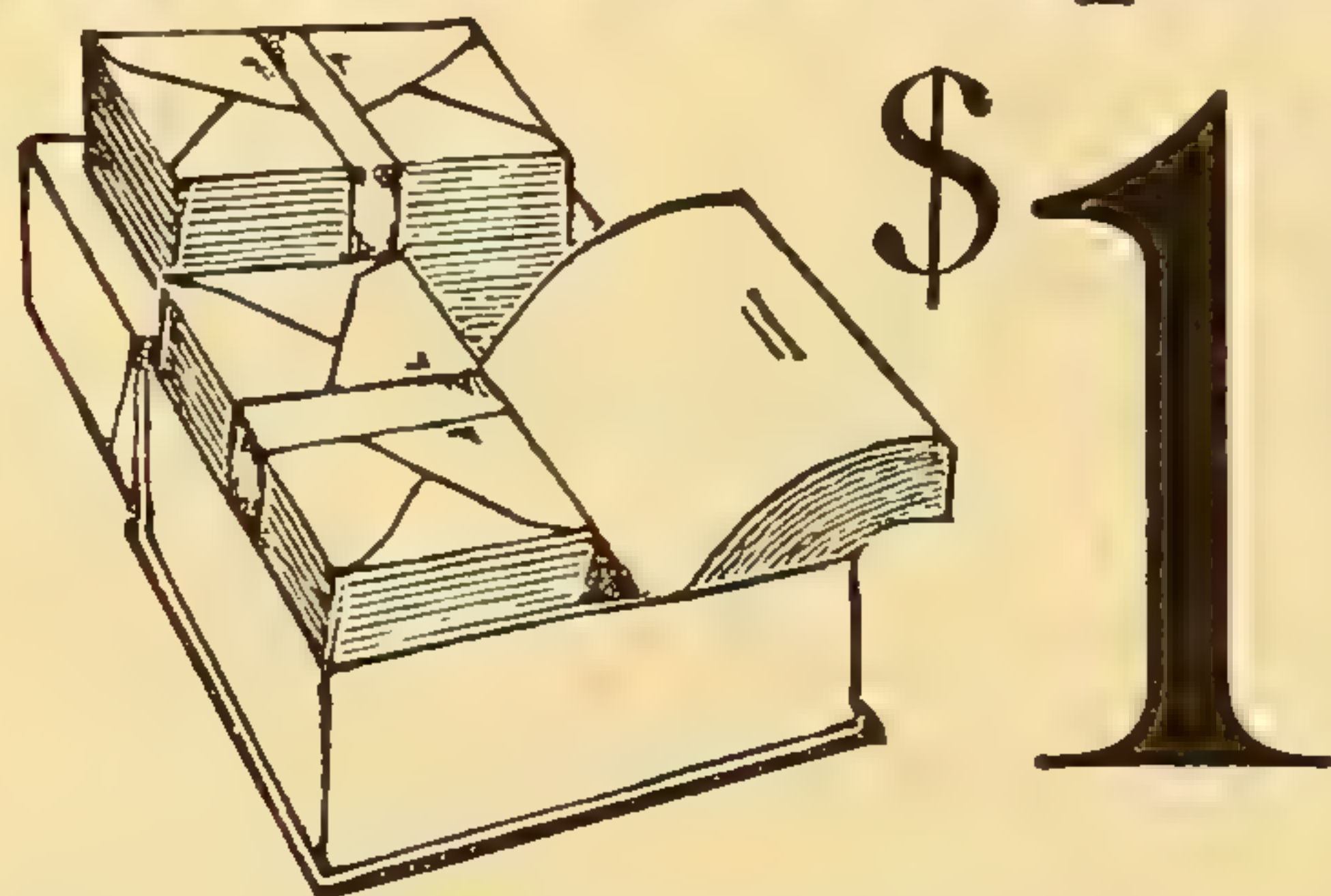


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Who are these lads? You'd never guess. At the left is Walter Huston, as Ponce de Leon in the Paramount production of "The General." You remember Ponce and his search, of course. At the right you see Jim Kirkwood, as he appears in Paramount's new sound production of Rex Beach's "The Spoilers."

## Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 126)

### Against Canned Music

St. Louis, Mo.—

Why, oh why, don't we get back real orchestra music in our theatres? I like the talkies, and all that, but they brought an awful thing with them—canned music. I have seen and heard several splendid talkies yet there is something missing—the human touch in the music.

A. Gannon,  
2301 S. Jefferson Avenue.

### That Chevalier Charm

Pittsburgh, Pa.—

May I use your columns as a means of explaining Chevalier, or rather, attempting to, to one co-reader who hasn't succumbed to his charms. To be sure, he is not handsome, and he has no voice to speak of. But his smile is his fortune and, in that smile, he is blessed and so are his audiences. In recent times very few actors of stage or screen have, without the aid of the handsome physiognomy of a typical movie hero or the crooning voice of a Vallee, taken a nation so by storm as to be hailed "idol" by jaded critics and

enthusiastic movie-goers alike. Yet Chevalier has accomplished this difficult trick through sheer personality, which, in his case expresses itself in a geniality that closely resembles the friendliness of our own Will Rogers.

Lida Littman,  
The Arlington, Apt. 215,  
Center and Aiken Avenues.

### Defends Musical Films

Indianapolis, Ind.—

Recently there was printed in *Dollar Thoughts* the criticism that the screen musical comedies are not up to crack—that they are nerve-racking and have weak plots. Perhaps some of the current musical comedies of the screen do fall in this classification, but certainly not all of them. Any music would be nerve-racking to anyone who is not a music lover, and, as to the plots, they must be weak, since in a musical play the emphasis is placed upon the melodies and not primarily upon the characters. I believe that a great deal may be said in favor of the new musical films.

Don Hart,  
1059 Elm Street.

## More Sparkling Fiction Coming

Stewart Robertson, the humorist, will be represented by several striking short stories in coming issues of **NEW MOVIE**. Read his entertaining and amusing yarn about Hollywood in this number and watch for future stories in early issues of **NEW MOVIE**.



# First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 102)

up with them from year to year.

If you live in a warm climate, you will find a combination of cloth and fur most satisfactory. This year, the fur coats and the suits are most elaborately trimmed with fur. All the new coats and ensembles are showing wide collars and cuffs of fox or some other long haired fur, with fur trimmings even on the edges of the coats and sometimes on the skirts. It is always well to buy coats with fur trimmings at reliable stores and make sure that the fur is the type that you are paying for and not one of the synthetic variations. Rabbit as rabbit (sold as lapin) is perfectly all right, but rabbit masquerading as something else is not so good.

As for the all-fur coat, the expensive ones are the cheapest in the end, provided that they have good care and provided, too, that they are not one of the luxury furs such as chinchilla or mole. However, many women who can afford, say, real mink, hesitate to buy it because they prefer variety to enduring qualities.

**Y**OUNG girls should remember, too, that the richer furs are not becoming to them. Beaver is ideal for the young girl and so is squirrel, although these coats are not always suitable for formal occasions. As a matter of good taste, it is better not to wear your daytime fur coat at evening affairs. It is

best to get a special coat of velvet or metal cloth for evening wear. This formal coat need not be expensive because it is better economy to put the money in the coat that will have the hardest wear.

As for daytime dresses, dark blues and blacks are in great favor just now. Blue, which has been a secondary color for several seasons, is returning and Paris reports a great many successful dresses in blue or black. When in doubt, you know, a Frenchwoman wears black in the daytime and white at night. It is an economical and sensible arrangement, if you haven't a very extensive wardrobe. Your hat, your handbag and your accessories can give the color to your costume. I, for one, welcome the return of the separate blouse, because it gives a chance for color and variety and because it also makes for a neat appearance.

If you have been going corsetless this summer, now is the time to buy yourself a girdle. Remarkably few women look their best without corsets and they are really indispensable if you want a well-fitted coat or dress. Sport clothes may be able to stand a corsetless figure, but the trimmer clothes of autumn and winter look best with a girdle. The corset may not be a thing of steel or torment; in fact, a well-made, lightweight corset is invariably more comfortable than no girdle at all.

## How to Have Your Photograph Made

(Continued from page 71)

The accompanying photograph of Phyllis Haver is proof of this. She has changed her hair in it from the usual flip flapper bob. How it has softened and feminized her, given her features delicacy.

While you are being photographed, try always to illustrate arrested motion. Never let yourself get set and stiff. Keep fluid.

**I**F you have light blue or gray or hazel eyes, do not look directly into the light. It will wash all the color from your eyes. Really dark eyes, like Valentino's or Warner Baxter's, can be hit full with light and it will give a gleam and much life to the picture.

That's all you should do.

**T**HERE are certain tricks about features which all photographers know and which you should study before you keep this all-important appointment.

Ninety-nine out of a hundred women photograph better with their mouths very slightly open. Not necessarily a smile, but a relaxing of the lips which shows the teeth. This gives a soft, feminine look.

Evelyn Brent is the one woman I have photographed recently who looks better when her mouth is firmly closed.

If your eyes are too wide apart, don't allow yourself to be photographed directly full face. Shift just a fraction of an inch. The same is true if your eyes are too close together.

Always stretch your neck a number of times before you sit down. If you have a slightly heavy chin—or a

slightly double chin, throw your head back just a little. If your neck is too heavy, drop the chin, or turn it toward the shoulder.

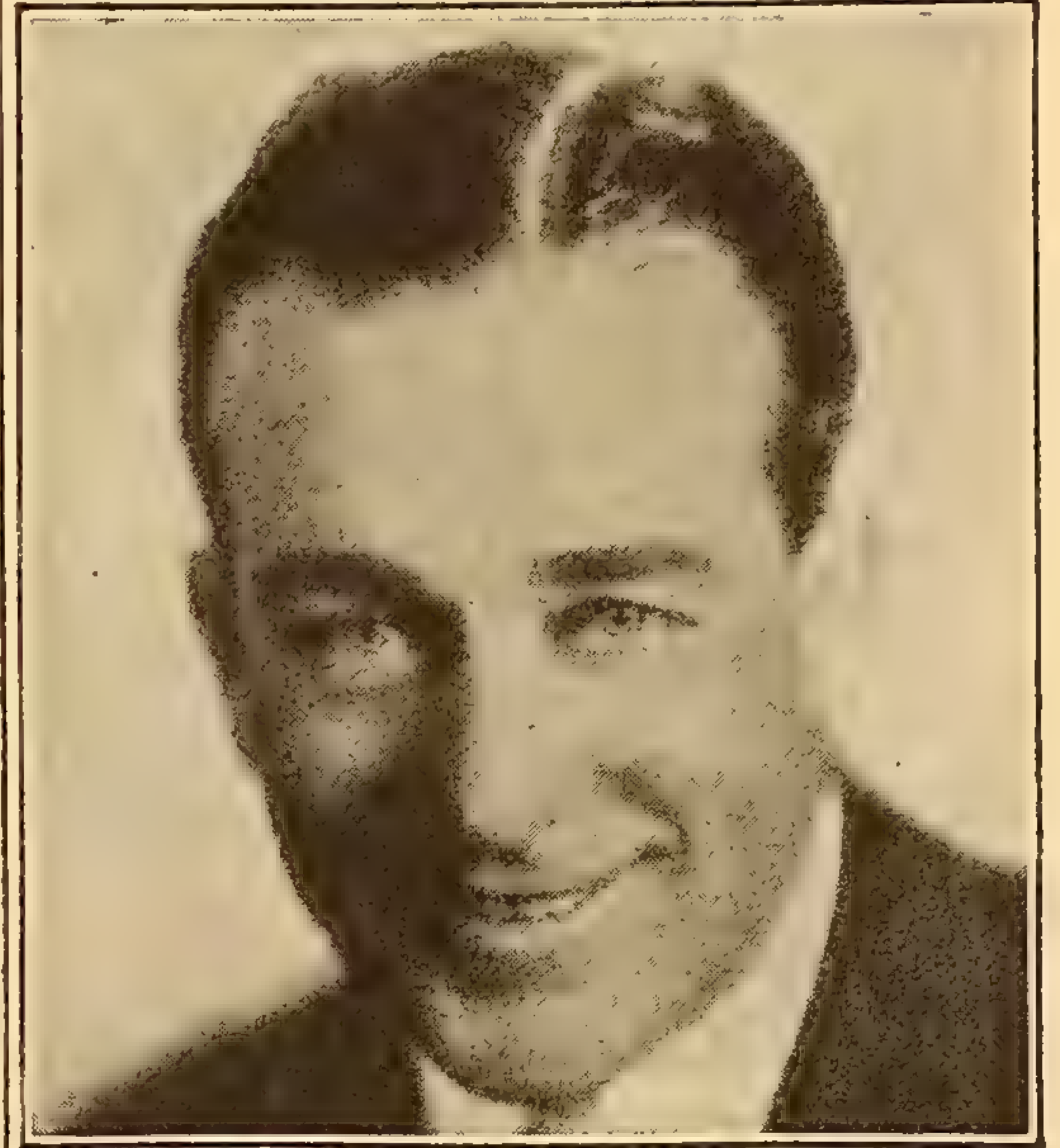
If you have a bad nose, don't be photographed profile. A retroussé nose is best shot straight on, a big nose at a slight angle. With this article are two pictures. One of Irene Delroy, the musical comedy star—a very pretty girl. She has a retroussé nose, which is delightful but not classical. The picture of her shot full on looks best.

**M**EN, as a whole, have little self-consciousness, and strive always for likeness. A photographer always strives for masculinity in a man's picture. That is why a slight frown, or a severe expression, often bring excellent results. It takes long practice before a camera to smile with real naturalness. Simplicity is the proper background for men, unless they are actors in costume. They also can stand more severe lighting.

If you have a lovely figure, fine arms and hands, or pretty feet, don't hesitate to insist upon a full length picture. If you will think you will remember how seldom you see merely a head of Lilyan Tashman. On the other hand, the exquisitely lovely Vilma Banky was seldom photographed full length. Both these ladies were wise. Miss Tashman's figure and her way of wearing clothes are her best features.

That's all there is to being well photographed. Think before you go.

## Speaking of Girls—



Jack Mulhall

Famous "First National" motion picture star says:

*"One thing you will notice on viewing any group of successful beauties is the vital, sparkling luster of their hair. It's a feature of feminine loveliness that seems of particular value on the screen."*

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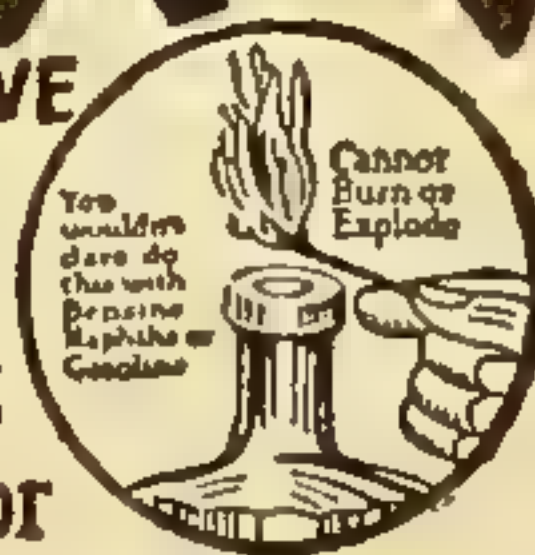
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REMOVES GREASE SPOTS

Without Injury to Fabric or Color

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**End Corn Pains** instantly with Wizard Improved Corn Pads. Cushioned, but not bulky. Oh, so comfortable. Treated with mercurchrome (HW&D). Safe. 10c and 35c package. Write for FREE sample. Send your dealer's name and address.

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## Wizard Corn Pads

## Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines, use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug Stores.



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Sirs: Rush to me, without charge, (1) 32-page book with list of Government Jobs now open to men, women, 18 up. (2) Tell me how to get a position.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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## Me-Doug. Jr.

(Continued from page 39)

be had business, that the only way I could get jobs in the beginning was by using my name and allowing myself to be exploited as Doug Fairbanks' son.

"And there right at the start I was running into the thing I wanted to get away from, and even being forced to help it along. Somehow, I am not sure why I felt as if I was stealing every time I took a job which I knew had been given to me only because I was Dad's son and was using his name."

Doug looked out of the window and I could see that he was reliving many unpleasant moments.

"Even had you changed it," I sought to assuage his feelings, "it would have become known and you would have been referred to as his son anyway."

"I guess you're right," he said, "but it was tough. It hurt. It wasn't that I did not want to be connected with Dad. I'm proud of having him for a father. He is one of the greatest scouts and smartest men I know. But I wanted to be something by myself. I wanted that shotputter friend of yours to say I was in the seat because I rated it myself, not because I happened to be born a Fairbanks. Is that unreasonable?"

"I wouldn't think so," I said. "Every one of us has a certain amount of pride and ambition which makes us want to shine in our own right and not through glory reflected from someone else. No matter how dear that someone else."

IT is part of the tragedy that has been young Doug's that, had he not been conscious of the things which were given him because his name was Fairbanks, he would have been content. But being smart enough to know what was going on carried with it the penalty of unhappiness, because he did want to do things for himself, he did want to further the Fairbanks name in a way which would bring additional credit to it.

All of which only made things worse as time went on and he battled all over Hollywood for recognition as something besides being his father's son.

A year ago he was given a contract by First National. It was just after

his creditable performance in George Fitzmaurice's picture, "The Barker," which, incidentally, was also the comeback picture of Betty Compson's.

Doug was elated. He thought that at last the time had come. But it was merely a step up, which lifted him to a greater height from which to fall. He was given mediocre parts, not one of which, to use a good old actor's expression, could he get his teeth into. They were slim, supporting parts, which required, and allowed, little more than being on the set within camera range.

He became discouraged, and only the fact that he had his wife, Joan Crawford, to talk to and give him consolation kept him from throwing up the sponge. Then came the final blow.

He heard by the grapevine route, which in Hollywood is so popular and generally so right, that his contract would not be renewed when it ran out.

Almost six years of fighting and no further along than he was at the start. He was still Doug's son. And he felt he seldom had a chance to be otherwise.

He made one last great effort to prove that he himself could do things.

DICK BARTHELMESS, then on vacation in the East, was going to do a picture called "The Dawn Patrol" when he returned. In it was an important part Doug knew he could play, even if it was far better than anything he had ever been given a chance to do. He felt as sure as the sun would rise on the morrow that he could keep "pepped up" over that part and give a good performance. He went to the producer and asked for the part.

"I don't think so, Doug," he was told. "Barthelmess might not want you."

Stopped for the moment, he waited until Dick returned, to be told, when he asked the star, that it would be all right with him. Doug hurried to the producer with the news that Barthelmess said young Mister Fairbanks could play the part.

In the meantime he had been cast to play the part of John Barrymore's brother in "Moby Dick." He was told

(Continued on page 132)



Otis Skinner's superb performance in "Kismet" is being recorded in celluloid and sound for future generations at the First National Studios. At left, Mr. Skinner himself and, right, as the famous Oriental beggar of this drama of Eastern cunning.



# The Stars Go Into Business

(Continued from page 93)

**L**OUISE FAZENDA is also accounted a wealthy woman. She buys and sells real estate regularly, and designs many of the homes which she has built upon her property. Zazu Pitts is said to have accumulated a fortune in the real estate field also.

Dorothy Mackaill not only deals in real estate, but is a director in a local bank, an oil-well operator, owns an orange grove and a shipbuilding plant in San Francisco. Billie Dove until just recently owned the largest cactus nursery in the West, but disposed of it to devote more time to her picture work. Hedda Hopper, during a slack season in pictures, started to sell real estate and consummated the sale of the Francis Marion-Fred Thompson home, a \$750,000 deal.

Kathleen Clifford's flower shops on Hollywood Boulevard, Wilshire and in the lobbies of the leading hotels have proven to be tremendously successful. Miss Clifford is now opening a chain of cosmetic shops to sell beauty prod-

ucts throughout the state of California.

Marion Davies owns the largest orchid nursery in the world and from it come practically all the orchids sold in Hollywood and Los Angeles flower shops.

**L**ITTLE Bessie Love is the owner of a dairy farm near Ventura. Clara Bow recently sold a chop house which was under her father's management.

Esther Ralston owns a gold mine in Arizona and Corinne Griffith an art importing shop. Pert Kelton, star of the stage and screen, is half owner of the Warner-Kelton Hotel, a magnificent Norman structure just off Vine Street. This hotel is operated for the profession, and many of the stage stars make it their home while in Hollywood.

Of course, the business interests of such outstanding and wealthy players as Doug and Mary, Harold Lloyd, Will Rogers and Charlie Chaplin are many, but lie principally in real estate holdings, stocks and bonds.

## How Hollywood Entertains

(Continued from page 75)

very fine; two teaspoons of the tops of green onions, finely chopped; one-half teaspoon tarragon vinegar.

"The secret of it is to be sure everything is chopped very finely," said Mrs. LeRoy. "You can make as much of it as you think necessary for the number of fish you have."

**T**HERE was one big platter of cold roast beef, with mustard and meat sauces set handy. And one of fried squab. And two huge molds of tomato aspic, for which Mrs. LeRoy also gave us the recipe.

To make for twelve people:

One can tomato juice, one package Knox gelatine, two cups of mixed vegetables (Lima beans, peas, carrots, celery, are particularly nice), one large onion, one-half teaspoon mixed spices, one clove of garlic, two teaspoons parsley.

Heat the tomato stock, add onion, garlic, spice. Boil for twenty minutes and strain. Add gelatine which has been dissolved in just enough cold water to melt it. Line the mold with slices of hard-boiled egg. Add vege-

tables by placing in the mold. Then pour the liquid over it and set in ice-box for three to six hours. You can also make these in small individual molds. Serve on lettuce leaves, and garnish with mayonnaise.

For dessert, something light and cold is usually satisfactory for outdoor parties. Mrs. LeRoy served a home-made lemon sherbet. She says there is a real secret to making successful sherbets and gives this method:

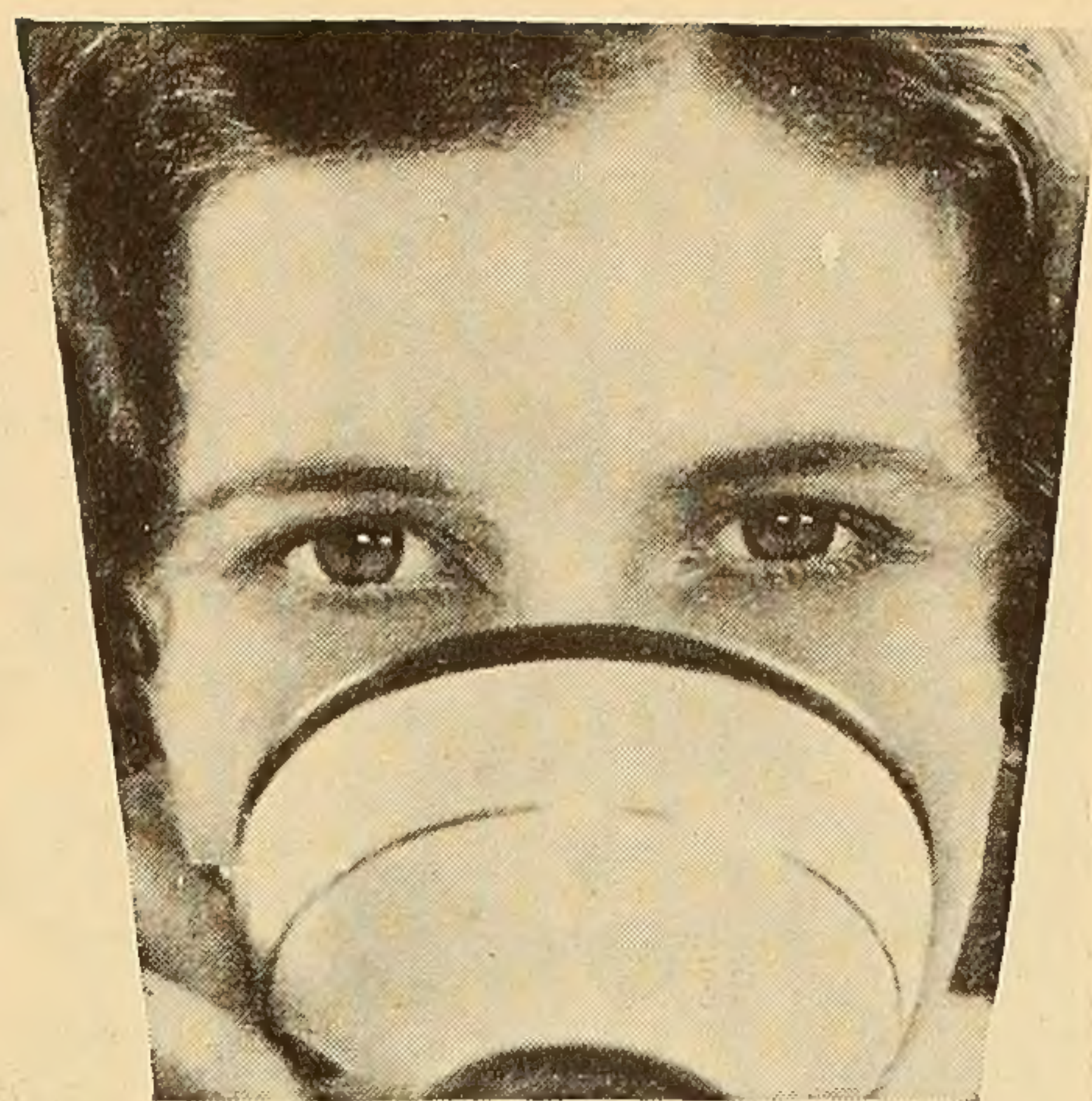
Two-thirds cup of sugar, one-third cup of lemon juice, one and one-half cups of milk, one half cup of cream, few grains of salt. Add gradually to two tablespoons of gelatine which has been dissolved in two tablespoons of cold water. Chill in a large refrigerator pan. Then beat hard for ten minutes until very light. Return to ice-box until frozen. Beat again if it is icy instead of foamy and soft.

There really isn't any more attractive way to vary entertaining than to ask a group of friends to eat under the trees or outdoors on the porch when the weather is nice. Certainly it is one of Hollywood's most popular ways of entertaining these days.

Watch Next Month's **NEW MOVIE** for the Brilliant and Searching Study of Dolores Del Rio by

**ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS**

This is one of the cleverest studies yet contributed to **NEW MOVIE** by this famous writer



## IT KEEPS EYES CLEAR

There's no excuse for dull, bloodshot eyes when a few drops of *Murine* each day will keep them clear and bright. Entirely harmless. Try it!

## MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

## Freckles

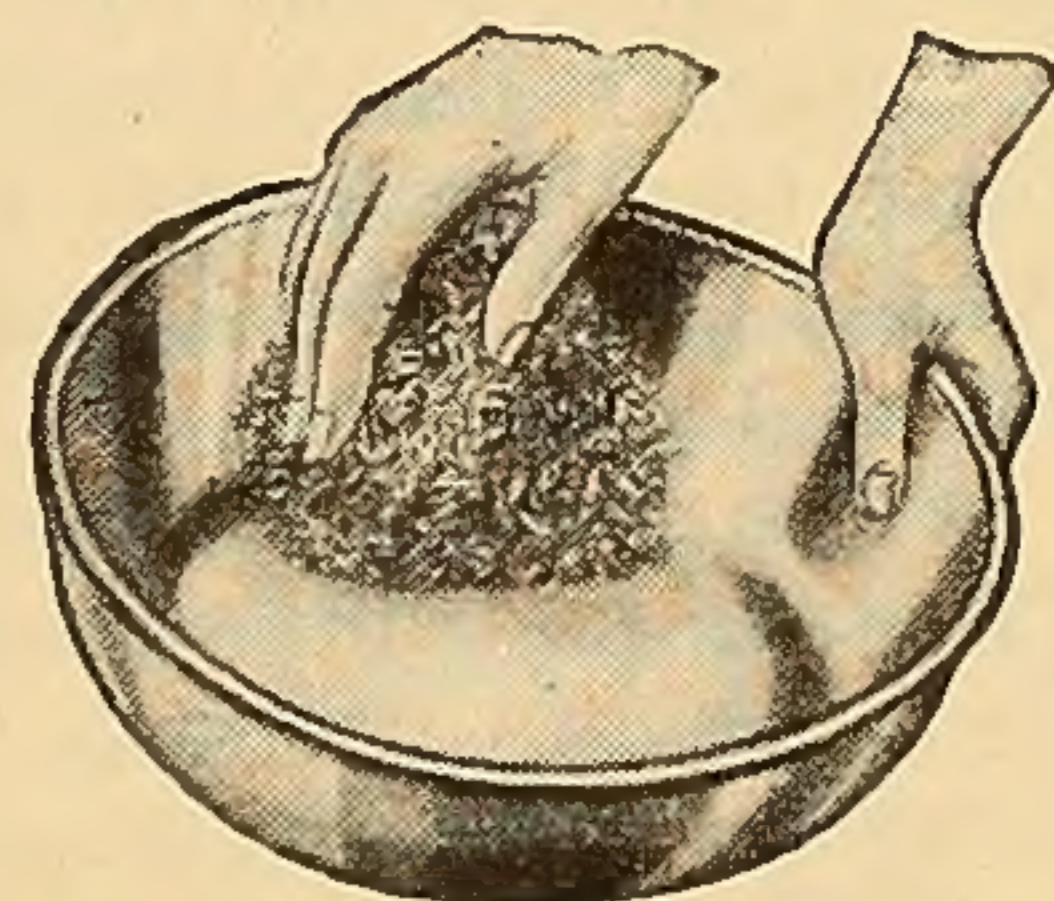
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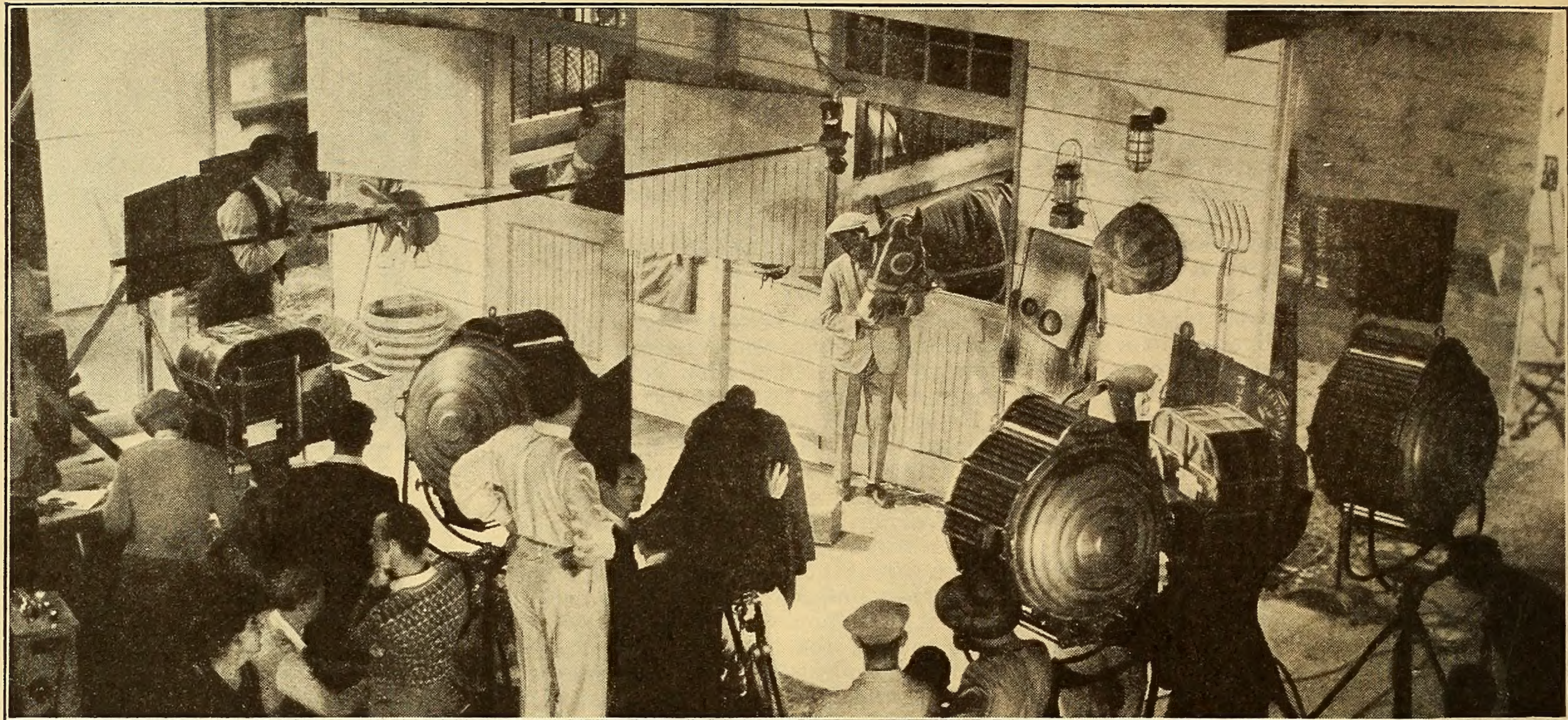
The little sponge that does the big job. Brightens the kitchenware. Lightens the housework. Squeeze it in your hand, it's as soft as lamb's wool. Caked and crusted greasy pots and pans shine like new with very little rubbing. Effectively used on silver, china, glassware, woodwork or floors; aluminum or Pyrex ware. Removes spots from glass; grease and film stains from nicked, plated or metal surfaces. Will not splinter or scratch—keeps the hands dainty and white.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 10c for full size sample.

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This stable scene will have all the flavor of the real thing when you see it on the screen in Al Jolson's newest Warner Brothers film, "Big Boy." Here is the way they made it. You can see Jolson himself in the center of the batteries of lights.

## Me-Doug. Jr.

(Continued from page 130)

so, and also told that the two pictures would be shot at the same time, so that cut him out of the Barthelmess picture, even if Dick did okay him.

Doug walked out of the office feeling about as low as he ever had. Thinking over the part in Barrymore's picture, he knew that it meant nothing, would allow him to do nothing, and would not help lift him out of the rut.

Suddenly his head went up. He made for John Barrymore's home, high on the hills overlooking Beverly. For the first time in days he gave not a thought to the long string of young leading men who had been going in and out of the First National lot—being tested for that part he wanted so much.

**H**E knew that it would mean a great deal of additional trouble to Barrymore to recast his picture at that late date, but he also thought he knew that same Jack Barrymore.

"Do you really want me in this picture of yours?" he asked Jack.

"Surely do, Doug," said Jack, "and we'll have some fun on it, too."

"But I don't want to do it," Doug took the bit in his teeth. "I wish you would tell the studio that you don't want me."

It is not many times that Jack Barrymore is told someone does not want to be in his picture. He raised his eyebrows a little now.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I want to play a part in Dick's picture, and they say I can't do both. Schedules conflict. Jack, it's important to me. I think it would help me hold my job. They are going to let me go, as things are now: I can't help myself in your picture, but if I click in 'The Dawn Patrol' I may get a new contract."

Barrymore did not hesitate a second.

"I never did like you, wouldn't have you in my picture on a bet. Go tell the

studio that." Then he smiled. "And Doug, if I can do anything else to help you let me know."

But Doug was half way out of the house on his way down the hill to Dick's home.

"Dick," he cried, "I'm out of Jack's picture. I can do yours if the studio will let me. Can I tell them you want me?"

"Say," Barthelmess was puzzled. "What's all the shooting about? You're running around like this was the part of Hamlet."

"I need this part," said Doug, Jr. "It will help me more than you know."

"Yes?"

"Double yes."

"Well," said Dick Barthelmess, "I can't ask you too much, but if that is right you can go tell the studio I will not shoot the picture unless you are in it. My contract allows me to approve of all casts, and no cast gets approved unless you're in it. How's that?"

**S**O did Jack Barrymore and Dick Barthelmess, two important stars, go out of their way to help young Doug Fairbanks get the part he wanted. Several of us around Hollywood will not forget either of them for that.

The rest is almost an anti-climax.

"The Dawn Patrol" was half finished when the studio officially informed Doug that his contract would not be renewed. But when the picture was cut and run in the projection room for the first time after it was finished, the studio reconsidered in a hurry.

They asked the very fine young actor who had played Barthelmess' pal so splendidly to sign a new and better contract. It was not the son of his father they wanted. It was "me, Doug." His name might have been anything.

Warner Brothers and First National consider him one of their best bets now. He is being given parts he wants. He has earned himself a real place in mo-

tion pictures, and seems destined to keep it.

One such part was at Universal Studio in "The Little Accident." I walked out on the set one day between shots and stood talking with Doug. He had told me a few minutes before that they had given him a bungalow dressing room; before he had dressed in little cubby-holes necessitating going outside to change his mind. "And they gave it to me, Doug Junior, not to Dad's son."

"You know," I said, as we stood talking, "it used to be nice in the old days before the talkies when they had music on the set between scenes."

"Sure was," said Doug. "I wish we had music now."

Fifteen minutes later a large victrola was wheeled upon the set and a man designated to do nothing but keep it going and change records.

I looked at Doug. He looked at me. "What's that for?" he asked.

"For you," said the assistant director. "I overheard you say you'd like to have some music. There it is."

Doug's eyes widened. "That was put here for me, Doug Junior?"

"Sure was. Old Hollywood custom of making an important guy happy."

Doug grinned. As soon as the assistant had left he laughed right out loud.

"For me, Doug," he said. "After years. Who am I to rate victrola? But I know one thing. When you getting by on someone else's drag name, they give you just as little they can get away with. If you rate it yourself, you get it and they're glad to give it to you. After six years. Well, I guess it's all right, but it seems kinda funny now that it's really happened."

But I was wondering where that shot-putter was at the moment, remembering that Los Angeles newspapers are now putting "Senior" after the name of young Doug's father.



# Have you tried the **NEW SIVAM** *Perfumed*

## MANICURE PREPARATIONS

NOW YOU CAN HAVE *PERFUMED* NAIL PREPARATIONS. *instead of an Unpleasant Odor...DELICATELY SCENTED...LASTS LONGER...DOES NOT PEEL...AND IT COMES IN A SMART BOTTLE...BAKELITE TOPPED...WITH THE BRUSH ATTACHED...*

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The idea originated in Paris. Up till now, only the favored few—those chic women who travel to Europe every Summer—could indulge in the luxury of this thrilling new experience.

But today, every woman who loves beauty—every woman who appreciates the magic of *perfume*—can have gracefully shaped, rosy-tipped, delicately *perfumed* fingernails. For the Sivam manicure preparations are within the means of every woman's pocketbook—and you don't need to go to Paris to buy them! They are available at the better 5 and 10c stores.

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The coupon is for your convenience, in case the 5 and 10c store nearest your home has not received a supply of Sivam.

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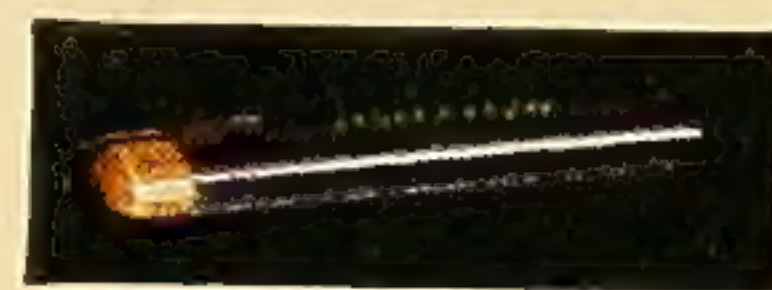
That's why such famous beauties as Patsy Ruth Miller, Marion Nixon, Myrna Loy and Olive Borden favor a complete Kissproof make-up. They use and recommend Kissproof because of the natural and lasting effect it gives.

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complexion beauty  
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Skin metabolism*

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